

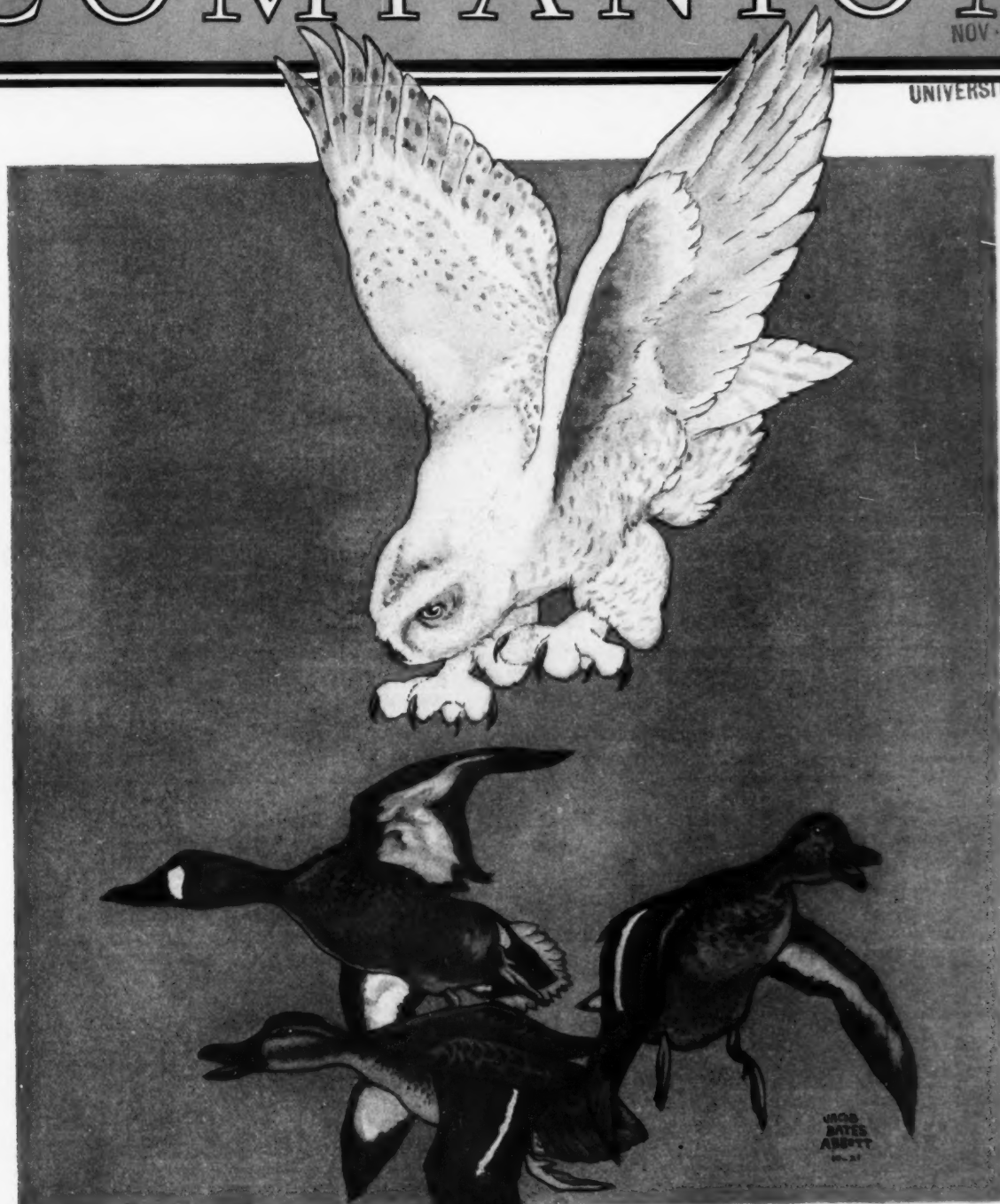
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YOUTH'S
COMPANION

November, 1927

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THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

VOLUME 101

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"Yes," whispered Mrs. Treutlen to the girls. "That is one of the men I have seen burying things here in the dead of night. I wonder what we ought to do with him? Should I beguile him into the house and lock him up?"

CROWN JEWELS

A Full-length Book Complete in This Issue

By Gladys Blake

ILLUSTRATED BY DUDLEY GLOYNE SUMMERS

“SEE here,” said Mr. James Logan, with interest, “that an old lady, living all alone on an island of Maine, has been tied to her bedpost and robbed by marauders of several hundred dollars which she had hidden about the house. Aunt Nannie must see this!”

He proceeded to cut out the item, very carefully, with his pen knife.

“James!” Mrs. Logan’s voice expressed horror. “Must you read about such very unpleasant things?”

“Aunt Nannie is the one who should read this one. Gracious! It’s the very thing I need to prove to her that she can’t live alone, any longer, in that big, empty house of hers. You all know how long I’ve labored with her; I’ve begged, pleaded, coaxed, threatened. But there she remains all alone on her island, with three old negro servants. The house is full of silver and other valuables. I know she tucks money away into bureau drawers. Everybody in town knows about her queer habits and her loneliness as well as I do! She is just inviting any rascals to come and rob her.”

He groaned.

“She has the family independence,” he went on. “There’s not a neighbor on Treutlen Isle. As long as old Uncle John was alive, he was some protection, feeble though he was. But now it’s time for her to close the old house and come to the city, where we all can look after her. It isn’t right for her to be all alone in the house—”

“I’ve done my best to persuade her,” said Mrs. Logan, earnestly. “I haven’t tried to

frighten her, however; I wouldn’t dream of showing her that clipping about the old lady in Maine.”

“Maine’s a long way from Georgia,” said Barbara Ann, unexpectedly. “Aunt Nannie isn’t going to be influenced by anything that happens in Maine—or in the moon!”

“Well, she ought to be,” Mr. Logan’s voice was stern. “What happens in the moon or in Maine can happen here in Georgia—except the deep snow and ice of the moon, perhaps, and Republican governors! Aunt Nannie must be got out of that lonesome house, somehow.”

“She has the strength of Gibraltar.”

“As far as character goes,” admitted Mr. Logan. “But she’s old now. What could she do if two or three miscreants arrived by motor boat and gutted the house? I’ve failed to persuade her. Barbara Ann, why don’t you go and try? You’re a favorite of hers, and you may move her—though, honestly, I don’t believe you can. She just compresses her lips and shakes her head when I talk to her. Really, I believe she still regards me as a boy twelve years old. She makes it clear, anyway, that she prefers her judgment to mine.”

Barbara Ann thoughtfully dug the last luscious bite from her cantaloupe.

“I’ll go,” she agreed. “She may not throw things at me, as I am a favorite of hers, so you say. But I know she’s planning to plant her foot on her front doorstep and say:

“‘Come one, come all! this house shall fly from its firm base as soon as I.’”

“Just ask her,” suggested Mr. Logan, “about her plans for the autumn and winter, and tell her that it would make you—and all of us—very happy if she would live near enough to us to enable us to see her very often.”

“That’s true. But she plans to stay just where she is. She hasn’t had her own way all her life to give in at eighty-two.”

Nevertheless, Barbara Ann was very glad of an excuse to visit her great-aunt. Old Mrs. Treutlen lived on a small island connected by a causeway across the marshes from the Georgia coast city. Her house had been built by her husband’s father. It was spacious, and there had been extensive gardens around it, which were now gradually reverting into woodland and thickets. The road across the marshes was hardly ever used, except when one of Mrs. Treutlen’s servants drove to town to buy provisions, or when the old lady herself paid her annual visits to her old

friends. These visits had grown fewer as the years passed; and Mrs. Treutlen was now the nearest possible equivalent to a female hermit.

The Logan family paid her as many visits as they could. To Barbara Ann these meant spending most of the day in woodlands where little wild creatures roamed almost without fear. And the beach of Treutlen Island was a constant joy. It was white and deserted; so far from public bathing places that it always seemed to her as if the Atlantic Ocean itself had been drawn on request by a celestial maid in the sky as a private bath for Miss Barbara Ann Logan.

Barbara Ann even fancied that she could smell the scented salts which the maid had put in the tub; and she knew that no dye could ever make water so blue. So the trip was well worth while, no matter whether she induced the old lady to leave this earthly paradise for a flat in town or not.

It was still early and pleasantly cool when Barbara Ann started out. She drove her father’s car, leaving him at his office; and, at her mother’s usual request, she took the housemaid along, a “settled” colored woman, whose presence in the car was supposed to be a protection against highwaymen, tire trouble, and other evils of the road. “Drive slowly over the causeway,” urged Mr. Logan. “It’s all going to rack and ruin, and some of those rotten old bridges may tumble down any day. In another year or two, there won’t be any road at all, and Treutlen Island will be a real island again.”

Despite his warnings, Mr. Logan knew from a recent visit that the bridges were still strong enough to carry the light automobile. Decay was coming, but coming very slowly. Barbara Ann and Molly drove briskly through the town and then were obliged to crawl cautiously over the winding road across the marshes.

The marsh grass whispered in the breeze as they entered the swamp, and the full streams winding through it showed that the tide was rising in the great Atlantic. No human habitation could be built out here, no human hand could plow and plant the watery sod, so that a great loneliness brooded over the flats, and only the uneven road and the bridges told that men had been at work to conquer a little trail across the waste. Midway of that trail, out of sight of the city and not yet in sight of the island, one felt as completely alone as in a boat adrift on the open sea. And when the car had reached this point Molly suddenly spoke, quietly but with immense solemnity.

"I ain't right wid der Lawd; I ain't never been right wid Him," she remarked, talking to herself in a thoughtful tone, oblivious of Barbara's presence. "I got to git right wid Him soon, I sho' has!"

The unexpectedness of this observation, coming as it did after a prolonged silence which had lasted unbroken since they left home, and being addressed to nobody in particular, might have caused some people to think Molly insane, but Barbara Ann knew that her thoughts had just been forced from her this way by the solitude of the marshes, which had filled her soul with awe. For she belonged to a strongly emotional race, and her heart sank within her in that lonely spot. Barbara soothed her now, put on a little more speed, and soon they were safe on the island.

An avenue of live oak trees, trailing long gray streamers of moss, led up to the old Treutlen home, which, alone of the famous mansions built on the island in the long past, had withstood time and storm and war and was now the only house of consequence there. It turned a weather-beaten profile to visitors who approached it from the mainland, and the avenue of oaks led to a side door. One gained the impression that formerly the house had looked down the avenue under the arched boughs of the old trees but, growing curious concerning the sounds it had heard in another direction, had turned its face to see what had caused them and, having once glimpsed the broad Atlantic, had kept its eyes fixed on it ever since, like a head turned aside to stare over a shoulder.

As Barbara Ann jumped from the car at the side door an old negro man, who had been pushing a squeaking grass-cutter around the yard, stood still, removed his battered felt hat, and bowed and smiled.

"Howdy, Miss Barb'ry," he said.

"Howdy, Uncle Jeff! How are you feeling today?"

"I's po'ly, honey, thank God," was the pleasant answer.

"That's fine!" She knew he meant he was in robust health. "Is Aunt Nannie in the house?"

"Yes'm, jes' walk in; der do's wide open."

So Barbara Ann left Molly and the car with Uncle Jeff and went indoors. She scouted around among the big bare rooms through which the sea breezes blew unhampered and finally found the old lady in her bedroom by the windows which looked out on the white beach. Seeing the buoyant young figure in the doorway, the wrinkled old face lighted up with unaffected pleasure and pride.

"Come right in, child," she said, laying down her sewing. "It does my heart good to see you. You don't visit your old aunty nearly often enough."

"I came this morning with a set serious purpose," Barbara Ann told her solemnly when the greetings were over. "That eminent lawyer, Mr. James Logan, sent me out here to have a talk with you. He's terribly afraid that something awful is going to happen to you if you persist in living away off here by yourself. He's afraid the goblins will get you."

"Well, that eminent lawyer, Mr. James Logan, can just mind his own business," was the tart retort. "If you've come out here to argue with me about leaving this house, you might as well have stayed at home. I'm losing patience with your father's perpetual nagging. Take off your hat, honey, and sit down. Don't think I'm not glad to see you because I tell you flatly in the beginning that you'll waste your breath if you try to persuade me to leave the island."

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Barbara Ann tossed her small white felt hat on the bed and dropped into a chair.

"It's always well to keep on the good side of a lawyer by pretending to humor him," she advised gravely. "He can get you off if you should happen to murder anybody."

She spoke rather loudly in order that Dora and Lucindy, the two colored house-servants, might overhear her. Not that she suspected either of these two good old darkies of homicidal intentions, but that they might know she was there and wouldn't object to refreshments. Little sugary teacakes and tinkling glasses of cold lemonade

were always forthcoming when Barbara Ann visited Treutlen Isle.

Mrs. Treutlen put back the reading glasses she had taken off to greet her young grandniece and took up her sewing again.

"Barbara Ann," she chuckled, "I'm not entirely unaffected by your father's fears for my safety. To tell you the truth, there may be some reason for them. Very queer things are going on on this island."

"Oh, Aunt Nannie!" Barbara Ann sat up straight in her excitement. "What sort of queer things? Nothing has been stolen from you, has it?"

And so they rowed home. It had been a real adventure, all agreed



THE old lady chuckled again. "On the contrary! I am beginning to think that a gang of burglars have made this island their headquarters and are burying their loot all around me. They must be robbing the millionaire colony over on Jekyll Island and bringing the valuables here to hide until they can make off with them safely. Yes, my dear, I'm convinced that a whole band of thieves are at work burying gold, jewels, what-not, all around in the woods on this island. It is very interesting!"

"But, Aunt Nannie, how do you know? Have you seen them?"

"Yes, I've seen them night after night come stealing up the beach from a small row-boat, carrying heavy bags and spades, and disappear into the woods. Later they emerge again with empty bags and steal away as they came. I've seen this take place eight times—three times in May, three times in June, and twice last month. They may have come oftener, but only on those occasions have I happened to be at my window looking out at the sea late at night. No light was burning at the hour, and so they didn't see me, and the servants know nothing about it."

"Surely you've told the police?" Barbara asked in a worried tone.

"No, and I'm not going to. I abominate police."

"But, Aunt Nannie, if these men are robbing the millionaire colony on Jekyll Island—"

"That is just my guess. If any robberies have taken place over there, the officials of the club are keeping it secret, and until they report a loss I don't feel that I need make any move in the matter."

"But the danger to you, Aunt Nannie!"

"Tut! I'm not afraid of them. I'm just curious to know what they are burying. Though I've walked about more than I'm accustomed to doing, I've found no trace of digging in the woods. Now don't you go home and tell your father about this."

"Of course I'm going to tell Dad! He feels gravely responsible for you while Cousin Tom is abroad. By the way, Aunt Nannie, when are they all coming home? I've heard that Cousin Tom has given up his diplomatic post and that he and Cousin Rose and Mike and Jane are returning to America before long. Dad says he hopes to get some sleep at last when Cousin Tom comes home to look after you."

Mrs. Treutlen scoffed at the idea that fears for her safety were keeping her nephew awake nights, but said that her son and his family were coming home as soon as Tom could clear up his work, and that they were coming directly to Treutlen Isle to stay several months.

"Oh, how jolly!" Barbara Ann exclaimed, clapping her hands.

"Yes, I dare say you want to see Michael and Jane again, though they were such children when they went away that they must have changed a good deal in five years. But are you so interested in their anticipated return that you can't listen to what I'm telling you about this mystery on the island?"

"Is there more to tell?" asked Barbara Ann, who could hardly believe that the lively old lady wasn't making the whole story up just to increase her father's anxiety.

"Yes, there is more. I came across something very interesting only yesterday when I was walking about. Let me show you something."

In spite of her eighty-two years the old lady could be very spry at times, and now it took her only a moment to go to her bureau and take something from one of the small drawers at the side of the mirror. She came back and put a little leather memorandum book into Barbara's hands.

"Look at that!" she cried triumphantly. "I found it in the grass down at the edge of the woods yesterday afternoon, and the thieves must have dropped it quite recently, for it's unaffected by the weather. The writing inside is in cipher, as you will see at a glance, and that makes me certain that it's a record of where the stolen things are buried. Of course I couldn't read it."

This is what Barbara Ann saw:

T-14-23 G-8-23-18-1-9 C-18-21-3
A-17-13 F-9-6-23 F-14 W-8-14-1
O-17 B-16-17-20-8 T-21-24-15

G-11-13-22-19 S-8-15-26-18-1-9-13
U-19-16-1-13 N-1-5-9-5-23-25 T-24-13-26 B-25-2-8 O-17 S-1-7-1-10-19

And a great deal more like it, which completely filled the little book.

"Now, this must be given to the police," the girl insisted. "I'll take it to Daddy, and he'll attend to it."



"I've seen them night after night come stealing up the beach from a rowboat, carrying heavy bags and spades, and disappear into the woods. Later they emerge again with empty bags, and steal away as they came"

"No, you will not take it to anybody! This is my mystery, and no police are going to interfere in it. I'm going to solve it myself."

Barbara Ann giggled. The thought of this merry, twinkling old lady playing the part of Sherlock Holmes seemed very funny.

"May I help?" she asked meekly. "Yes, you may help. And Michael and Jane, when they come home, may help. But I won't have anybody in it unless he or she promises me not to run off to the police and tell everything they know. Don't you suppose old ladies get tired of knitting sometimes and want another interest in life? I've felt ten years younger since I've had this mystery on my island to amuse me."

"But it may be something serious, Aunt Nannie!"

"That makes it all the more interesting," the old lady chuckled.

"It ought to be cleared up at once."

"It is going to be. But I want no one working on the case who is between eighteen and eighty. If you mention what I've told you to your father, I'll never forgive you, Barbara Ann."

Barbara regarded her with a comical expression. What could she do? Her common sense told her that she ought to refuse to make any promise to keep such information secret, but a feeling of adventure rose up and almost overcame common sense. Still she was hesitating, dubiously, when a queer voice sounded outside the open window and attracted the attention of both of them. The speaker was a large, very black negro, and his pronunciation was so odd that his words were almost incomprehensible to Barbara Ann. She always had difficulty in understanding the native blacks of this and other islands along the coast.

"That's my mail man," Mrs. Treutlen explained to the girl. "He goes to the post office for me. Have you a letter for me today, Joel?" she asked through the window.

"Telegram," the man explained in his deep voice.

"Bring it in then, and I will pay you for it."

Taking the yellow envelope in hands that would tremble in spite of her, the old lady opened it and began to read the message

to herself and tell Barbara the gist of it at the same time.

"Tom and Rose and the children have landed in New York and are on their way home," she explained. "You and your father need fear no longer for my safety, as they'll be here in the morning. And they are bringing with them—" She stopped and gasped. "Barbara Ann, I can't believe my eyes! Take this and read for yourself whom they are bringing with them from the West!"

CHAPTER TWO

IN the observation car of a southward-bound train five people had grouped themselves together in one party. That four of these were members of the same family could be seen at a glance. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Treutlen and their two children were all fair haired, all unmistakably Americans of Southern extraction; and one suspected that even husband and wife must be slightly akin, so similar was the dash of red in each head of hair, the freckles across the nose, the cast of feature.

But the fifth member of the party was just as unmistakably of another race. His eyes were black, his color swarthy, and even a casual observer would have pronounced him Italian or Spanish. A closer observer would have found traces of a more eastern race in his features. Was he a Greek—or possibly an Egyptian? His hair was jet black and brushed closely to his head. Although evidently a foreigner, he spoke English with ease and was eagerly picking up as much American slang as the Treutlens would teach him. Michael and Jane Treutlen were eighteen and seventeen, respectively; and this boy seemed to be about the same age. On his finger was a blood-red signet ring, and there was a large pearl in his green-silk cravat.

He lounged in his chair, attracting the attention of many passengers by his odd appearance. The Treutlen family evidently treated him with such keen interest that it bordered on respect.

"Highness—" began Mr. Treutlen, addressing the black-haired boy. Then, abruptly breaking off his train of thought, he continued: "Don't you think we should drop the title now, Timon? Your father thought

that would be best while you are in America."

"Shall I have more fun at college if I don't use a title?" asked the boy, with keen interest in his eye. "If you think so, I'll drop it like—like a hot potato."

A grim smile flitted across the American's face. All this prince seemed to think about, in connection with a college course, was the "fun" he might get out of it. He never cared to discuss the condition of the little country he would rule some day—if another world war did not change the map meanwhile. Mr. Treutlen could not induce Prince Timon to consider the ways in which, by making the most of an American college education, he would be able to serve his impoverished people.

Prince Timon's father, the king of —, imagined that a few years in the West would turn this lackadaisical son and heir into a serious-minded statesman who would come home eager to do all the things for the poverty-stricken population of his country that the present ruler wanted to do and didn't know how. Timon's preliminary education, like that of all princes, had been excellent. English, French, and Italian tutors had worked hard with him. Timon spoke five languages fluently; he was good at many sports, including fencing and riding. Everything that could pack knowledge into his head had been tried. But no serious purpose seemed to have been included. Mr. Treutlen's diplomatic duties had led him into a personal friendship with Timon's father, and he had agreed to take the boy to America and be his guardian and guide until he was entered at college.

Mr. Treutlen, growing well acquainted with Prince Timon on the voyage, was very skeptical that he would ever amount to a row of brass tacks. If he had anything in him worth while, he had not shown it in the passage across the Atlantic, or in the subsequent days on land.

"What use," said Mr. Treutlen to his wife, "is the dream of a League of Nations, if the men themselves don't measure up to the ideals of their league? Some of the most incompetent triflers in the world are still in high places. If Timon has any stuff in him, America ought to bring it out. But what he's looking for is fun. He wants to stop in New

York and go to the theaters along Broadway. He wants to go into 'society' at Newport."

"He's only a boy."

"I am making every allowance for him. All the same, I'm his guardian here, and I think the best thing to do is to turn him right out to grass somewhere until term time. The college dean will know how to handle him thereafter."

"Where," asked Mrs. Treutlen, "can we find a place to turn him out to grass?"

"Why, at Aunt Nannie's, of course. We'll go and stay there. I wouldn't even expose Timon to the allurements of our city. Treutlen Island is exactly the place for him."

It was explained, therefore, to the disappointed prince that there would be no stop-over in New York. The ship reporters and photographers gave him a few moments of satisfaction as the great liner came to land. But, truth to tell, so many notables come to New York every month that even the visit of a Balkan crown prince is not an enduring sensation. Timon stared at the tall buildings as the ship docked; he got other glimpses of them as he was whirled through the dirty and crowded streets in a taxicab; and very soon he found himself speeding south in a Pullman car over the Jersey meadows and through the industrial cities of Pennsylvania and Delaware.

He sulked a little on this trip; it was disappointing to him, because he had expected to have such different experiences. Yet he looked forward to college with keen anticipation. He expected to have a delightful time there, so soon as he was freed from the close chaperonage of his present keepers.

"Speaking of fun in college," said Mr. Treutlen, "I doubt if a title will help you. There are snobs everywhere, and you may find a limited set of young jackasses who will toady you because you are a prince. Yet I doubt it. America is a democratic nation, and if you want to know the best men in your class you will find that they judge you by your personal worth, without regard to your ancestry. I advise you to let your title drop."

"Very well," agreed Timon, placidly. "I don't care, one way or another. I just want to have a jolly good time, that's all."

"Changing the subject," said Mr. Treut-

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 701]

OLD MAN OLIVER

By Samuel A. Derieux

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR DOVE



"You sneak!" yelled the old man. "With plenty to eat you kill an old man's game! If you ever come on my place again, I'll shoot you!"

THERE was just enough light to see by when Steve Fant started following the wild turkey track he had discovered late the afternoon before. It was broad daylight when he stealthily overtook a fine gobbler scratching in the snow. The bird leaped into flight. Quick as a flash Steve threw his gun to his shoulder; a loud report bellowed in the pine thicket, and Steve ran to the big bird that he had brought down. It was not until he had held the bird up and proudly noted his weight and length that he saw a hundred feet away a "blind" cunningly constructed out of pine boughs and knew he had killed another man's game. The turkey had been baited; in the snow where he had scratched were yellow grains of corn. Steve had violated one of the first rules of hunting.

The only house within two miles was old man Oliver's. Plainly this was the old man's blind. If it had belonged to anyone else, Steve could have explained; but old man Oliver was deaf. If it had belonged to anyone else, Steve might have gone and said nothing; but old man Oliver was poverty-stricken. These things being true, Steve would have taken the turkey straight to the house and presented him to the rightful owner; but old man Oliver was unreasonable, fierce, and reputed dangerous.

Everybody knew old man Oliver. Since his children had grown up and scattered and his wife had died he had lived alone in his house. A bitter old fellow he was, his hand against every man. There was but one thing to recommend him to his neighbors; he wore a decoration and had served with Lee. The old soldiers who had been with him declared that there had never been a braver man.

Steve Fant was not the kind of young man to sneak out of a situation, yet he pondered for some minutes in doubt whether it would be advisable to brave old man Oliver's wrath. Then he threw the turkey over his shoulder and trudged through the pines toward the house. In the edge of the wood he met the old man himself coming toward the blind with his gun. The old man stopped short, seemed to take the situation in a glance, then broke out cursing in a shrill voice that

the wind carried away. Steve tried to explain by gesture. The old man cursed the more outrageously. Steve tossed the turkey toward him. In his rage the old man kicked it and shook his gun so menacingly that Steve threw his own forward.

"You sneak!" yelled the old man. "With plenty to eat you kill an old man's game! If you ever come on my place again, I'll shoot you—you thief!"

He shook his gun again; his close-set black eyes blazed; the wind blew the tatters of his old overcoat about like the mock clothing of a scarecrow. Though his own face flushed crimson and his heart pounded with anger, Steve merely stood watching him narrowly. There was no use trying to explain further. It might be dangerous to turn his back. At last old man Oliver, with a parting anathema and a kick at the bird, turned and strode tottering up the hill, on the top of which, in a group of naked trees, sat his house.

To the branches of a solitary tree in full view of the house Steve tied the turkey. Then he turned about and walked away. As he did so, snow began to flutter from the leaden sky, and before he reached home the worst storm of the year was raging.

That night Steve sat brooding and morose, while the rest of the family enjoyed themselves before a roaring fire. Steve had been threatened. He had been called a sneak and a thief, and he had done nothing. Steve's pride rebelled. He raged against the injustice of the bitter old man.

"Stand up for yourself," his father had often told Steve. "Don't let people pick on you. If you have no self-respect, nobody else will respect you. When you are sure of your rights, don't be afraid to fight for them."

Steve wished that his father were still living to advise him in the present perplexity. What could he do? Attack the old wretch? Old man Oliver was old and feeble, but he was as dangerous as an old rattlesnake. He would not argue, Steve knew. He was crazy enough to shoot, and shoot to kill.

In bed, Steve lay awake for a long time, picturing the old man standing, black and

ragged, against the hill of snow, shaking his gun and cursing him. The next morning Steve went silently about his tasks, his mouth grim. The snow stopped falling about midday, but there was something in the bleak, lowering sky and hard gusts of wind that aggravated the bitterness in Steve's heart.

IN the mail box on the following morning was an invitation that blotted from Steve's mind for a time the sting of his hurt. Bessie Martin was giving a party to her friends that night, and Steve must come. He could spend the night with Ben Martin and return next morning. His mother made him put on his heaviest overcoat and boots and wrapped a muffler about his neck and throat. About four o'clock in the afternoon he set out on horseback.

The road carried him by old man Oliver's. He would pass the house just about the time the old man would be coming out to feed his mule, and the barn was across the road from the house.

What if they should meet again!

There was no use denying the fact—the light in old man Oliver's eyes had been a murderous light. Steve had been glad two days before that he had had his gun. Now he was unarmed. The old man could see him coming down the hill. It would be easy for him to run ahead and ambush him. No one had heard of the quarrel, for Steve had not mentioned it, and it was unlikely indeed that the old man had done so. The road was lonely and unfrequented. Old man Oliver would have his chance.

"I'm scared," muttered Steve. "He said, if he ever found me on his place again, he'd shoot me. I won't get any warning. He'll shoot first, and talk afterwards. He is as crazy as a loon. Wish I'd taken the other road. Well, I could turn round and take it now."

People behave in very different ways when they go into danger. Well trained soldiers or sailors advance as calmly as if they were on parade, often singing or making little jests to relieve the strain. Other men may shiver and shake before the danger develops, yet become entirely cool when they face it. Cowards cringe, and advance sideways; sometimes they are paralyzed into

complete immobility when the peril is seen, and sometimes they turn and run away.

"I'm a coward," thought Steve. "Another minute, and I'll fall off my horse. I can't stand this suspense. Wish he'd shoot and be done with it!"

Steve was biting his lip so hard that he brought a drop of blood out on it. His arms and legs felt rigid. The pit of his stomach felt as if it contained a smooth, cold stone.

A branch snapped in the thicket. Steve stiffened as if it had been a rifle shot. But, to his lasting credit, he kept his horse trotting straight ahead. And no other noise came out of the bushes; no puff of smoke, no quick red spurt of flame from a muzzle pointed in his direction.

Soon Steve was able to see the house clearly. No smoke was coming from the chimney. The house looked as if it were deserted. As he passed it, Steve looked into the barnyard. Here was another strange thing. In the barn, across the road from the house, old man Oliver kept a bony gray mule. But no tracks led from the house to the barn. The smooth snow was unbroken by a single footprint.

"Maybe he's dead, or gone away," said Steve, under his breath. "I suppose I ought to stop and see if he's sick. Nothing doing! Come along, Traveler. We're out of the woods now."

Much relieved, Steve urged his horse to a faster trot. But as he rode away from the house something else rode with him—a feeling that he ought to go back and investigate. He threw a glance back over his shoulder. The house seemed to stare at him with its broken panes. Always, in passing the house in winter time, Steve had seen a light in the window of the kitchen, where the old man sat by his fire. Now the fire had gone out, and there was a chance—perhaps more than a chance—that the old man was sick and alone.

Suddenly Steve turned his horse, rode back to the house, and tied the animal to a broken section of fence. Then he trudged through the unbroken snow toward the front door. No one, since the storm, had come out of that closed front door. Steve went up on the porch and knocked. There was no answer. He pushed the door. It gave in, and he stepped into the hall, so dark, so silent and cold, that he shivered.

The door to the right must lead to the old man's room, for it was from this corner of the

IN APPRECIATION OF THE AUTHOR

BY his stories in *The Youth's Companion* and elsewhere, Samuel A. Derieux won many friends. He has passed away, but *The Companion* is fortunate in having several of his splendid stories for publication in forthcoming issues. One of his closest friends, Merle Crowell, editor of the *American Magazine*, writes for you this appreciation of him.



Samuel A. Derieux

THE picture that I shall always carry in my memory is of Sam Derieux and a gun that had just been given to him by one of his admirers. Sam had just come from the doctor's office, where he had listened to the verdict of "operation immediately." But he was happy—extremely happy. For, after a twenty-year losing fight against ill health, the trouble had at last been located.

He came up to the office ostensibly to break the news to us; but what he really came for, although he didn't say it in so many words, was to show us his new gun; a folding gun, packed in a leather case—the kind he had dreamed of owning, but never had felt able to buy. He was like a joyous kid.

I never saw Sam alive again. But I cherish my association with that kindly, soft-spoken, supremely sane human being. Only by a chance word, dropped here and there, did I learn of his gallant fight against constant sickness. Only from outsiders did I hear about the wonderful spirit that carried him through periods of poverty while he was striving to make a name for himself as a writer. In a very special and abundant sense he was possessed of character.

And he was one of the most lovable men I have ever known. When Sam started talking about dogs and his darky friends the work around the office would go hang. The whole gang would gather in his room and listen to his yarns. Sam knew and loved people.

And dogs! Just say the word and his face lit up with an inner glow. Dogs were more than a hobby with him. They were a vital part of his life. This showed in his writing. Sportsmen all over the country paid tribute to his knowledge. His stories and articles won him many warm personal friends. His comments and criticisms on bird dogs were taken as the "last word." He was asked to judge shows.

A full, rich life seemed to lie before him at the time he lost his gallant fight against ill health. He died at forty-one, his reputation safe and his promise infinite. Our writing world is much the poorer with his passing.—MERLE CROWELL

... that he had seen the light when passing along the road. Yet he hesitated to turn the knob. The place seemed inhabited by frozen, invisible ghosts. The narrow stairway led above to cold, vacant rooms. Here old man Oliver had existed these dreary years. No wonder he was bitter and half mad. The soft mewling of a cat startled Steve. He opened the door. It was a dingy room, with a bureau, two rocking-chairs, and a bed. On the bed, half visible in the dusk, lay old man Oliver. Steve went up to him. He was breathing rapidly, and his eyes were wide open. They did not shift as the young man came near. They were fixed on nothing, those little, close-set, black eyes, like a vessel's. His cheeks underneath the ragged beard were sunken and flushed with fever. Only a tattered crazy-quilt, in the middle of which curled a cat, covered him from the cold.

STEVE stooped down, laid his ear against the old man's chest, and heard within a wheezing sound. Old man Oliver was obviously dying of pneumonia. The young man straightened up and looked around, not knowing what to do. Then the sight of the dead ashes in the fireplace suggested a fire. He came softly out, went to the woodpile where a few sticks poked through the mantle of snow, found the axe, and chopped some wood. He returned and built a fire. The cat jumped down and purred beside him. Steve straightened up in the fire-glow, his brow smothered with perplexity.

He must get Doctor Allen as soon as possible; but Doctor Allen lived ten miles away, and night had almost come. Nevertheless, it was no time to stand thinking, when every breath of the sick man seemed to come with increasing labor. An old brass fender, a reminder of the day when children had played before the fire, stood to the side of the hearth. Steve placed it in front of the fire. Then he came out and mounted his horse.

It was quite dark when he drew up in front of the cabin of Jake, a negro, and hailed. The door

opened, and Jake stood outlined against the glow within.

"Old man Oliver's sick," called Steve, "and he's alone. I want you to go and stay with him until I get back with the doctor."

Jake scratched his head. "Ain't got no way to go," he said.

But just then his wife pushed her way beside him. "He sick much?" she asked.

"Dying, I think."

"Lordy! Lordy!" cried the woman. "Dyin' all alone. We'll go, Mr. Steve."

She turned to her hesitating husband. "Git on yo' ovahcoat, Jake," she commanded.

"Nobody kin say we let a ole man die alone."

Steve rode on and a mile farther on called Mr. Thompson, a farmer, to his door and told him of the sick man. Thompson hesitated. But again the woman of the house, who had come out on the porch and heard the news, announced that they would go.

Thompson laughed. "That's the way with a woman," he said. "Say, Steve, you can't get to the doctor's tonight, man. Across the creek in the thickets you'll never be able to find the road, and the gullies are deep. Better wait till morning."

"I think I can find the way," called Steve and rode on.

He got along well enough for several miles. Although it was a dark night, objects were visible against the snow. A hedge here, a line of fence there, kept him in the road. But across the creek the road climbed into the pine hills, with deep gullies to the side. Here the blackness seemed to smother him. He could barely make out his horse's head; and as for the road, all definite traces of it were blotted out.

In such a situation there is but one thing to do: leave direction to the horse. But Steve's horse seemed to be helpless; he hesitated; when Steve tried to urge him on, he trembled and groaned. Steve knew that the road twisted and turned; he could dimly distinguish clear streaks through the thicket. But which of these was the road, and which gullies drifted full of snow, he could not tell. The trembling of the animal increased. The wind was rising again; the pines moaned and swished about him.

At last the horse stopped

and refused to budge. Steve got down and took the bridle. Then he groped his way forward, expecting momentarily to go over his head in a snow-filled gully, with the horse tumbling in on top. A broken leg meant freezing. This Steve realized but vaguely, however; for by some sort of reaction following his long ride in the cold and the invisible storm about his ears his senses were growing numb and confused. Only by summoning all his resolution could he keep that grip on his senses which enabled him, partly from memory, partly from dim sight, to follow the gray streak that seemed most likely to be the road. Yet it never occurred to him to turn back.

It was as much luck as fortitude that enabled him at last to reach the more open country of the ridge. With a sense of vast relief, after five miles more of slow riding, he drew up in front of the doctor's house and hailed. A voice answered, a light sprang into a window, and at the doctor's invitation Steve dismounted and went to the house.

The doctor met him in the hall with a lamp. He was in his dressing-gown and shivering with the cold. In the sitting-room they started a fire, and Steve told him of the sick man. The doctor left him to warm his hands, while he went to dress. When he came back he was ready for the ride, with his saddle-bags and satchel.

There was a matter-of-factness about these preparations that told of Doctor Allen's twenty years' service in that thinly settled community. Suddenly the commonplace little man in his great coat, with his cap and ear-flaps and his thin, dry voice, loomed a hero in Steve Fant's mind. There was nothing in this ride for the doctor except the possibility of broken bones or pneumonia. Yet he neither hesitated nor complained. How many such rides had Doctor Allen taken with no prospect of reward—unless indeed the recording angel made an entry to his credit?

In the barn by the light of a lantern they saddled the doctor's horse. The doctor mounted, with the lantern in his hand. At the gate Steve also mounted and followed him.

"Pneumonia, did you say?" asked the doctor.

"That's what it looked like to me."

"How did you happen to know he was sick?"

"I was passing by on my way to a party and stopped in."

The doctor grunted, and there was evidently approbation in his grunt.

"Huh!" he exclaimed suddenly and drew up his horse. "You came very close to a gully there, young man! It was a narrow escape."

It was much easier returning. The lantern showed the hoof prints where Steve had come. Then too the doctor and the doctor's horse seemed to know every foot of the way. Long before they reached old man Oliver's it was snowing again. The flakes seemed to come from nowhere, dance about the lantern, then vanish. Now and then a sweeping gust of wind blew them with a mild sting into their faces. As they drew near, Steve began to wonder how it fared with the sick man. It seemed a week since he had left him panting on the bed. His wonder grew into anxiety, so involved do we become in the fortunes of those for whom we have done a service. Yet, arrived at the place, Doctor Allen was provokingly deliberate. He turned, not to the house, but to the barn, where they put their horses in stalls.

"Feed 'em, Steve," directed the doctor, "and feed that mule too."

JAKE and his wife were in the room when they got there, and Mr. and Mrs. Thompson. There was no light but that cast by the fire that roared and crackled up the chimney. The doctor shook hands with Mrs. Thompson, nodded to Thompson and the negroes, and satchel in hand went up to the bedside.

"Bring the lantern, Steve," he said. It was the second time he had called him by his given name, a rare thing with the doctor; and Steve knew that he had been admitted into the select circle of those of whom the doctor approved.

The young man watched

him as he leaned his head over the sick man's chest, and he held the lantern while the doctor squinted at this bottle and that which he took out of his satchel. The doctor was as matter-of-fact as ever; as he worked he kept up a running line of talk.

"A cold night, Mrs. Thompson—the worst winter in Virginia since the war, madam. It will be good for the wheat, Mr. Thompson. Hold the lantern a bit closer, Steve."

At daybreak the Thompsons left. It was arranged that the negroes should watch during the day. Steve, tired and sleepy, came out of the house with the doctor. They saddled and mounted; then they shook hands.

"How is he?" asked Steve.

"Very low," declared the doctor and jogged off, his saddle-bags flapping up and down.

Steve rode home, told his story, and lay down to catch some of the sleep he had lost. That afternoon, at his mother's insistence, he drove her over in a sleigh to old man Oliver's. The man lay still unconscious, his eyes fixed on nothing.

Late in the afternoon Doctor Allen came and at once gave him a stimulant. And for the first time old man Oliver looked weakly around with eyes that saw and comprehended. His gaze wandered from one face to another, then fastened on Steve with pathetic intentness. Steve felt a thrill of pity; there was in the eyes a dumb appeal, like the appeal of a mortally wounded animal. Then they grew moist. He who had believed that all were against him now found his fellows gathered in pity about his bedside. Perhaps his dim brain was trying to reconstruct the ideas he had formed of his neighbors. At last he seemed to grow weary of the effort and closed his eyes.

"He'll sleep," announced the doctor, "the best thing he can do."

"Do you think he can live?" asked Mrs. Fant.

The doctor pursed his lips and shook his head.

"The chances are against him," he said.

ON a bright Sunday many weeks afterward in the spring Steve and his mother drove to services at Mt. Zion Church. In the churchyard they got out. Steve tied the horse, and they walked toward a group that had gathered about the church door. As they drew near a bent old man broke from the group and started toward them.

"It's old man Oliver!" cried Mrs. Fant in astonishment. "I haven't seen him here for twenty years."

The old man came eagerly on, his hat in his hand. Somebody had given him a decent, cheap suit of clothes. The bronze cross of the Confederacy hung on the lapel of his coat. There was something in his eyes that made Steve stop short.

He came to Steve like a dog, and now Steve saw: it was gratitude, not hatred, that brightened his little eyes. He took Steve's hand, and his grip was strong as steel.

"They told me!" he cried in the raucous voice of the deaf. "It was you as come to an ole dyin' man; it was you as risked your life to ride in the storm for a doctor!"

"The day I was taken sick," he announced to the gathering crowd in a harsh sing-song, "I cursed him because he killed a turkey on my place. He done it unbeknownst—and I cursed him. He offered it to me like a man—an' I kicked it off." He turned to Steve. "You ought to have left me be. It would have served me right, it would."

"It's no more than anybody would have done!" cried Steve in his ear.

The old man put his hand to his ear. "What say?"

"It's no more than anybody would have done!" cried Steve more loudly.

But plainly the old man did not hear. "You ought to have left me be," he repeated. "It would have served me right, it would. But I never knowed. I thought you was all agin me. I thought God Almighty was agin me. I couldn't make it out no other way, thar all alone an' deaf. I cursed you for a sneak an' a thief, an' you saved my life."

Steve smiled and shook his head. The others were smiling too, all but old man Oliver. Everybody knew now that Steve had been insulted and had done nothing—nothing, that is to say, but save the life of the man who had cursed and threatened him.

"If Father were here now," thought Steve, "he might feel that I had stood up for myself, after all."

The doctor grunted . . . "Hub!" he exclaimed suddenly . . . "You came very close to a gully there, young man! It was a narrow escape"

Arthur Dine

WILD KNIGHTS OF THE FOREST

By C. A. Stephens

ILLUSTRATED BY HAROLD SICHEL

DURING the third year that we young folks were at the Maine farm the Old Squire, who was even more a lumberman than farmer, contracted to furnish fifteen thousand last blocks for use at the shoe factories in Lynn, Massachusetts.

This requires a word of explanation. In America we fondly believe that we are a free people, that we govern ourselves and dwell in a land of liberty; yet certain wise heads assure us that we live under the greatest tyrant that ever oppressed mankind—a tyrant whose name is Fashion.

Fashion, they say, not only dictates to us what style of clothing we shall wear, even up to our hats and down to our shoes, but—what is more tyrannical still—decrees that this entire outfit from top to toe shall be changed to expensive new styles at unreasonably frequent intervals. At the time above mentioned Fashion had just directed that a former style of shoes with long pointed toes must be changed for a new style having short, blunt toes; and it was this decree that brought us the contract for those last blocks—since all shoes have to be “treed” and molded on lasts.

We did not furnish the lasts complete. Shaping them was the task of Fashion's experts. Our part was merely to rive the blocks from well-dried basswood lumber, each block to be one foot in length by four inches in width and six in height.

The lumber came from Lot 37 up in the great woods where a number of basswood trees were growing on an alluvial bottom beside an old beaver pond. From there the logs were drawn down to the Old Squire's mill on Lurvey's Stream, sawn into plank four inches thick, kilned for two weeks, and the blocks rived with frow and mallet. These had then to be crated, one hundred to the crate, and drawn to the railway; and I may add here that the price received was ten cents per block.

My cousin Addison and I had a keen personal interest in the enterprise, the Old Squire having generously offered us twenty per cent of the proceeds if we would do our best to make the venture a success.

My story, however, is less of the last blocks than of what occurred while we were cutting the lumber for them. Many years have passed, but as vividly as if it were yesterday I remember that early October morning when we went up the old lumber trail to Lot 37. The Old Squire was otherwise engaged that day, but Asa Doane, one of the hired men at the farm, accompanied us; and, knowing that not a little hard work would be required, Addison had taken in a young neighbor of ours, Willis Murch, as partner.

HALSTEAD drove us there with a span of work horses hitched into a farm wagon, carrying axes, cross-cut saw, wedges, sledge and pinch-bar, as well as our luncheon for the day. Willis took his gun, thinking he might see partridges along the trail. Halstead, however, did not remain, having to return with the team for a day of “breaking up” in the south field.

The day was still and sunny; but the chill of a frosty night was in the air. For a fortnight the woodlands had been gorgeous with autumnal color; now, however, all this pageant of dying foliage was fluttering slowly and silently to the earth. Blue jays cried peevishly from the orchard as we drove away; and Grandmother Ruth's geese squallied after us from their little pond beyond the west barn. Already the fields were turning brown and sere, and everywhere rose the odor of frozen vegetation. All the way along the trail, after entering the forest, the fallen leaves lay in a bright carpet, scuffed up steadily by the feet of the horses.

We had begun the task of felling one of the large basswoods, Asa cutting the front scarf and Addison the reverse—Willis and I meantime clearing away underbrush—when a great racket in the woods at a little distance caused us to stop and listen. The sounds were those of continuous crashes accompanied by strange, deep bellowings.

“Sounds like cattle mired in a bog,” Addison remarked.

“No cattle up here so far in the woods,” Willis objected. “I bet it's bears fighting!”

The uproar ceased as suddenly as it had begun.

“Gone, I guess,” said Asa; and after listening a moment longer we resumed work. Before the big tree was sufficiently under-cut to fall, however, the noise broke out again, quite as unexpectedly as before and apparently in the same place.

“Huh, they're at it again!” Willis exclaimed. “That's bears having a set-to over

took a step nearer. The huge brutes were far from defunct, however—tremendously alive, in fact. Seeing us, first one started to spring up, then the other, and a frightful struggle ensued—all over and about the place. They reared to the full height of their long fore legs, fell over sideways, rose and plunged again, snorting, grunting and beating each other with their hoofs, gritting their teeth. Muck and dead leaves flew high. They smashed down the entire fir thicket, bumped heavily against a great maple, recoiled and



“I don't know just what will happen,” the Old Squire said, “but I am going to hook into those antlers if I can!”

something. Wish I'd brought some balls, or some double-B shot for my gun. Might get a bear, maybe!”

As before, the sounds ceased abruptly, and we returned to the business of felling the tree till at length the basswood tottered to its fall and went down with a thunderous crash that shook the earth.

“There, I guess that'll scare 'em off,” ejaculated Asa, laughing.

Addison now measured for an eight-foot log off the basswood trunk; Asa and Willis had taken the cross-cut saw to sever it, when again the same tumult was heard, accompanied by a distressful bawling, as of some animal in pain. By this time our curiosity was so excited that we started out to see what was going on, Willis carrying his gun, the rest of us our axes.

We had farther to go than we expected, nearly half a mile, I should say, but came at length to another alluvial bottom in the forest where beaver had once made a pond; and here, amidst large, scattered swamp maples, a remarkable spectacle presented itself. The underwood was smashed to bits, and the loam over a half-acre was poached up as if it had been plowed by an erratic and short sighted plowman.

In short there were all the evidences of a most terrific struggle, one that had seemingly been going on for considerable time. It was as if Titans or Centaurs had fought a tournament there. I confess to a sense of awe at the sight. Had I been alone I would have gone no farther. But Addison and Asa were moving cautiously forward across the devastated tract, and immediately I heard the latter whisper, “There they are!” pointing to a dark, recumbent object, lying partly within a thicket of firs in the shadow of great trees.

Even my bolder companions had stopped short, and for some moments we all stood silently staring at that strange mass lying perfectly motionless on the ground. Slowly, as we gazed, it took form.

“Moose!” muttered Willis. “Two big moose bulls! Been fighting—fighting all over the place here!” Then I made out their widespread antlers, now bunched together, as the animals lay head to head, their great bodies extending back opposite each other.

“Dead, ain't they?” questioned Asa. “I believe they've killed one 'nother!” and he

a moment later fell again, exhausted and panting so loud one might have heard it half a mile away.

We had retreated a little, fearing the enraged creatures might rush upon us. But something peculiar in the struggle had arrested our attention—the way they kept head to head, even after they had fallen.

“Why, they can't get apart!” Addison cried. “Their horns are locked together!”

And that, we now perceived, was what had happened. Like two jousting knights of old, they had dashed at each other with such fury and vim that their great, many-branched antlers had somehow become entangled and could not be withdrawn. This apparently had been the cause of the long struggle there. “Like as not they've been at it for two or three days,” Willis declared.

“And if they cannot break away, I suppose they will go on like this till they die here,” Addison remarked. “Starve, or perish of thirst and exhaustion!”

“But what could have started them off fighting like that?” I queried, for thus far I had little knowledge of the ways of moose.

“Oh, I dare say some lady moose is at the bottom of it,” Addison asserted, laughing. “Maybe she is not far away, looking on to see how it will end.” But if another moose had been present at the beginning of the fracas, it had now gone its way.

“They'll die an awfully long, lingering death,” Asa observed. “The kindest thing would be to shoot both of them.”

IT was apparent, however, that partridge shot from Willis's four-dollar gun would have but slight effect on two animals larger than the largest horses.

Three or four times during the afternoon we heard the moose fighting again—as often, I suppose, as they recovered a little from their fatigue. Once they both bellowed savagely, and at another time one of them bawled as if in agony.

At the supper table that evening, after our long tramp home, we related what we had seen. The Old Squire remarked that the skulls of moose and also of deer and caribou, had more than once been discovered in the woods, with antlers interlocked, showing that the creatures had perished from this cause.

“No doubt in these cases the poor ani-

mals live for a long time—a month, perhaps—and suffer a great deal,” he said.

“And that reminds me,” he continued, “of a yarn your old crony, Hughy Glinds, once told me of two fighting moose that he had found locked together in this same condition. He asserted that he had climbed an oak tree which leaned over where the tired animals lay, and, reaching down with his belt hook, tied to the end of a pole, he succeeded in jerking their antlers apart. You can believe as much of this tale as you see fit,” the Old Squire added, laughing. “But it is just possible that deer and even moose might be separated by some such stratagem, if it happened to work out right.”

At that time there were no game laws in Maine and Grandmother Ruth, who sat listening to our talk, advised that the animals be shot and the carcasses drawn home. “That would give us moose beef for the entire winter,” she said.

But the Old Squire was of the opinion that, if the moose had been fighting and struggling for several days, the meat would be unfit for food.

During the evening Willis came in to say that his older brother Ben was going with us next day to see the moose. Willis and Ben had thoughts of shooting them and preparing their heads, with antlers attached, to sell as trophies. There was also some talk of inviting Hughy Glinds to accompany us.

The Old Squire, we knew, had been planning to make a trip to Portland on the following day; but next morning, somewhat to our surprise, he said he would drive up to the lot with us, and have a look at the moose, himself. “I have a notion that it may be possible to do something to relieve them,” he remarked. “It seems a pity to have two great noble animals perish in that way!”

A thought how this might be accomplished had occurred to him, of which, however, he said nothing, feeling by no means certain that it would succeed.

BUT just as we were starting, we noticed that he had taken a grapple-hook from the wagon-house and a coil of rope off the horse-fork at the west barn.

On reaching the lot Willis and I ran ahead to learn if the animals were still there, and we presently discovered them at a little distance from the spot where we had found them the preceding day. Plainly they had been struggling at times, for more underbrush was smashed, and more loam deeply poached. As we approached, too, they sprang up and went cavorting about, bellowing and bawling, much as on the day before.

“I don't know just what will happen,” he said, “but I am going to hook into those antlers if I can, and I want all of you to take up the far end of this line and be ready to pull hard when I give the word. We will see if we cannot haul them apart.”

“Of course there is no saying what the foolish, crazy creatures will do if we get them loose,” he explained. “They may take straight at us. So we had all better be ready to run and get to cover behind trees.”

The moose sensed his proximity, however; we saw their eyes roll wildly round, and again they sprang up.

We had all recoiled a little, but immediately after they had fallen the Old Squire moved up again and by a quick lunge forward succeeded in hooking the grapple to the antlers of one of them, close down to its head.

“Pull! Pull now!” he shouted; and the six of us pulled with might and main.

We fairly slewed the ponderous bodies of the moose round sidewise! They attempted to leap up again, but fell sprawling.

“Pull! Pull hard!” the Old Squire bade us. Something suddenly gave way, and we all went headlong.

“Run! Run!” the Old Squire warned us, and, regaining our feet, we scattered, seeking cover, each for himself. From behind a big swamp maple I caught sight of one moose running madly past, shaking his head, which looked bare, while the other was galloping away in another direction, bearing aloft both sets of antlers! We had pulled them clean off the head of one moose, but they were still locked with those of his antagonist!

CAN YOUR DOG TALK?

Here is the story of a dog that is learning various useful words

By Inez Lee

EVERYONE who loves dogs knows that dogs try to "talk" to us in their own language. Their whines, growls, and barks mean different things to our ears. People have apparently decided that this is all a dog can "say." I wish to propose to you that, by careful training, you can teach your dog to express his wishes in human speech.

The moment this is proposed, most people say: "Absurd! It's against nature! Dogs were created dumb! Do you mean to say you can teach a dog to talk, so that he can give his views on the League of Nations and can sit in the family circle after supper and join intelligently in the conversation?"

I do not mean to suggest anything of the sort. The best way to give you my meaning is to tell, briefly and without exaggeration, our experience with our dog Sambo.

Sambo is a big, black spaniel. My little boy Bob picked him out from a litter of puppies, because he was the blackest and strongest of them all, as well as fat and funny. The idea that Sambo could do anything more than the usual sort of tricks never occurred to me. But after discovering that he was able to say one word clearly, we have tried carefully to teach him to use other human words.

On a rainy afternoon, a year and a half ago, we had been to the movies, leaving Sambo at home. When I turned the key in the lock and opened the door, I saw Sambo lying on the rug. Naturally I spoke to him, saying "Hello!"

Sambo threw out his two hind legs, put both paws forward, and yawned. Then, in a very chummy, confidential voice, Sambo said a word that sounded just like "Hello!"

I stared. Then with a surprised laugh I called to Bob and his friends, who were coming through the door. "Do you know, that dog can talk!" I cried.

"He can?" they asked.

"He just said 'Hello!'"

Turning again to Sambo, I said "Hello!"

Sure enough, Sambo again answered "Hello!"

That was his first attempt at direct imitation of our speech. His first "Hello!" was not so clear and perfect as it often is, today. But it was clear enough for the children to understand, and it made them laugh with delight. From that day, Bob and I agreed that we must teach Sambo to say more of the simple words whose meaning he already understood.

This gave us the reason for his second name. In teaching a dog any accomplishment, you must reward him for effort and for success. To persuade Sambo to say "Hello!" more clearly, we gave him tidbits. The one that he liked best, Bob discovered, was a piece of cruller. We decided therefore to call him Sambo Cruller, and this is his full name.

Soon Sambo learned that only the word "Hello!" would bring a piece of cruller to his longing mouth. He would show his desire not only in every dog fashion known—begging, whining, and so forth—but in trying to say "Hello!" clearly, when asked. His cheek and throat muscles often quiver with the effort. He fixes his eyes on his teacher in complete concentration. Like every other good dog, he does not expect that a tidbit will surely follow every performance. Sometimes he will not talk at all; but there are times when he clearly enjoys performing for the sake of the performance.

In training Sambo, we use only kindness. We love him and treat him like a pal. We talk to him continually, asking him simple questions like "Do you want to go out?" We expect some kind of reply, just as we would from any person. Therefore Sambo is encouraged to try to talk back.

If I should strike him, for not paying attention to me or to his lesson, he would only sulk and pay even less attention. Fear and pain prevent concentration. Whipping does not train a dog; it "breaks" a dog. It makes him timid, shrinking, snappy, or disagreeable. Even house-breaking can be easily accomplished without whipping. The only time Sambo was ever whipped was once in his puppy days, when he ran away three times in one day. That whipping did no good whatsoever and has never been repeated for any reason. We have found that



The Talking Dog and His Young Master, Bob

Sambo—a Remarkable Dog

THE author of this article is training her dog, Sambo, along a new and very surprising line. She has no wish to show him off or commercialize him in any way; and, to prevent the risk of his being stolen and probably maltreated, we have asked her to sign this article with a pen name.

Many people will be skeptical concerning the ability of Sambo. Their skepticism will promptly disappear if they can—by following the extremely wise and sympathetic suggestions in this article—teach their own dogs to say a few comprehensible words. The line between distinct speech and ordinary doglike whining may be less fixed than is commonly supposed.

The first news of Sambo came to us from a Companion subscriber, formerly a superintendent of schools. "I have repeatedly urged the owner of Sambo to publish the facts about him," he writes. "I have heard Sambo on many occasions say 'Hello!' when he wanted candy or food. He has repeatedly said 'No!' to me, clearly and distinctly, when I have pushed a lighted cigar toward him and asked him if he wanted a smoke. I have heard him say 'Ao-ur!' as he ran to a window on the ground floor, which his mistress would then open and let him out. I have heard him say 'Go!' and 'Car!' very distinctly when he wanted to ride in the car. I am fully convinced that he knows what he is trying to say and what it means. His mistress seems to understand other words that Sambo uses which do not seem so clear to me, much as a mother understands the jargon of a child just learning to talk."

Later, after several members of The Companion's staff had visited Sambo, Mr. Russell Gordon Carter, well known Companion author, wrote us this letter:

"Beyond a doubt, Sambo is a remarkable dog. His 'No!' and his 'Hello!' were plainly recognizable. No one could have mistaken the words. His 'No!' in response to a question was especially clear and emphatic. The sentence 'I want water!' was rather a jumble of sounds, among which I recognized the word 'water.' He pronounced it 'owa,' just as my own little daughter did when she was learning to talk. The sentence 'I want to go out!' was also confused; but here again the final word was clear. I feel rather sorry for the dog under conditions of test. He wants to do his best, but the presence of visitors seemed to distract his attention. The thing that impressed me most was the way he moved the under part of his mouth. It moved very much like the mouth of a person who pronounces the word 'and' very hard; that is, it broadened with each utterance. I had never seen a dog's mouth move in that manner."

Mr. Carter's suggestion that exhibitions work a hardship upon Sambo seems very considerate. It will not be possible, therefore, for The Companion to direct any inquiries to Sambo's home. But letters will be forwarded to his owner and teacher; and The Companion will be glad to hear from all subscribers who have successfully trained dogs along lines that make them "happier and wiser," as she says.

THE EDITOR

an order to go to bed, or a refusal to pet or feed him or to take him out with us, is by far the most effective punishment.

In training Sambo to talk I have made certain discoveries. First, I have found there are times when he is especially ready to talk. These times are quite definite. In the early morning he is eager for the first greetings and to be let out into the yard. At mealtime he will do anything he can to get his dinner, or a special treat, provided he is not so hungry that he can only whine. Hunger, like fear, prevents concentration. In the evening

there are certain performances that have become a habit of that time.

For instance, a stroll each evening after supper is a thing to which Sambo looks forward. If time passes without the usual stroll, the dog grows restless, teases, and runs to the door. This gave us a chance to teach him the meaning of "Out!" When Sambo learned that only the word "Out!" would give him his wish, he made repeated efforts to say it, and he has learned to attempt it before resorting to sign language, such as pawing the door.

When the dog makes a good attempt at a word, I reward him. I also request him, when the word is not clear, "to make it good," and he does. He may swallow, sneeze, or take a run around the room. Then, if he says the word more clearly, he gets his reward at once. No hard effort should go unrewarded. A dog remembers, and will try only if he thinks it worth while.

The reward should always be something that the dog especially wants and is trying to ask for. I watch Sambo when he seems restless; I ask what he wants and often discover by his "jumble" of words whether it is a drink of water, something to eat, a walk, or to stop certain music for which he may have a strong dislike. Whatever it is, I say the word—"Water!" "Bone!" "Out!" or, in a protesting tone, "No!" Then he tries to imitate it.

When callers come, Sambo may speak so clearly that he astonishes them; or he may not speak at all. If, for instance, he wants to stay in the room, it is hopeless to induce him to say "Out!" If he doesn't want a drink of water, he naturally enough does not ask for it. He is not a phonograph, which mechanically delivers certain words or sounds when you turn the crank. The phonograph, of course, has no idea of the meaning of these sounds. Sambo is learning that his sounds have a definite meaning.

The secret is to catch a dog in his own mood, understand his desire at the moment, and let him know that he will get his wish by saying the word. I make a move to answer his wish,—which may be a drink of water,—and then I hesitate. While he looks intently at me, I say to him, "Say water." He makes an attempt. I fill the pan, then say again "Water!" When I think he has made his best attempt I let him have it. And I do so when I plainly perceive that he is getting overtired. For talking is hard work when none of your ancestors have been taught to talk before!

Usually I make no attempt to exhibit Sambo's ability to visitors. If the dog is not in a talking mood,—if he is excited by the presence of company, or if, at the moment, he doesn't want anything,—the visitors would conclude that he can't talk at all. On the other hand, if he talked freely, unscrupulous people would want to steal him, and some people, also, might want me to exhibit him on the stage. I frankly admit that I have no desire to do this, now or at any other time. Sambo is a member of our family, and I am teaching him to talk for my own pleasure, and Bob's. I am writing this story about him because I think that many Companion readers have the patience and ingenuity and kindness to teach their dogs to talk quite as well as Sambo does or better. If such an accomplishment is "against nature," then so are such tricks as "playing dead," "sitting up and begging," and other tricks commonly taught to dogs, with less advantage to themselves.

To resume my suggestions about training, I would present an encouraging fact. Very often a long, unsuccessful practice in saying a word will be followed, in a day or two, by startling success. After a nap, or a complete change and rest from talking, the trainer's patience is suddenly rewarded. It's as though the word rested somewhere in the dog's brain, waiting only a good chance for release. Therefore, you need plenty of patience. Neither you nor the dog can afford to get impatient, cross or discouraged. I try never to let an impatient tone creep into my voice while I repeat the word Sambo is to say—first getting his whole attention and keeping my eyes on his face. Sambo seems to know when he has done his best and will often jump up immediately, expecting his reward.

The third word learned by Sambo was "No!" We had a chance to teach him its exact meaning. Like other dogs, Sambo loathes the smell of a lighted cigar or cigarette, especially when it comes too close to his sensitive nose and eyes. I showed him a lighted cigarette and asked, "Do you want to smoke?" at the same time shaking my head, and then pronouncing the word "No!" in strong, emphatic tones. He learned to mimic the word, and also the shake of the head. In this way we taught him to say "No!" Its meaning has been clear to him since his puppy days.

The cigarette method, I realize, can be

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 731]



"What a nice friendly senior you fellows have got," said Billy, near the door. He ducked out into the corridor a step ahead of a flying shoe

JORDAN is counting on you to play some good football at quarterback this year, and I know you will not disappoint us. Practice opens on September 15, with the first day of school. The rules forbid us from holding workouts before that date, but I am expecting every man who wants to play on the Varsity this year to begin his own personal training on September 1. This is because our schedule is a hard one, and I want every man to be in condition for strenuous work when he reports. I hope you will take good care of yourself, beginning with the 1st; it may not be necessary for me to ask you, but I am asking every candidate.

Jimmy Byers, ex-Lockerbie and Jordan freshman quarterback, candidate for the same position on Jordan's Varsity eleven, read and reread this letter from Coach Phillips as his train neared the university town. After a summer of working in a railroad office in New York, Jimmy had spent a few days in Cleveland with his buddy, big Les Moore, and a week with relatives in Wisconsin. Now, anxious to get back to the university and start to work on studies and football alike, he was reaching the campus two days before school opened.

Suitcase in hand, he clambered down from the Chicago chair car, the luxury of which he had bought because the ride from the "Windy City" was a long one, and the first man he saw was big Jake Hilligoss, Michigan farmer boy studying medicine at Jordan, and prospective center on the eleven.

"Hi, Jim," yelled the black-haired giant, waving a big paw as he shouldered his way through the crowd gathered to meet incoming students. "How's the boy?"

"Jake, how you've grown," laughed Jimmy, dropping his suitcase for a two-fisted handshake with the huge fellow.

"Two hundred and twelve," said Jake. "But you don't look so bad yourself."

"I'm not a growing boy like you," Jimmy replied. "Weigh a hundred and sixty-two, at that, training in a railroad office."

"Poor little shrimp," muttered Jake, in mock sympathy. "C'mon. Let's go out to the house and eat. Rush committee's got a car over here. Make 'em carry us out. Save all your steam, eat like a horse, and maybe you can get on the squad. C'mon."

He grabbed Jimmy's suitcase with one hand and Jimmy's arm with the other and led the way to a car filled with boys from the fraternity house. After a lot of handshaking, including the exchange of the

Greek grip, Jimmy piled in, and the car whirled away through town to the campus. Jimmy, an orphan, felt that he was back home among his own people. Only the absence of Les Moore and Billy Armstrong, second and third of the Three Musketeers from Lockerbie, kept the setting from being perfect and complete.

"When are Les and Bill coming?" asked Jake, as they entered the house.

"Tomorrow, and they're coming together," Jimmy replied. "Billy came on from New York two or three days ago, and stopped to visit with Les."

Jimmy and Jake made arrangements to room together with a senior, who, with a new freshman, would make their room organization complete. And then they reported to the rush captain for duty. They spent the evening helping entertain prospective pledges for the fraternity, and both boys threw themselves into the spirit of the thing. Both, however, would have preferred talking football. Between times, for they were up and on the go until midnight, they found occasion to swap news. Jimmy told of his leave of absence with pay from the railroad, which would relieve him of the need for waiting on table for his board.

"And my dad told me he'd pay my way this semester, so I could have a chance to make the team," said Jake. "If I make it, and make a 'B' average in grades, he says he will figure some way to back me till I'm through school. Puts it up to me, see?"

"Yeah, and you can swing it," Jimmy declared. "Gosh, I wish Les and Billy would roll in."

"See 'em this summer, any?"

"Week-ended with Bill every week and passed and kicked the old ball around," said Jim. "And I was at Les's house a week ago for a couple of days. Les looks good."

"Bill still spoiling his stomach?" queried Jake, with a grin.

"Thinks it will put on weight—all this eating and drinking," Jimmy replied.

"Coach'll take that idea out of his head," said Jake, confidently.

BIG FOUR

By Jonathan Brooks

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE AVISON

NEXT morning about six o'clock Jimmy and Jake, sleeping in a double-decker bed in the top floor dormitory, were rudely awakened. Jimmy, in the top bunk, was dragged out and thrown unceremoniously upon Jake, sleeping below. And then other figures leaped upon the pair, to roll and rough them until they were wide-awake. The two sleepers gave battle unconsciously until they got their eyes fairly opened, and then they joyfully fell upon the newcomers and hugged them.

"Come on a night train," exclaimed husky Les Moore.

"Couldn't wait," added Billy, a tall, slender chap. "And when we get here ahead of time to see you guys, here you are asleep instead of meeting all trains. Fine kind of welcome."

"Who're you, to want a welcome?" demanded Jake, roughly.

"Hey, you guys, get outa here," came a senior voice.

"Beat it, and let us sleep," shouted another, wakened by the rumpus.

The four of them went downstairs to Jimmy and Jake's room, where they sat for an hour talking of everything under the sun. Presently there was a lull in the excited conversation, and Jake Hilligoss, pulling on his trousers, spoke up in a slow, deliberate voice.

"Listen, you fellows," he began. "There are three of you. I know you—Three Musketeers and all that apple sauce. Well, there are four of us now—get that? To be on the square, you got to have four—"

"The Big Four," yelled Billy Armstrong. "New York, Cleveland, Michigan and Wisconsin," added Les.

"Big Four?" queried a sleepy voice from the doorway. The boys looked around and beheld Tony Hammond, a senior, Law, Jimmy and Jake's senior, coming in from the dormitory to dress. "Big Four? Where do you get that stuff? Sophomores, all of you."

"Four aces," declared Billy.

"And the sign of the Four," added Jimmy, "is—is—"

"A twenty-yard gain," Les Moore came up with reinforcements.

"Five yards apiece—that's us," Jake chimed in.

"Oh, you children run along now and get your oatmeal and milk," chided Hammond. "I've got a hard day ahead of me, and I want to start it right. Can't be bothered with you. Beat it!"

"What a nice friendly senior you fellows have got," said Billy, near the door. He ducked out into the corridor a step ahead of a flying shoe, flung hard at him by Hammond.

"Say, young fellow," roared Hammond, leaping toward the door. But Billy was well out of reach, and the three other sophomores followed him, careful to offend the lordly senior themselves. At breakfast, and for an hour thereafter, the members of the new Big Four enjoyed themselves in riotous reunion. They talked football more than anything else, for all of them were anxious to get out upon the field and start in pursuit of regular places on the Varsity. Jake reported that he had been working on a farm all summer and felt tough as leather. Les said he had spent most of the summer in a steel mill.

"And Coach's letter asking me to go in training—that gave me a laugh," he added. "Why, I was already hard as nails when I got it."

"Gave me a laugh, too," said Billy. "Punk idea—training before the season starts. I'll start training tomorrow at noon, when the practice season begins—and not till then."

"That's no spirit," commented Jake. "And when you guys are all stale, halfway through the schedule, I'll be in the old pink, ready and rarin' to go."

"If we all did that, we'd lose all the early games," Jimmy pointed out. "Nope, Billy, we got to begin now, if we haven't started already."

"Not me," Billy insisted. "But the coach's letter asked us—" began Jake, slowly.

"But he's not our boss till school opens, I tell you," Billy declared, stubbornly.

Jimmy Byers said nothing, for he feared that further opposition would merely make Billy all the more stubborn. He waited for an opportunity to talk to Billy alone, hoping he could reason with the New York millionaire's son. But the opportunity did not come, for the rush committee took charge of the four a little later and sent them hurrying here and there on errands for the

fraternity. Before noon, happening to pass the Soda Keg, Jimmy saw Billy inside with two other boys, one obviously a new freshman, regaling himself with ice-cream drinks.

Disappointed, for he was old-fashioned enough to want to do everything thoroughly and well, Jimmy hoped that Billy would go no further in his disregard of training requirements. Even the beginnings of football practice call for fairly good condition on the part of candidates. He wanted Les and Billy and Jake, all three, to have every chance at the Varsity, along with himself. And he knew that Billy, although clever and quick, a fast runner and good ball handler, lacked the physique to withstand a hard game.

A few minutes after he passed the Soda Keg he met Coach Phillips, who greeted him heartily and stopped to chat. When the coach passed on, Jimmy turned about to watch him and saw, with some misgivings, that he entered the Soda Keg. At noon he missed Billy. During the afternoon, he went to the gymnasium, found some light track coats, and went out on the football field to pass and kick a ball about for an hour or two. Jake Hilligoss appeared, too, but Les and Billy did not come out. The coach, of course, did not appear, for rules prevented him from working with his squad until the morrow.

THAT evening Jimmy's misgivings were justified. And the day that had begun so joyfully for the Big Four turned to dull gloom.

"Call for Kangaroo Court, call for Kangaroo Court," a voice shouted through the corridors of the fraternity house, about eleven o'clock. Rush entertainment was over for the evening. Most of the boys, Jimmy among them, were getting ready for bed.

"Hear ye, hear ye, and oyez, oyez," came the shout. "Call for Kangaroo Court!"

This was new stuff to Jim Byers. As a freshman, he had never been haled into Kangaroo Court for any offenses, and, as that is the only way in which a freshman gets into court, he had naturally learned nothing of it. In common with all others who heard the cry, however, he turned out. Sophomores, juniors, and seniors gathered in the big living-room, where they found Tony Hammond enthroned on a big chair behind a long table, placed crosswise at one end of the room.

Kangaroo Court, in case you have never been haled before it, is an informal but very serious affair. Jim Byers watched the proceedings with interest, not dreaming what was to come.

"Let the prisoner be brought in," shouted Tony Hammond.

Almost instantly big Les Moore and Billy Armstrong appeared through the door of the sun room, in which they had evidently been waiting. Jimmy guessed who was prisoner, and who was his keeper.

"Bring him before the bar," Tony ordered. Billy, with a foolish grin, shuffled to a position in front of the Kangaroo judge. "What's the charge, officer?" Tony demanded of big Les Moore.

"Drinking," replied Les, in a low tone, as if unwilling to speak.

"A serious charge," commented the judge, shaking his head solemnly. "Prisoner at the bar, I am your judge. These good men and true are your jury. Have you an attorney, or shall I name one to represent you?"

"Jim Byers," mumbled Billy.

"A very able pleader, and I was about to name him for you myself," said Tony Hammond. "And opposed to him will be Jerry Davis, of moot-court fame. Mr. Davis is prosecutor."

Jimmy, surprised at the whole situation, did not know what to do. He was horrified at the thought that Billy had been drinking and could hardly believe it. And he hardly knew whether the proceedings were all in fun or really serious. In a few minutes he found out the truth.

"Are the attorneys ready? Take your corners, gentlemen," proclaimed Tony, facetiously. "Now then, let the case proceed."

Noting that Davis took his place at one end of the table, Jimmy got to his feet and stationed himself at the other end.

"The officer will tell his story, Your Honor," said Davis, a short, fat youth of probably twenty-three years. He waved a plump hand at Les Moore.

"Officer," commanded Tony Hammond.

"Your Honor," began Les, "I stopped in at the Soda Keg with the prisoner about half past nine, to get myself a glass of milk. He ordered a double chocolate cream. Before I had finished my milk, he had another

double chocolate. While he was drinking it, Dory Hawkins came in. He ordered one, too. Then Coach Phillips came in and caught us. He asked us if that was the way we got in shape for football.

"Billy—uh, the prisoner, Your Honor—said he never got in shape for football till it was time to play it. Hawkins said yes, football don't start till tomorrow. I said I was only drinking a glass of milk. I'm not talking to you, Moore," he said. "I'm talking to Armstrong and Hawkins. You two boys," he said to them, "have a tough row to hoe to make the Varsity. And after you make it the going is tougher than ever. I asked you, as a favor to me, to Jordan, and to yourselves, to take good care of yourselves from September 1 on. Is that the way you do it?" he said.

"Well, Your Honor, they both talked back to him, and he got mad and said, 'Well if that's the way you feel, you need not report for suits tomorrow afternoon,' and he went out. Then the prisoner and Hawkins, Your Honor, went to Hawkins's room and had two bottles apiece. Two bottles—"

"Only bottles?" demanded the judge.

"What was in them?"

"It was pop," Les replied. "I asked the prisoner and Hawkins not to drink the stuff—"

"Pop, pop?" demanded Tony Hammond, severely, pointing a finger at Billy.

"Yes, pop; that's all it was," exclaimed Billy, sullenly.

"But they drank it, and we started home," continued Les. "I reported to the judge of this court, what had happened; and that is my story."

"A very serious, a very serious story indeed," pronounced the Kangaroo judge, in all solemnity. "And it constitutes our presentation of evidence, Your Honor," added Jerry Davis, the prosecutor, looking with pity upon the prisoner.

"What has the defense to offer?" asked the judge, turning to Jimmy.

"I will ask my client, Your Honor," began Jimmy, counsel for the defense, hopefully, "to quote for the court his apology to Coach Phillips. I will ask him to tell the court what he said or promised to the coach, to reinstate himself, so that he may play football."

Bill Armstrong flashed a quick look of resentment at his old buddy and then turned to face the Kangaroo judge.

"You can bet your life I didn't do any such thing!" he exclaimed. "When he told me I needn't report for football tomorrow, I said, 'That suits me. If you want me to train in football season, O. K. If you want me to train out of season, nothing stirring.' That's the apology I made."

"And I will ask the prisoner to state whether, in his opinion, he is now barred from football," said Jimmy, sick all through at the situation Billy had provoked.

"Abso-doggoned-lutely," declared Billy.

IT should be said that throughout the proceedings thus far, the fraternity members made smart cracks and laughed or nodded their heads in approbation of developments, according to their inclinations. All of them knew they would have to vote on the situation, one way or another, and all of them took the responsibility more seriously than their behavior would seem to indicate.

"Any further testimony?" asked the judge of Jimmy, who nodded a negative. "Then the court will hear the argument for the defense."

"May it please the court," Jimmy said, clearing his throat, "I will plead the defendant's youth. He is awfully young. I expect he is one of the youngest men, in actions at least, that we have around here. It will be a terrible blow to his father, who looks to him to make good. And then it will be a blow to all of us, who are his friends, if he should be punished for something he did thoughtlessly."

"Nothing of the kind; I knew what I was doing," growled Billy, stubbornly.

"Finally, I will plead that his future good behavior will be looked after," continued Jimmy. "We have a new organization among us sophomores who want to play football. It is what we call the 'Big Four,' and besides the prisoner, Your Honor, the members are the officer here, Hilligoss and myself. We will guarantee that the prisoner makes no more outbreaks, if the court will find him not guilty as charged."

"Yes, you will," grumbled Billy, in sarcasm.

"Silence in the court," yelled the Kangaroo judge. "Now then, the prosecutor will argue for the Kangaroo State."

"Your Honor, and gentlemen of the jury," began Jerry Davis, Kangaroo prosecutor, "it was in my mind to plead this cause as I found it. But the whole thing makes me sick, and I'm sorry I cannot go through regular judicial procedure. I'm too hot. What gripes me is this counsel here promising to roll over and play dead and all that kind of rot for Coach Phillips. Coach had no right to kick these two men off his squad, because school is not open yet. He's not their nurse. After tomorrow, all right. But not today. Now then, didn't he go and give old Billy Hilligoss a raw deal last year? Hasn't he got it in for all our gang? Everybody knows it!"

"So I move you that this court instruct this prisoner to sit tight on



"Coach Phillips came in and caught us"

this football stuff and abstain from apology to the coach, and also that all other members of this fraternity abstain from football until the matter is settled and this prisoner is again playing football. We got to show this coach he can't pull that high-handed stuff on us. He's got it in for us, or he wouldn't kick one of our men off the squad before the season opens."

Jerry Davis, fat and red faced, was working himself into an angry pitch.

"Say, you fat fish, who said Billy got a raw deal last year?" demanded big Jake Hilligoss. "He's my brother, and I know—"

"Silence in the court," demanded Hammond, pounding the table with his book.

"Your Honor, in argument upon that motion—" began Jimmy Byers, his face white. He now realized that the situation, provoked by a little thing, was really serious. He knew the fraternity could bind its members, and that the court, convened in comedy, might be dismissed as the climax to tragedy.

"The motion is not debatable," snapped Jerry Davis.

"The court will decide about this," said Jimmy. "Your Honor—"

But before the Kangaroo judge could rule on the question, or Jimmy could plead for his right to argue, the crowd took matters into its own hands. Swayed by the appeal of Jerry Davis, and tired of the comedy as well, the boys set up a shout.

"Question! Question! Put the motion!" they yelled.

"Quiet, please," demanded Judge Hammond. "The prosecution's argument closes the case—"

"But," began Jimmy, only to be shut off.

"And besides that, the jury demands its right to render a verdict," the Kangaroo judge ruled. "Will the jury retire?"

"I'm foreman," declared a big, raw-boned youngster. "I say we'll not retire till we've voted on this case. Then me for the hay!"

"Very well. You've heard the motion. All in favor, say 'aye.'"

A roar of "ayes" went up, and when the Kangaroo judge asked for negative opinions none was heard. The motion was carried, and Jimmy, Les, and big Jake were forbidden to play football! They heard the verdict with sinking hearts and looked at one another in dismay. Without paying any attention to

the boys, the crowd, laughing and singing, broke up. Jimmy sat down on the end of the judge's table, stunned with the result of all the horseplay.

"Has this gang gone crazy?" demanded Jake Hilligoss. "They can't tell me I'm not to play football!"

"Nor me, either," echoed Les Moore. "Wish I'd never gotten into this mess."

"Thirty of them against the three of us," Jimmy pointed out. "The whole chapter against us, just because Billy acted dumb, and Davis got 'em stirred up."

"We can move out," suggested Les.

"And leave Billy to run wild?" queried Jim. "What would his folks think of us if we did that?"

"Who you talkin' about?" Billy demanded, angrily.

"The boy with the big tummy and the big bank roll," Jake replied. The others laughed at this terse description of Billy, and he had to grin, himself.

"You've got us in a nice mess, Bill," said Jimmy. "Here are three of us who want to play football, counted on it, dreamed about it. All of us have a chance, too. And now, on your account, we're barred. What are you going to do about it?"

"Me? Not a thing in the world," said Billy.

"All over a soda, hey?" he was interrupted. Kangaroo Judge Hammond had come back into the room. "Thought maybe you'd need an arbitrator. What are you three guys going to do?"

"Play football," replied Jimmy, Les, and Jake with one voice.

"But the gang says you can't," Tony objected.

"Then I can walk out on the gang," said Jim, firmly. "I'd hate to do it, but—"

"I'm with you," declared Les Moore.

"Make it three," added Jake, quickly.

"No, no—you mean that?" asked Tony, apparently realizing for the first time that the boys were in deadly earnest. He looked at one and then another.

"Exactly that," said Jim Byers, doggedly.

"Well, the only answer to that is, it's up to Billy, here," said Tony, presently. "Kangaroo Court says you men cannot play until Billy is playing. That's half of it. Court says he cannot apologize. That's the other half. If you walk out, so you can play football, we can't do anything about it. If Billy apologizes—"

"Don't worry, I won't," muttered Billy.

"The court would probably duck him in a tub of cold water," the Kangaroo judge concluded. "We'd hate like everything to see you three walk out. But we'd probably get a lot of fun out of ducking Billy."

"Oh, you guys are always talking about the Three Musketeers, and now it's all about the Big Four," began Billy, petulantly. "And this 'One for all and all for one' stuff, too. That's apple sauce. Here I'm in a hole, and you're all against me."

"You're against three of us," admitted Jimmy. "But we're three for you, and you know it, Bill Armstrong. You got into that hole yourself, and now you're trying to drag us down into it with you."

"Of course, as judge of the Kangaroo Court, I have the authority to name the executors of any sentence," said Tony Hammond, with a grin. "If I heard that Armstrong apologized, or called up the coach, or anything, I would certainly name the huskiest and handiest men to duck him in the tub. Three, I think, should be enough."

"They can't do it," yelled Billy Armstrong. "Let 'em try it, let 'em—" But he did not finish the defy. A high tackle—that was Jake Hilligoss. A low one—that was Jimmy Byers. One in the middle—that was Les Moore. Billy Armstrong, for one reputed to be in poor condition, put up a good battle against odds.

"Twenty-two minutes, by my watch," muttered Tony Hammond, from a safe spot outside the bathroom door. "Too bad the gang could not have seen the fight. Twenty-two minutes—who says justice is not prompt?"

It was almost one o'clock, but Billy Armstrong, laughing and chiding his pals for their inability to duck him more quickly, traipsed down the hall in his bathrobe, to telephone Coach Phillips. Jimmy, Jake, and Les, a load off their minds, breathed hard, but with relief.

WHY I AM A FARMER

By L. J. Taber, Master, National Grange

This is the fifth article in our series, "The Choice of a Profession," written for The Youth's Companion by men eminent in different lines of work

ONE warm July afternoon, almost forty years ago, three farm boys were rolling in the long grass in an orchard in eastern Ohio. They were talking about the things they would do when they grew up. For some reason, not one of them wanted to be a farmer. Suddenly one of the boys jumped up, exclaiming: "What's that funny, red, shiny thing in the barnyard?"

Instantly all three boys went racing toward the barn and were soon watching, with wide-eyed admiration, a slick-tongued agent and his assistant set up a McCormick twine-binder, the first machine of its kind ever to come into our town.

That evening, following the beautiful old custom of reading the Bible every day, Mother read the story of Pharaoh's vision of the thin ears and the full ears, and she explained that the full ears meant bumper crops and the thin ears, hunger and famine. To a six-year-old boy, hunger seemed a very real danger, and I wondered if it would ever come to us. It was made clear to me, however, that the new efficiency of farming, seen in the labor-saving devices such as the twine-binder, was improving conditions so that real hunger and famine would not come into America for many generations.

That night I determined that, since Grandfather owned the first mowing-machine in his territory and Father the first twine-binder, I was also going to be a farmer and try to do something worth while.

All vigorous, red-blooded youngsters, whether living on the farm or in the city, should spend some time with day dreams around this one idea: "What will I do when I grow up?" Early ideas are frequently impracticable later on, but the boy and girl who give thought to choosing a life work and then follow, through the years, the gleam of their early desire will find in the end that they have chosen more wisely than the individual who leaves such matters to fate or chance.

The important thing is to choose a profession that will give you the opportunity to do what you want to do. Then you will love the profession that you finally choose. Success seldom comes to the dissatisfied, the discontented, or to those who choose a profession that cannot be followed with pleasure and profit. You will not succeed if you select an occupation without really understanding its demands and opportunities.

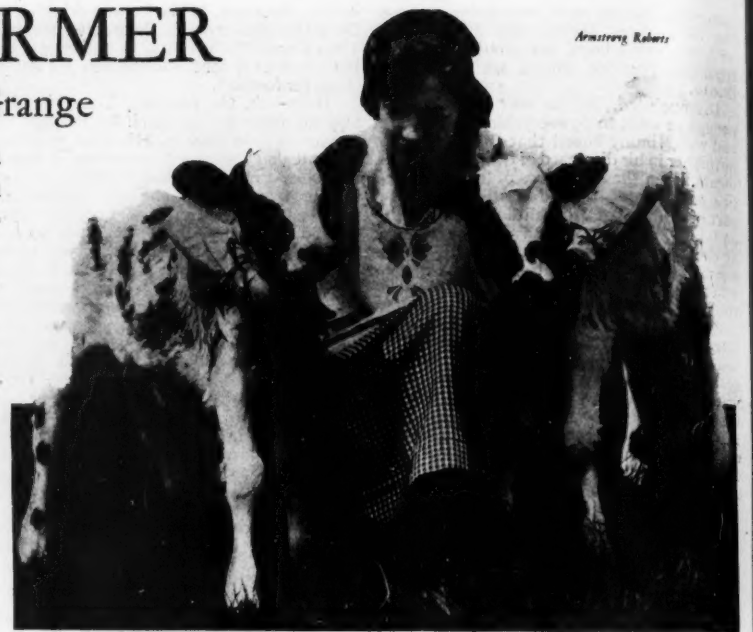
Many a boy has left the farm because he has heard people ridicule the farmer, or because he does not think that farming is an important calling.

If I should ask the young readers of The Youth's Companion to name the three most important factors in our present civilization, some, at first thought, might suggest the radio. Others would name the newspapers, or the airplane, or some other recent invention. But their answer on second thought would be very different. The three great demands of mankind always have been, and always will be, food, clothing and shelter.

Science is doing wonderful things, but we shall never find any substitute for food except different and more food. Fashions may reduce and change the kind of clothing needed, but civilized people living north of the tropics will require a constant source of fibers suitable for manufacturing fabrics for clothes. And people will continue to need shelter. The building of permanent homes is always the evidence of an established civilization.

These three cardinal needs are emphasized because, to satisfy them, the world must have farmers. All our food, except fish and game, comes from farms. All our clothing and much of the shelter of the human race also come from the soil.

The first great reason, therefore, for thinking of farming as a life work is that it is a permanent job. Other professions are not always permanent. The carriage maker was put out of a job by the automobile manufacturer. Coal oil put the candle maker out of business. Electric light paralyzed the lamp manufacturer. Civilization adds to the wants of man. There are some things, however, that civilization, chemistry, and manufacturing cannot do. One of them is to keep people from getting hungry; another is to invent a clothing fabric that will not wear out. Nothing has ever happened, or can



The young lady of the photograph is rightfully interested in these two splendid Ayrshire calves on a farm near Philadelphia. The calves, as may be guessed from their remarkable similarity, are twins, as rare a phenomenon in the bovine world as in the human

what could appeal more strongly to the imagination than a large wheat ranch with its high-powered machinery? If you like Arabian tales and desert stories, go to the Imperial Valley, and you can raise dates equal to those found in the oases of the East. If you like fruit farming, there is not a

profitable in a majority of the states. The swine grower has been one of the nation's money-makers; and this is especially true in the corn belt, where hog raising is the backbone of agriculture.

If hobbies appeal to you and you desire to specialize, the field that opens in farming is limitless. Vegetables under glass, onions in marsh lands, crops under irrigation, mushrooms in semidarkness, and the whole vast field of agricultural engineering can satisfy the most varied tastes. Every boy who has the opportunity has been rewarded when he sold his winter catch of fur. I had an early opportunity to go into skunk farming, but was laughed out of it by neighbors and selected the Jersey cow instead. Today I know people who are making modest fortunes with fur farms, proving that many of our fur-bearers can be sufficiently domesticated for profit.

As a high-school graduate turning toward college, you may say: "I want a profession that will give me a reward for my education and will reward brain as well as brawn." You will find, by observation, that science has done and will continue to do as much for farming as for any other kind of industry.

For instance, the average farmer of today is producing twelve times as much food per man as did his ancestors a hundred years ago. An easy way to compare this progress is to remember that, if we had been compelled to plant, cultivate, and harvest the 1926 crop by the methods used by our ancestors, it would have required the labor of all the able-bodied men in the nation outside the twenty largest cities. In 1775, more than 90 per cent of the people lived on farms and had a struggle to feed themselves as well as the 10 per cent in the towns. Today, 30 per cent of the people live on the farms; and we find them feeding themselves and the 70 per cent who live in cities better than people have ever been fed in the history of the world, and still producing a large surplus for export



Harris & Ewing

FROM a young farm boy, lecturer of the Belmont Grange in Ohio, not many years ago, L. J. Taber, the author of this article, rose steadily in the organization until in 1923 he became master of the National Grange and had the distinction of being the youngest man ever elected to that post.

Mr. Taber is no mere theoretical agriculturist. This article is written by a man who has been a "dirt farmer" and knows well whereof he speaks. Interests other than the farm claim him, however, and the reader may feel sure that he is obtaining the benefits of experience from a man widely versed in the economics as well as the mechanics of farming. He is vice-president of the Ohio-Pennsylvania Joint Stock Land Bank, an institution that has loaned more than thirteen million dollars to farmers on the long-time, low-interest, easy-payment plan; he is also vice-president of the Farmers and Traders Life Insurance Company, organized primarily as a Grange company. He recently represented the United States Government at the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome. The men and women of the world who are providing, to quote his own phrase, "the meal ticket for the human race" could have no better spokesman.

happen, to put the farmer out of a job. He will never be able to invent pills that people will prefer to food.

The second great advantage of farming is its variety. Consider how many different opportunities it offers. If you love a sunny climate, cane, cotton, citrus fruits, early vegetables, and other crops beckon you to the South. If you like machinery and have an ambition to do big things in a big way,

state in the Union which does not offer the horticulturist an opportunity to prove his skill. Like the writer, you may love the dairy cow; and, although most milk cows are in the Northern and Eastern states, yet dairying has proved profitable in every state in this country. Shepherds have always been honored. While sheep do better in some sections than in others and their wools are of finer texture, yet wool growing has been



Kyrle Photos

The Old—Harvesting wheat with the four-horse reaper formerly in common use



And the New—McCormick-Deering harvester-thresher doing the work of many horses



Machines on the farm: (left) A tractor speeding up the haying. (below) Ploughing with a French Vierzon tractor operated by fuel gas generated from wood or charcoal

Legion Photos



to lands across the sea.

So the third great advantage of farming may be stated in these words: It is not only permanent and varied, but it is becoming more efficient all the time. Efficiency is the goal of modern business. Manufacturers of automobiles, radio sets, clothing, and everything else we buy are striving constantly to increase production and lessen costs. The farmer, using new tools and methods, is more than keeping pace with the efficiency seen in great modern industrial companies.

Yet all these reasons are perhaps less attractive, from the human standpoint, than a fourth reason, which appeals to almost every right-minded man and woman as their life goes on. A farm is not only a business but also a home. The banker may at times have to live in a hotel while he reorganizes a business in a far city. The business man, the lawyer, and any other professional man may live all their lives in rented houses or apartments somewhere not too far from their offices. But the real farmer must live on his own farm.

And in no other business known to man does the whole family enter so completely into the daily activities. There is beauty in the surroundings, and yet the whole family can enter into activities indispensable to the life of the farm. The boys and girls—the most important part of the farm—can very often find something that contributes to the family's success. Nine out of ten of the prosperous farmers in America will admit that a major portion of their success depends on the inspiration, the advice, and the assistance of wife and family.

The farmer is one of the few people whose income increases while he sleeps. Well-cultivated corn will grow during the night. Hogs, calves, and fat cattle will add continually to their weight whether the farmer works or rests. The well-fed dairy cow, after the farmer has gone to bed, can through the mysterious process hardly understood by man manufacture a large pailful of milk.

This is mentioned, not to suggest idleness (which has no place in farming or in any other business), but to point out that agriculture permits the alert individual to add continuously to his wealth. Wheat will grow on Sunday as much as on any other day of the week. On the Fourth of July or some other holiday, when the factory shuts down and the salesmen do not call on prospective customers, the factory owner's income stops. Not so with the farmer's income. His crops are growing, his fruit is ripening, and his live stock is increasing in weight. This is a very real advantage, which should not be overlooked.

The writer feels, after long observation of men in other professions, that the farmer has more leisure time than most of them. He can use this for straight thinking, much to the nation's advantage. He can use it for self-cultivation and improvement, becoming a better read and educated man than is possible for most people in the turmoil of the cities. Or he can use it for direct financial profit to himself. As an example of the opportunities open along business lines, I have become vice-president of the Ohio-Pennsylvania Joint Stock Land Bank, an institution that has loaned more than thirteen million dollars to farmers, on the long-time, low-interest, easy-payment plan provided for by the Federal farm-loan system. I am also vice-president of the Farmers and Traders Life Insurance Company, organized primarily as a Grange company, but now including general life insurance in all forms. These two companies have proved successful, their stock is above par, and the future seems bright.

Such opportunities come to farm boys who are on the lookout for them. My first home, at Mt. Pleasant, Ohio, had been named "Rural Retreat" by my great-grandfather, and a "retreat" it was, far removed from the country road. Only when the young Tabers approached school age did the family move to Barnesville, a community with better schools at the time. My early experiences were like those of uncounted millions of farm boys—bare feet, stumped toes, bumblebees' nests, fishing parties, hard work, and plenty of play. My hobby was birds' eggs, though I was taught never to destroy the nests or take an egg in a way to frighten the parent bird. For a Farmers' Institute I prepared an article on "Birds and Their Uses."

It was just what any other fourteen-year-old boy would write, but one of the Institute

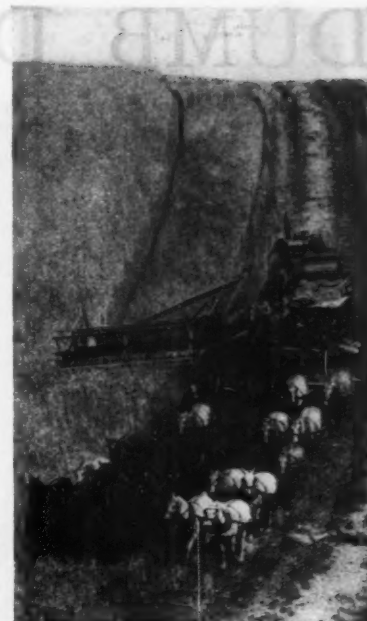
held opinion that farm life is confined and does not offer the various "outside interests" that come (at least in common belief) to office boys in the city. I do not share this belief. Perhaps I should add, in discussing this point, that I have served on the staff of the Governor of Ohio, as Director of Agriculture, and have been a Presidential elector at large. I have also been interested in newspaper work, having assisted in buying the old home-town paper and in helping to establish a community paper in a near-by center. As a member of the American Academy of Political Science, of the President's Agricultural Conference in 1924, and of other societies and committees, I have had my full share of "outside interests."

But the fact should be stated that farming is such a fascinating profession, under the

speakers took an interest, caused the article to be printed in a newspaper, and secured an invitation for me to write a series of articles on the same subject. Out of them funds were received sufficient to buy a much desired book on ornithology.

Two or three years later at the same Farmers' Institute a speaker said: "If there are any persons present who would like to organize a Grange, come up on the platform after the meeting closes." Only one came forward. That was a rather bashful farm boy. But Belmont Grange was organized, and I was elected assistant steward. I was then elected lecturer and had charge of the programs of this Grange; afterward I was county lecturer, then master of the State Grange, and at Pittsburgh in 1923 I had the distinction of being the youngest man ever elected master of the National Grange.

You will understand that I mention these facts only at the request of the Editor of The Companion, who asks me to say whether I agree with the widely



Ewing Galloway

Thirty-four horse power. A view of an old-time "header," which reaps, threshes and puts the wheat in bags as it is drawn along by the combined effort of no less than thirty-four horses

improved conditions of the present and the near future, that it will abundantly fill a man's or woman's life. Pure-bred stock has been a major interest for me. Mendel's law states that "like begets like, or a likeness to some ancestor." The Arabian horse, or the Percheron, or the Clydesdale will carry out through many generations the type of his ancestors. The same is true with sheep or swine, and it is especially true with cattle. The handling of pure-bred live stock of high quality is a very fascinating occupation. The breeder can, by wise selection, direct a given type toward his own ideals of perfection. There are animal "Henry Fords" and "Thomas Edisons" in the live-stock breeds, and it is a real joy to develop them and to preserve their offspring for the good of the breed and the advantage of the human race.

For many years I kept Jersey cows. But they were just cows! The desire came to own pure-breds, with good pedigrees and good production, but not much progress was made until my wedding day. Not long before it, Miss Bailey, now Mrs. Taber, was invited by her father to go out and make a selection from the twenty-five calves in his pasture. The girl in her white dress seemed to make the calves shy. All took to their heels except one promising heifer, which came up to be petted. Mr. Bailey playfully remarked that his daughter had chosen "the poorest calf in the herd." But experience proved otherwise.

Under Grange auspices a cow-testing association was organized in our community, and Lady Blyth, the calf in question, proved to be a cow of outstanding quality. She led the Barnesville association for two years. Then her daughters began to come forward. Now she has four gold-medal daughters, one silver-medal daughter, and another on test that will probably make a gold medal. Old Lady Blyth has more gold-medal daughters than any other cow of the Jersey breed; and her offspring are defending the family name in fine style, making money at the pail and with calves that bring profitable prices.

No practical farmer can afford to pay for a fancy pedigree alone, but it does pay to buy quality, and the farm boy who starts in a modest way with pure-bred cattle of quality will profit if he applies brains to the business and remembers Mendel's law, quoted above.

The dairy cow is the foster mother of America. Ninety per cent of the babies are dependent at some time in their lives on cow's milk. Patient, gentle, quiet, taking the coarse, rough feed from the farm, with some concentrates, and given a liberal supply of water and of kindness, the cow can transform these elements into that nectar known as milk. With its vitamins, its fats, its solids, and its life-giving qualities, milk is a vitally important food product. Milk-using nations have more vitality and stamina than nations that do not utilize the cow. In the war hospitals it was found that wounds would not heal in certain sections where the diet was limited. Milk and butter were added to

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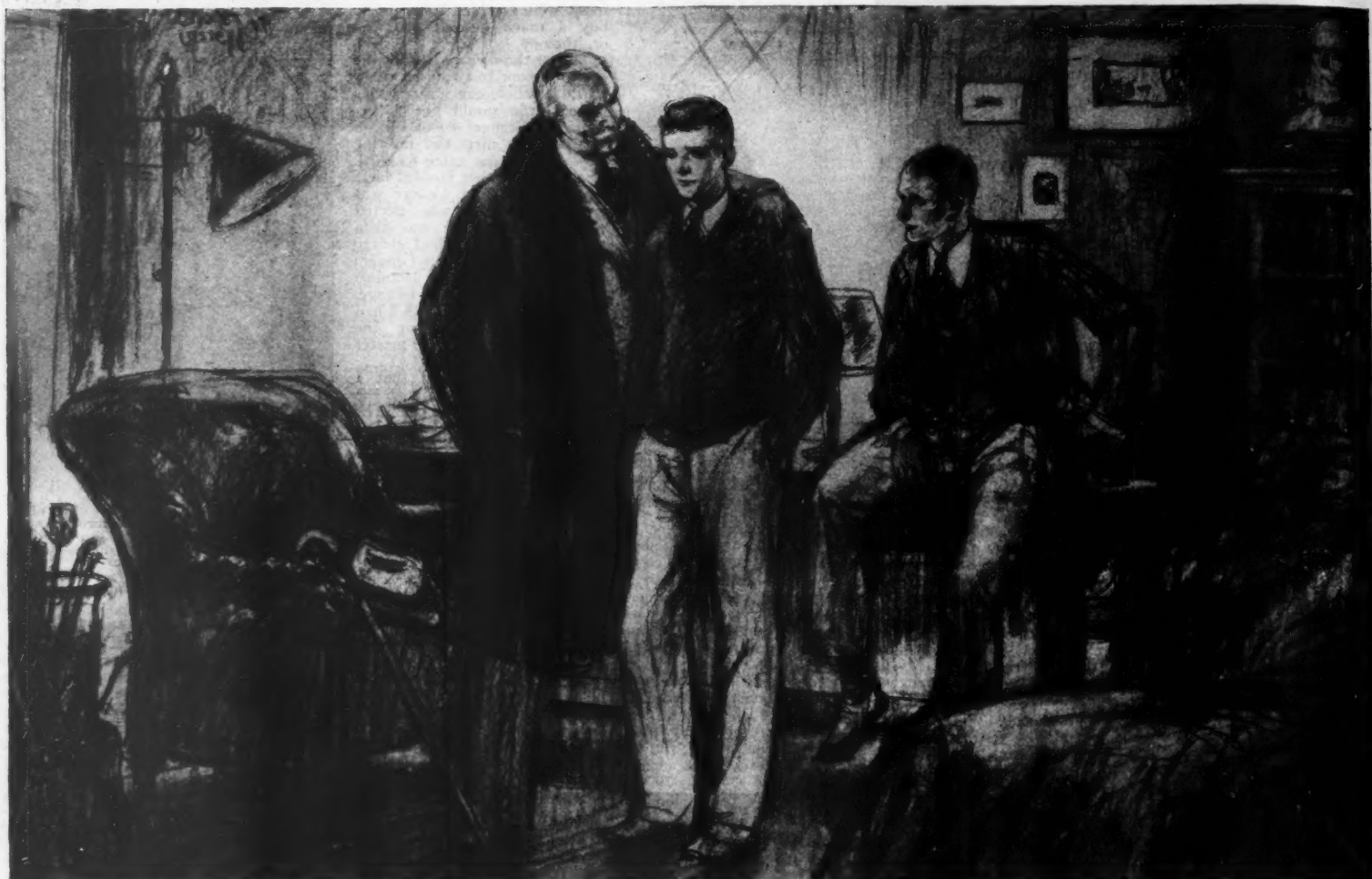
Ewing Galloway

The beauty of nature shows to best advantage on the farm

DUMB DORA, INC.

By Harford Powel, Jr.

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES L. LASSELL



"I'll stake you to your education," said Colonel Biddle. "Go to Harvard with Stan, and go into business afterwards; and when you make some money, pay me back"

JUST one little word may make you rich or poor. It depends on what you say, and who hears it. I would have jumped out of my skin with surprise if I had foreseen what would happen to me because I ate at the Automat Restaurant in New York one day, and told my father about it and also Mr. Joe Hopkins.

This happened when I was coming home to Vermont from Middletown Academy for the summer vacation, two years ago.

Have you ever eaten in an Automat? It is a restaurant where you serve yourself. But don't think it is just another cafeteria. Far from it. The Automat is a mechanical food-serving emporium, where the pies, sandwiches, coffee cakes, stews, goulashes and so forth stand in tall columns behind thick glass doors. Opposite each door is a coin slot and a knob. If you want a toasted ham-and-cheese sandwich, for example, you insert four nickels into the slot and turn the knob.

If you have put in too few coins, or wrong coins, they all come rattling down a return slot. But if the machine is satisfied by your money, there is a loud click and the glass door bounces open. There is your sandwich.

Coffee, milk, and chocolate come to you mechanically, too. You put in your coin and turn a handle, and the drink comes spurting from a lion's mouth into your glass, stopping automatically when the glass is full.

I was discussing this delightful way of eating dinner with my father, who is always tremendously interested in new machinery, when Mr. Joe Hopkins came in. Mr. Joe is so healthy and rich that you would think nothing could bother him. But he was raging mad, that day, because some filling station man far out of town had sold him "ten gallons" of gas, and Mr. Joe's tank had gone completely dry in less than forty miles.

"I don't believe there's one crooked gas station in five hundred," said Mr. Joe, "and yet one crook can do a whole lot of damage. This one also sold me something that looked like oil, but now my car is knocking like a concrete mixer."

"Why couldn't gas be sold on the Automat plan?" I asked. "It would be fun to put in a quarter or a fifty-cent piece and see the gas squirt out with no human hand on a crank."

"You are quite an inventor, aren't you?" "I was only joking."

"Many's the true word spoken in jest," remarked Mr. Joe. "I think this is quite an idea. The average automobilist may be such a Dumb Dora that he can't do anything for himself, but I guess there's a good chance to serve the intelligent ones. Dumb Dora would be quite a name for the machine, wouldn't it? Pumping gas by hand is a poor job for a man, when he could be servicing a dozen automatic machines, making more money for himself, and also helping to reduce the cost of gas. Your father and I will have to talk this over some time."

MR. JOE went away, and the conversation faded out of my memory. But I have learned that it is a good idea for boys to be with men, when possible, because if you can help a man in any way he will be very grateful to you. This first occurred to me when Col. Houston Bowie Biddle came to town, seven years ago. He had a most glittering and costly Spanish Susie limousine; and the chauffeur foolishly failed to put it into a heated garage.

We had a hard frost that night. The Spanish Susie froze up, and the cylinder jacket cracked in about seven places. I had my first glimpse of the colonel while I was walking to school. He was jumping up and down, and giving forth sounds so terrible that I dare not quote them.

I stopped to look at the car. The garage proprietor was looking at it too.

"Boy!" said this colonel from Texas to me, in a dreadful voice. "Take this dollar, run to the store, and buy me some strong hemp rope with which I can hang my chauffeur to the tallest tree in town."

I knew he was only joking; but I thought I would show him how to get out of trouble.

"My father can easily fix your car," I said.

"Oh, he can, can he?" boomed the colonel. "Who is your father—a wizard?"

"Yes, indeed, he is."

"He's not far short of it, at that," said the garage owner at this point. "If any man in the state can make the repair for you, Mr. Henderson is the man."

"Lead me to him," the colonel barked. Father was working on a welding job for the Hopkins Company; no doubt something which had balked their own engineers.

"I hear you're a wizard," began Colonel Biddle. "I crave to see your wizardry."

Father looked surprised, but the colonel explained what he wanted. To make a long story short, Father looked the Spanish Susie over and said that its motor was ruined.

"I knew it, I knew it," groaned Colonel Biddle. "What do I do now? Go home by rail and order a new motor sent here? Oh, sorry is the day when a man trusts to a chauffeur. I raised and gentled that boy on my own ranch, too."

"I'd go by car if I were you," answered Father, mildly.

"Want to sell me one, don't you? All right, I'll bite."

"I haven't thrown you a hook yet."

So the colonel cooled down; and pretty soon, Father said that there was a perfectly good abandoned Monster Six in the shop—nothing the matter with it except a wrecked rear end, due to a collision at a railroad crossing. Father said he might be able to put the Monster Six motor into the Susie.

"That's impossible," barked the colonel. "Certainly is, unless somebody tries it," said Father.

Ask any automobile mechanic about this job, and he will give you at least five reasons why it can't be done. And yet, Father proceeded to do it. The work took two days, and I made friends with the colonel's boy, Stan.

When the Biddles started south, with the

Monster Six engine installed under their hood,—"like an owl in a prairie dog's hole," the colonel said,—they were both very good friends of ours and said they would often see us again. And so it proved. No sooner was Stan at home on the ranch in Texas than he sent me a live horned toad, which is a great curiosity in northern Vermont. I sent Stan some maple sugar, and we began to correspond regularly. One thing led to another, and finally the colonel secured for me a scholarship at Middletown Academy, so that Stan could room with me.

There was never a cloud between Stan and me. You might have thought we would have different tastes, as he was raised on a big ranch, while I came from a little town in New England. But we used to say that our friendship must have been foreordained in the stars—we have the same birthday.

"Be it school or be it college," said Stan, "I vote we room together always."

We had five happy years together and would have had a sixth. But in senior year we were appointed monitors and given charge of different dormitories.

"The interruption is only temporary," said Stan. "You had better room with Bill King, and enjoy him as best you can. At Harvard, next year, you and I will have a room together, as before."

This was a great prospect. As the saying is, it made me feel like rolling over and buttering myself with joy. But I soon discovered that I would have no chance to go to college at all. There was no money at home for this purpose. Mother was having all she could do to make both ends meet. Father's machine shop was still earning about as much money as before, but living expenses were all soaring sky-high. Father is the kind of man who never drives a sharp bargain; he always seems to pay his helpers too much, and himself too little. The work he does is so fine and skillful that he never seems to get paid enough for it.

Colonel Biddle made me what he called a "proposition" in Stan's room one day.

"I'll stake you to your education," he said, in that great, deep, rolling, persuasive voice of his. "You go to Harvard with Stan, and go into business afterwards; and when you make some money, pay me back. That's fair. Why, you stiff-necked young Yankee, it's liberal."

"I know it is," said I. "It's too liberal. I might—I might fail at Harvard and disgrace your confidence in me. Or I might fail in business afterwards and not make enough money to pay you back while you are still living."

The colonel jumped at this, almost as if I stabbed him. I could see that the subject of death was not a pleasing one to him. He was a large, full-blooded man, full of the joy of living. He argued with me a lot more, but I had made up my mind and could only say, "No, sir, thank you very much."

When the colonel went away, Stan flew at me like a wildcat.

"Can't you see that Father wants to send you to college?" he said. "He has more money than there are Chinamen in Peking. What's the matter? Why can't you do him a favor and accept?"

"I can't take charity," I said, "even if he calls it only a loan. And I'd go to Harvard and work my way through—only I can't."

"Cold feet?"

"No. I'm—I'm sort of needed at home."

Stan saw the point, and he and I spent every minute together after that, dreading the day when we would have to part.

WHEN school ended, I went right to work under Father. My services may have been some good to him. I couldn't tell, because business was very slack in his shop, and he seemed to be over at the Hopkins Company plant most of the time. I looked over his books, however, and found that a good deal of money was owed him. I started to collect it, using letters out of a business book entitled "Let the Delinquent Debtor Beware! One Hundred True and Tried Collection Letters That Get Under the Toughest Hide."

Father came very near to scolding me for this, saying that his creditors were his neighbors and friends, and that I must not write to them in such a savage way.

Mother was always a splendid cook, and both Eleanor and Frances, my sisters, had the same talent. But I noticed we weren't eating as well as before. The good cuts of meat were too dear for us, and we were falling back on hashes and stews. Sometimes I wondered why Father didn't take the bull by the horns and go with the Hopkins Company as mechanical superintendent, or as trouble shooter. Mr. Joe Hopkins had been trying to get him to do this for years. The Hopkins Company is the biggest industry in town, and you find its products all over the world. I am sure they would have paid Father a fancy salary—but he always preferred to be his own boss.

"I suppose for your sake, Jack, I ought to do it," he said to me one evening. "I can't bear to see the house so shabby, and the girls making over their clothes and going without the pretty things which every girl should have. Worst of all is the fact that I can't send you to college with your friends."

"Please don't say that," I said. "It would make me very unhappy, and not happy at all, to see you do anything that you do not feel is right."

Beginning Next Month

THIS story temporarily ends the adventures of Stan Biddle and the other boys of Middletown Academy. There are still a great many stories to tell about Dr. Theophilus P. Dupee, Bill King, Sparrow Doon, and the others whom you now know so well. But in our next issue we shall give them a short vacation. Harford Powel, Jr., and Russell Gordon Carter will begin the serial story of "The Texas Nightingale"—a thrilling tale about a girl in a small northern Texas town and the amazing chain of events which took place when the war brought a big aviation training camp to the edge of town. "The Texas Nightingale" is the most vivid serial of its kind since "The Glory of Peggy Harrison." Begin reading it in our next issue.

"Well," said Father, "you are a great comfort to your mother and me—and we haven't any reason to lose heart."

So I felt better. Father let me know all about his circumstances. He was keeping up his life insurance, and if anything happened to him we would still have enough on which to live. But I felt that I would be worth more to the family at home, helping out in the shop and the garden, than I would be if I went to Harvard and worked my way through. Along in August that year, as I have told you, Stan Biddle and Bill King came to visit me, and we camped for a week—and that was the time we clipped the claws of Sparrow Doon.

When my friends went home, they wanted to know what they could do for me. So I asked them to send me their college newspapers regularly, so that I could keep in touch with them a little. Stan's last word to me, on the platform, was that he had taken a double room, and that he still expected to room with me at Cambridge. That broke me all up. I felt that all the best part of my life was dead and buried.

When the fall term began at Harvard and Yale, the college newspaper came daily, and I felt better. Imagine my pleasure when I first read Bill's name in the Yale News. He was out for the freshman football team, and he made it easily. In the second game, against Andover, he kicked a field goal for the only score of the game.

"Whoops, my dears!" I shouted to the family, when I saw this magnificent news. But I was perturbed to find nothing in the Harvard Crimson about Stan. He was never an outstanding player in practice, requiring the heat of an emergency to bring out his best ability. I was on pins and needles, however, and almost decided to write to Eddie Casey, the Harvard freshman coach, giving him the valuable advice to use Stan in the hour of great need. I did not do this, however, for fear that Mr. Casey would think I was talking out of turn.

The great, final game of the year between the Harvard and Yale freshmen was played in November. Every day, in the report of the Harvard practice, the names of Gulbrachsen and Findley appeared as the ends. They seemed to be iron men. I feared that Stan would be doomed to the thankless rôle of a substitute.

"I am plugging away and have not been dropped from the squad," he wrote to me, in response to my anxious inquiries. "But freshman football is a very different thing from school football, and I feel I am only beginning to estimate properly the perplexing duties of a college player."

That was like Stan. He was always determined and serious. He wrote and asked me to come to the game, but that was impossible. I could not have afforded it, even if I had had the spare cash for the trip. On the morning of the day when the great rivals clashed, I had the same awful, cold, clammy, shivery feeling that I would have had if I had been going to play myself. Time crawled. At two P.M. I imagined Bill (who had been elected captain of his team) running around the locker room, and slapping the players on the back, and calling them by ridiculous names to lighten the strain—just as he used to do before the Weston game at Middletown. And I could picture Stan, with his lips tightly compressed, lying on the sidelines, wrapped alas! in his substitute's worn blanket.

But how wrong I was! Evidently Mr. Casey knows all about his business, and needs no advice, because Stan started that game at right end. He took the job away from "iron man" Gulbrachsen in the last week of practice; and the Harvard Crimson said that Stan played all through the game like wildfire! Twice he caught a Yale half-back from behind in the open field. Just before the end, when the score was Yale 3, Harvard 0, Stan blocked a Yale punt, grabbed the ball, and ran fifty yards for the touchdown that won the game.

Wasn't that a pretty good day's work for my roommate? You see, I still thought of Stan as my roommate. After supper I did a thing that would have made my sisters tease me to death if they had known about it. I went to the shop, and built a bonfire out of excelsior and some old crates, and set it blazing in honor of Stan.

That relieved my feelings a little bit, but a bonfire is not much good without a crowd dancing around it and cheering. Pretty soon my little one-man bonfire burned down, and back came the feeling that I was a hopeless outsider, a bumpkin, a small-town boy who had lost all chance of college, and was not Stan Biddle's roommate any more.

WHAT followed was exactly like a dream. On the afternoon before Thanksgiving, Father came home from the post office with a registered letter. I was cleaning a big chicken for our dinner next day, and agreeing with Mother when she said it would taste almost as good as turkey. Turkey was out of sight for us—fifty-five cents a pound, if I remember the figure.

"Well," said Father, with an odd smile, "this isn't Christmas yet, but here's a present for you in advance."

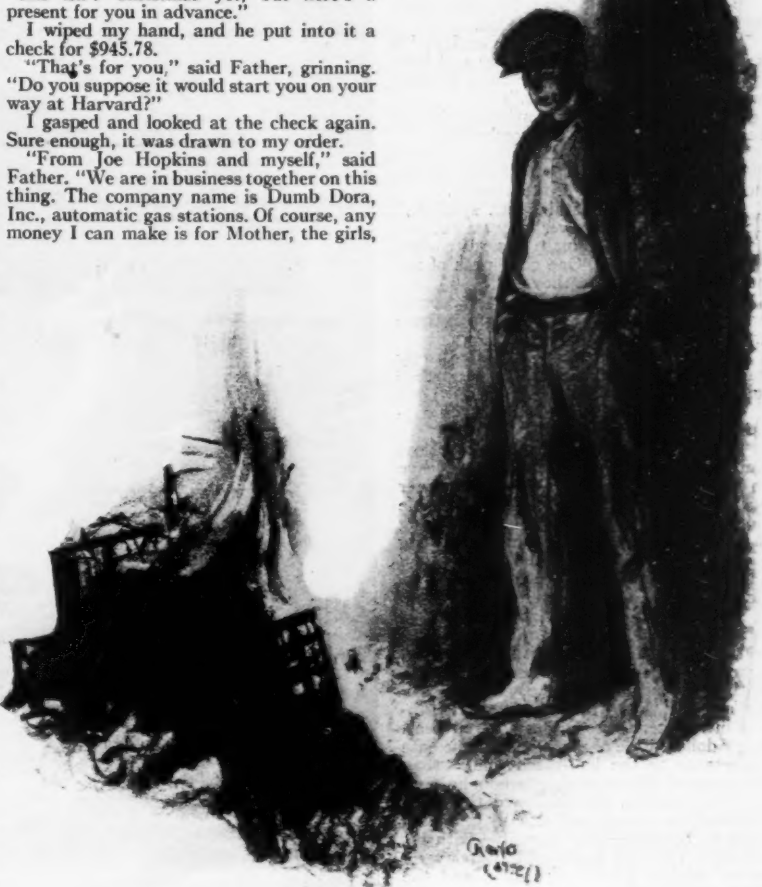
I wiped my hand, and he put into it a check for \$945.78.

"That's for you," said Father, grinning. "Do you suppose it would start you on your way at Harvard?"

I gasped and looked at the check again. Sure enough, it was drawn to my order.

"From Joe Hopkins and myself," said Father. "We are in business together on this thing. The company name is Dumb Dora, Inc., automatic gas stations. Of course, any money I can make is for Mother, the girls,

But a bonfire is not much good without a crowd dancing around it



and yourself—but you gave us the idea, and we reserved a tenth interest for you."

I wiped my eyes, which had suddenly filled with water, just as if I had a cold. The girls came crowding around to see the check, and I had to hand it to Mother for safe keeping. Then Father explained in full.

Mr. Joe Hopkins had taken my hint very seriously. He got Father to design an experimental machine, and it was built in the Hopkins factory and set up near their agency in New York. It attracted a lot of attention—and a lot of slugs, too. Slugs are round pieces of metal, used by dishonest persons. So Father had the problem of designing a machine that could tell slugs from coins.

This was a thing thought impossible; but I have told you that Father never believed any mechanical problem was impossible until he had tackled it. And he knew that the electrical resistance of a silver quarter was different from that of a lead or brass slug. So the starting circuits for the driving motor were hooked up in such a way that a slug would not close the starting relays, and the motor would thus not operate at all. Father's invention had other features, too. The patent upon it would have been valuable even if the gasoline Automats had failed.

But they did not fail! "In return for my work," said Father, "I have a fourth interest in the company. Joe put up all the capital and has done both the manufacturing and the selling, so that it is fair for him to have all the rest of the stock, except my fourth and your tenth. He made three hundred machines and sent them south last winter. Nine out of ten drivers gave them a cold eye, but the tenth (and very often it is a woman) knows better. Colonel Biddle is interested, too. His oil company has cooperated with us, and there are now a thousand Dumb Doras where his old-fashioned gas pumps used to stand. A simple little measuring device measures the amount of gas you get for each quarter, depending on its price from day to day. One man can service twenty stations—and that increases his value and income. But look at the pictures."

The pictures were wonderful. They showed very neat little machines, of log-cabin appearance, so that they would improve, not injure, the country scenery in which they stood. Each station had a neat little swinging sign, lettered:

DUMB DORA
Stop Here, Help Yourself, and
Save Your Money

Mother, the girls, and I all exclaimed: "Why didn't you tell us before?" "Suppose it had not succeeded," answered Father. "If I had excited you too much, at the beginning, you might have been sadly disappointed. Money is coy. It seldom comes when you most want it. It takes time to make any invention profitable. Now we are starting to pay dividends, so it's time to let you know about it."

None of us could speak for a long time. "We haven't started to sell food and notions, yet," said Father. "But that was a good idea of yours, and I am working on it. Apples, cider, and maple sugar will be good. And how about the usual things you want when you are touring? Spark plugs? Razor blades? Fuses? Paper cups for the picnic?"

"Chocolates," said the girls. "Hot dogs," said I. "That seems less practical than your early idea," commented Father. "But, Mr. Stockholder, why don't you pack up and hit the trail for Harvard?" "It's impossible," I said. "The term's half over."

"I'm not fond of that word, 'impossible,'" Father said. "Joe Hopkins is an Overseer of Harvard, and I dare say he would give you a letter to the dean, so that you could enter as a special student and catch up with your class later."

Even before calling on Mr. Joe, I wrote a letter to Stan, asking if he knew any boarding house in Cambridge where I could get a place to sleep. Stan didn't wait to write in return. Back came his reply by wire, and this is what he said:

"Fat head what do you think I got a double room for anyway?"

CHAPTER EIGHT

"CH, lads, lads," said the captain; "here's a kittle we're in now. Didn't I say deil take the lass? We'd be away by now if we'd not been so punctilious."

"And if it hadn't been for that black busybody Gassam," Garth added.

"The obvious thing," said Barclay, "is to get out of this fireless cooker and beat it as soon as we get to the ship, without waiting for what's-her-name."

"The obvious is not always the easy thing," said the captain sagely and somberly.

Barclay had climbed up on the one bench the room boasted and was flattening his nose against the mesh of the window.

"These bars are nothing but symbols," he announced. "Whatever they started out as, this salubrious climate has rusted 'em into poor imitations. One good push of my athletic frame and out they go."

"Give no pushes at present," the captain advised. "The bush is very like full of those wee chaps with their long rifles."

Barclay peered forth again. "There's only one," he stated, "sitting over under a tree—and he's more than half asleep."

"Wait till he's entirely asleep," the captain said.

This took some time. Barclay kept a close watch, and finally without a by-your-leave to the captain he plunged his shoulder against the rotten bars, tearing the whole thing from the window frame and sending it to the sand below. Barclay at once swung himself up and straddled the ledge and in another moment was on the ground outside. Garth scrambled up and over somehow, and the captain followed. Just as Garth picked himself up from the sand, the soldier awoke and opened his mouth for a lusty howl of alarm. But Barclay was close beside him. With one hand he stoutly covered the soldier's mouth, and with the other he exhibited in the starlight some pale silver coins. A few dollars were of much more immediate importance to the half-breed soldier than the escape of three men about whom he knew or cared nothing. He swallowed the howl, pocketed the money, and actually presented arms to Barclay—very clumsily—with his big rifle. This the incorrigible Barclay returned with a flourishing salute, and the three slipped quietly out of sight into the dark undergrowth that reached to the shore. The Arran's boat still floated beside the quay where the neglected cargo lay. As the three made for it, a dark shape lifted itself from the bales with a gleam of white teeth. It was Gassam.

"Have we got here," said Garth, "only to be poked by this everlasting critter?"

But Gassam merely grinned and touched his forehead with the utmost respect. Then he turned and raced up off the path toward the bungalow with swift pattering steps.

"What's his idea, I'm wondering?" said the captain. "We'd better get out of this before Marqueso's little men come buzzing over here again. Now if we only don't find that half our crew are drunk ashore."

But by good luck they were all aboard. Gleason, with dark threats, had decreed that every man should be back at the ship by ten o'clock—and they were. Gomba offered few attractions. Some of the men were slightly the worse for what attractions it did have, but all were able to haul on a rope, urged substantially by Gleason. Getting the Arran under way was a new job for these greenhorns, and doing it in the dark made matters no easier. Sam and Neil were both sober and capable. They knew where to lay hand on any rope, and they sprang to the most important posts.

"See the catfall tackle don't foul, there!"

"Stand by the braces!"

"Put some back into it at the capstan there, you dollar-a-day stevedores!"

Just as the last anchor was tripped, and the Arran's head began to pay off, and the men on the yards were setting sail, there came a small hail from the water. Garth, who had been bowing on a weather brace, looked overside after the mate had sung out "Bela-a-ay!" and saw a little native boat close on the Arran's beam.

"It's me," cried Vega Galloway's unmistakable voice. "Just in time, I see!"

"Save us!" cried the captain. "Out with the ladder before we get more way on! It seems we're fated to keep this company."



Just as the last anchor was tripped there came a small hail from the water. "It's me," cried Vega Galloway's unmistakable voice

SHIP OF DREAMS

By Edith Ballinger Price

ILLUSTRATED BY COURTNEY ALLEN

"The aborigine and all!" crowed Barclay, as Gassam climbed to the deck, carrying his mistress with no apparent effort. He disappeared and returned almost at once with the old black woman, who was making small moans of terror over the whole situation.

"Well," said Vega, walking up to the

captain, "what a horrid trick for you to play on me. I just thought you might want to get off in a hurry, so I sent Gassam down to tell me when you left."

"But how did you ever get by the chaps that Marqueso sent to guard the bungalow?" the captain inquired.

THIS WILL REMIND YOU OF WHAT HAS OCCURRED IN EARLIER CHAPTERS

GARTH PEMBERLEY, sea-loving at sixteen, meets Captain Ferguson, a fine old Scotch shipmaster, in New York. They take to each other at once. The captain ships Garth on his steamship, the Tarca, to Hampton Roads, where Garth gets permission from his parents to stay aboard as supercargo, bound for West Africa.

Garth eats in the officers' mess. The first officer is Gleason, a red-faced man; the second, Dunkirk, lean and quiet; the third, Barclay, young, whimsical, and friendly. The chief engineer, Crope, is disagreeable, sullen, queer-eyed. Like Garth, the captain has seen none of these men before.

Soon after clearing port, Garth discovers a stowaway, whom he suspects of being in league with Crope. Near the equator, a mysterious explosion in the hold sinks the Tarca. The captain and Garth are among those in one lifeboat. Crope and the stowaway go in another. The boats separate. The captain's boat is nearly run down by a large sailing vessel, under full sail, but without a soul on board. It reminds Garth of his favorite painting, the Ship of Dreams. Though her name is now Sarguehanna, the captain recognizes her as his old ship, the Arran. They board her and soon pick up the stowaway and

Crope, who each accuses the other of having dynamited the Tarca. In spite of a steamer-trained crew, the captain works her into Gomba, a small Portuguese West African port on a wild coast.

They are greeted by Marqueso, governor of the town, who treats them suspiciously, and does everything to delay them. Garth meets a fascinating girl of his own age, all alone in a small house guarded by negroes. She is Vega, daughter of Douglas Galloway, American trader. She has been there all her life. The captain discovers that her father has just sailed to a near-by ivory-trading center, Loanda, on a coasting schooner, and suspects that he has met with foul play. Vega wants the captain to take her and her negro guard, Gassam, and Okki, her negro woman, on the Arran to Loanda. When they are about to leave, Gassam tells Marqueso what is going on, and Marqueso forbids her to go, accusing the captain of trying to kidnap her.

Meanwhile events indicate that an insidious plot is afoot to steal ivory and sell it at Loanda, in which the sinking of the Tarca, and Crope, and the stowaway, and Marqueso are all somehow involved.

"Oh, I had just as many black boys as he had white men," she said airily. "While we three crept out by a little way Gassam knows, they all got turned loose on each other, and I shouldn't wonder if they'd all killed one another off by now, like the Kilkenny cats."

"I see we have Gassam with us," said the captain wearily.

"Oh, yes," said Vega. "He was awfully sorry he got you mixed up with Marqueso this evening. You see he really didn't understand about it all a bit, and he truly thought you were kidnapping me. He didn't know we were all going to rescue Father—or even that Father was in danger. When I explained it all to him he was quite cut up, but of course he had to come along, as soon as he heard Big Boss Massa needed rescuing. I'm sure you'll find how useful he is, by and by. I dare say he can even help you sail your ship. What a nice ship it is! I was never on one. I've forgotten the steamer we came out in."

She looked up at the Arran's full sails with the stars passing behind them. The old ship, safely under way, to the triumphant satisfaction of her officers and crew, was now humming through the night-dark sea as if she too were glad to leave Gomba and the black river-mouth behind.

"Well," said the captain, "Marqueso has only held us up two days, after all. I'd like to be there when he wakes to the empty jail and the empty anchorage. So now then, Miss Galloway, I consoled you a very ill-advised young woman, you understand, but we must find quarters for you."

"We'll turn out of ours, sir," Garth said, "Barclay and I. We've been sleeping mostly on deck, anyway. We can stow our gear, what there is of it, in that cabin aft the fo'c'sle, where you put Crope."

"Very good," the captain said. "As I warned you, Miss Galloway, you'll have no such comfort as you've been used to. I'm hoping you're a good sailor. Take them along, boys."

Garth and Barclay escorted the party to the cabin, cleared away their few belongings, and routed out such clean linen as they could.

"Oh, I'll need only one bunk," Vega said. "Okki'll want to sleep outside the door, the way she always does."

It was quite true. The old woman produced a sort of little mat from somewhere within her simple garments, and laid it ceremoniously in the corridor outside the door. There she curled up like a shriveled monkey, with bright faithful eyes fixed on the white paneling that separated her from her mistress. Gassam showed a strong desire to stay also, sitting on his haunches near Okki, but he was sternly ordered on deck, where he went, lamenting and beating on his big chest in sorrowful protest. Gleason, coming off watch later, stumbled over Okki, who squeaked at him.

"Does this infernal chimpanzee have to park here?" he bellowed. "She ought to have a whistling buoy attached. What's this ship coming to?" He went rumbling off to his cabin.

The crew had not been told the reason for the sudden departure, and Vega's appearance had naturally made a fine stir. They were all doing their best with the facts in their possession, trying to piece conjecture into a plausible explanation of everything. Garth listened to some of the discussions of the watch, as the Arran slipped along still southward.

FOR two days Vega was not seen and feebly but scornfully declined all food that was temptingly described to her through the closed door. As for Okki, when she was not attending her mistress she made the corridor hideous with her groveling and groaning. Gassam crouched like a tortured figure of ebony on deck, occasionally emitting a short yelp. He evidently thought himself about to die. But all three recovered suddenly, to their own vast surprise, and Vega came on deck unannounced just as the captain was preparing to take his noon observation. She peered upward at the place toward which he was directing the sextant.

"What is he looking at?" she asked, squinting and blinking. "What's he doing with that funny thing?"

"Shooting the sun," Garth said. "Don't talk to him and bother him, or he might miss it."

"Whatever does he want to shoot the sun for?" Vega inquired. "That isn't a gun, anyway, and what good would it do if he did? I'm hungry. May I eat with all of you, or do I have to be cooped up in that horrid little cupboard?"

Here in the tropics the table was habitually spread under a sheltering sailcloth awning just forward of the poop, and there certainly seemed to be no good reason why Vega should not join the ship's officers at their meals there. Mr. Gleason was in an agony of embarrassment over the necessity of curbing his manner—and sometimes his language. Mr. Dunkirk took Vega as he took everything else—with stolid Scottish silence. Barclay was visibly entertained. Garth had a sort of proprietary feeling in the outfit, as having been the only one who had dined at the bungalow. Okki squatted behind the girl's chair, and Vega from time to time handed her a bit to eat as one might feed a dog.

"You won't eat out here forever," Vega said, looking up at the vivid sky between the sails. "I don't know what's become of the rains—but when they come, look out."

The captain, too, had been expecting the breaking of the rainy season at any time; Garth had forgotten that there could be such a thing. But they had not long to wait. As if Vega's remark had reminded the skies of their duty at this season, the clouds swept in tremendously, and before evening a flood was loosed upon the ship; the decks sluiced rivers through the scuppers, the wet canvas strained and sagged. All hands were called from their gleeful occupation of catching fresh water in tubs and even boats to stand by the tautening ropes. The helmsman slipped in his oilskins and screwed the water out of his eyes. The Arran drove on over a sea whitened and frothy with the vast deluge that stirred and slashed its surface; the descending gray curtain hid everything outside a small circle of vision.

Vega installed herself in the cabin and tried to read by the light of a slush-lamp. She had brought a book with her in one of the baskets Okki carried. She had seemed completely settled; therefore Garth was astonished to find her standing on deck in an oilskin coat much too large for her.

"What are you doing?" Garth demanded. "And where did you get that slicker? It's Mr. Gleason's."

"It was hanging in the passage," Vega

explained, "so I just borrowed it. He doesn't want it; he's snoring in his cabin. I always like the rains, and it's so different here from the way it is in the jungle."

"I like this better than the jungle," Garth said.

"But the jungle's nice," Vega contended. "And it folds around you so beautifully. A ship's so—so public, somehow. Out here like a chip in a puddle."

Garth was distressed by the simile. "A ship at sea is the loneliest and most beautiful thing in the world. You're always with one little bunch of people, of course—but just look overside at the hugeness folding you up more quietly than ever the jungle does."

"But there seems to be always so much going on," Vega complained, "on a ship; bells striking, and some people going to bed and others getting up, and always a sail that has to be fiddled with, or a rope that has to be undone and then tied up again just the same as it was before."

"It would be awful, though," Garth insisted, "if she sailed herself. There'd be nothing to do; everybody'd go crazy. Just look at your hair—it's simply streaming! Why didn't you borrow his sou'wester while you were about it?"

"I like the cold tickle of it on my head," she informed him. "When do you suppose we'll get to Tapak?"

"The captain hasn't said. Several days more, I believe. The schooner will be there ahead of us."

"And I dare say by this time they've done something awful to my poor father."

Garth wondered how, if she cared a snap for the man, she could speak so coolly. He tried to imagine what his own feelings would be with his father in a like predicament. The return to shipboard gave him more time to think of his parents. He longed to be able to write them, but there was obviously no way of dispatching a letter. Why, they didn't even know of the miraculous finding of the Arran—Ship of Dreams, sailing out of the mist to him! They didn't know that, let alone this ivory mix-up that was filling every mind with excitement and wonder and anxiety. Would he ever be able to settle down at Tech? That was what worried him quite definitely from time to time. He saw why people who ran away to sea in their youth never did manage to do anything else afterwards.

The rain made the deck as unsuitable for

sleeping as for eating, and Garth and Barclay were forced to rig up their little coop as best they could. Barclay had got hold of a hurricane-lamp, which he hung from a beam, where it bobbed erratically. His oilskins dripped on the floor from where they swung beside his bunk. The swish and splash of them mingled with the many sounds the Arran made.

"You can pretend you've shipped before the mast sure enough, now, my boy," said Barclay. "We descend lower and lower from our high estate. Don't the Tarca's berths seem like First Class on a Cunarder, looking back on 'em now? The cockroaches are bigger and fiercer at this end of the ship, n'est-ce pas?"

But eight bells had just struck, and Garth was into his own slicker and away. Barclay kicked off his boots, which were full of water, and rubbed his feet briskly with the end of his blanket.

"Rocked in the cray-adle of the dee-eep," he chanted as he crawled into his bunk. "Vega Galloway! What a name! What a girl! What a life! Oh, heck!" And he went to sleep.

Once started, the rain kept on incredibly. Sheets of water drowned the Arran and plunged hissing into the sea. All work was abandoned except what was essential to the sailing of the ship. Fresh water became so plentiful that there was almost too much of a good thing. Everyone washed his clothes and bathed to his heart's content. The breakers and scuttle-butts were filled with drinking water to overflowing. But still the rain came down. The brief interludes of sun were violently hot. Everything dried with shriveling speed. Then the sudden torrent drenched all again. Garth, unused to anything more than the "three-day nor'easter" of New England, marveled as the rainy season became a reality. There was constant work, sweating up on braces and halyards and easing them off again, as ropes shrank and stretched in the changes from wet to dry and back again. The wind was capricious, too, for the ship had left the path of the trades, and sails were set and taken in till the crew groaned. But Mr. Gleason rejoiced, for it gave him a chance to teach the men the work he knew and loved. He was not a "driver," and never had been; now, in consideration of all the facts in the case, he was unusually lenient. But he taught his men soberly and thoroughly and was rewarded by seeing the first stirrings of that

pride in the ship which he had never been able to evoke on the Tarca.

JUST before making Tapak, the captain called all hands aft, and they came—the watch below rubbing the sleep out of their eyes—and gathered in a waiting and wondering knot under the poop.

"Men," said Captain Ferguson, "you've a right to ask for an explanation of our movements, and I'm going to give you the straight facts and put the matter up to you. The Tarca was sunk as part of a plot, by Mr. Crope and the stowaway."

"I know dat one bane hoodoo," muttered the bos'n.

"And now the rest of the gang has gone to Tapak in a schooner with a very valuable part of our intended cargo and the agent for it. The young lady, whom I have aboard against my will, is the agent's daughter, Miss Galloway. We may need every one of you to put up a fight before we get through, so I want to know just how we stand. If you stick by me and this ship, we'll go back to Gomba when we're through here and collect our cargo and sail for the United States. You'll get no chance of another ship down here, in months—that I know; and there might well enough be no berths for you all when one came. If you stay by the old ship, you'll all have a good slice of salvage money besides your pay, and maybe a bit of something for getting back this valuable shipment we're hoping to rescue now. We've plenty of decent food, and you'll be treated well and square—and if you find out that sail is not so bad after all, it'll be a fine thing in this day and age, I'm thinking. Now, how do we stand?"

A tumult of sound welled up.

"We're with you, Captain!"

"Us for the salvage!"

"We'll sail the ole hooker to the bottom fer you, Cap'n, 'fore we go back on you!"

"You've treated us square right through—you can count on us!"

"We're all ready fer a scrap—let us get at them rotters wot blowed up the Tarca!"

"We'll get the young lady's pa!"

"The old windjammer ain't so bad!"

"We'll show 'em somep'n 'fore we git through!"

The captain raised his hand. "I knew I could depend on you," he said. "When we have time, later on, we'll make the old ship fit to live on, and you'll be proud of her. Just

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 721]



Just then the plantain-eater loosed another horrid shriek, and Gassam clutched the string of fetish charms that hung across his broad chest



The umpire produced a copy of the book of rules from his pocket. The two teams stood massed round him while he read, "Snapping the ball is putting it back from its position on the ground with one quick or continuous motion of the hand or hands, the ball actually leaving the hands in this motion"

BULLET-HEAD AND BONE-HEAD

By Arthur Stanwood Pier

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES L. LASSELL

ON a fine October morning when the pale yellow leaves of the elms were sifting the sunlight and the green grass was still shimmering with dew, three members of the junior class at Harvard stood on the steps of one of the lecture halls, awaiting the arrival of the professor who was to conduct their nine o'clock recitation. The nine o'clock bell had rung, and along the paths converging toward the building groups of students were approaching at the leisurely pace which experience had shown would bring them to their appointed tasks at the latest acceptable moment.

Among these leisurely saunterers was one young man, smartly, even foppishly attired, at whom as he drew near the three loiterers on the steps looked with unconcealed distaste. From his gray felt hat to his highly polished shoes, his clothes denoted and his face and bearing proclaimed a pride in his own exquisiteness which was obnoxious to the three critical observers. Nor was it a wholly innocent and childlike pride; rather, it was supercilious and challenging. Ascending the steps, he allowed his gaze to travel up and down the figures of two of the three in a manner to which his subsequent slight unsmiling nod contributed a final touch of condescension if not of insolence. To the third member of the group his bearing was less frosty; he even said, "How are you, Reed?" as he passed into the doorway.

"How come you're so favored, Jack?" asked the tall, thin, bespectacled youth who had shared equally with the stocky, ruddy-faced fellow beside him in the elegant personage's disdain.

"Favored? Me?" Reed looked surprised. "I'd like to knock his block off for addressing me in that tone of voice."

"He meant well by you," said the stocky fellow. "He spoke to you, didn't he?" Jack Reed's face, ordinarily pleasant in expression, took a sour look.

"I suppose, as we're members of the same club, I ought to pretend to like him. I don't know anybody, though, that gives me quite such a large-sized pain."

"He's my cousin," the stocky fellow said reprovingly. "You won't forget that, will you?"

The two others laughed. "That's what he would like to forget," remarked the tall, bespectacled youth. "He wishes his country cousin had gone to any other college than Harvard; doesn't he, Dan?"

"I expect he does," admitted Dan Harris. "And I should be just as well pleased if he'd gone to Yale."

"Why is it he has it in for you so?" asked Jack Reed.

"He and I always jarred on each other at Groton," Dan Harris explained. "He felt I was a sort of a country bumpkin because I came from the West, and I showed him I didn't care what he thought. Then one Christmas vacation his mother invited me to come and stay with them in New York. I couldn't very well go home in such a short vacation, so I made my relatives a visit. My aunt's family live in great style and put on a lot of lugs; it was awful. I had to go to all the parties that Reggie went to, and I hated them; I guess I didn't make a hit with many of Reggie's friends, and most of them made

no hit with me. Reggie soon got to feeling that his rube cousin was no asset whatever. I dare say I was a pretty fresh kid,—raw too,—and, considering I was a guest, I probably didn't make myself as agreeable as I should have done."

"He's frightfully conceited besides being an awful snob," said Reed. "He finds me worth speaking to only because I was taken into his club. But it hurts him to see a club-mate of his associating with you and Carl."

"You mustn't let us spoil your social career," said Carl Porter, his eyes twinkling behind his spectacles.

"What bothers me is how to keep him from spoiling yours," replied Reed.

"That's the least of my worries," Carl said. "I wonder if 'old Marston' is going to give us a cut this morning."

The instant appearance from round the corner of the building of the young professor who conducted the class in French disappointed the hope.

An hour later, when Dan Harris and Carl Porter were returning to their room, Porter said:

"What do you suppose Jack meant when he said he was afraid Vanaunce might spoil our social careers?"

"Oh, I suppose we're both of us being considered for election to Jack's club, and Reggie may try to block it."

"He may be able to do that and still not spoil my college career."

"You bet. Some advantage in not belonging to a club that has him in it."

Nevertheless they each would have liked very much to become members of that special club; and the suspicion that Reggie Vanaunce stood between them and election intensified Dan Harris's dislike of his cousin.

That very evening the question of the election of Harris and Porter came up at the club meeting. Jack Reed and several others spoke in favor of the candidates; Dan Harris was an athlete and a good fellow; Carl Porter, though somewhat shy, had a streak of humor that made him attractive when you once knew him. Then Reggie Vanaunce spoke his blighting speech. He did it with an air of reluctance, at the same time indirectly and cleverly ridiculing the qualifications of the candidates and the enthusiasm of their sponsors. There were clubs in college, he said, that specialized in bullet-headed athletes—though far be it from him to cast aspersions on his cousin. There were clubs that took in fellows who weren't especially interesting—just ordinary good fellows. It was one of those clubs that Dan Harris and his friend Carl Porter were fitted to join. But as members here they would find themselves uncomfortably out of place.

"Why should they? They have plenty of friends here," Reed said.

"Yes, but no one knows better than yourself that this is a club for wit and intellect—not for bucolic and Bæotian brains."

The members present were amused by Vanaunce's definition of the fit and the unfit. Encouraged by their laughter, he continued:

"Personalities of distinction—those are what we've always had and should have. Not bullet-headed athletes without intelligence and not fellows that just snoop about and look on. There are clubs for the bullet-headed athletes, and there are clubs for the

shooters and lookers-on; but I should be sorry if we degenerated into a club of that sort."

Jack Reed protested angrily that the election of his friends would not tend to produce such a result, but when the ballots were counted it was found that both Harris and Porter had been excluded by the narrowest possible margin.

REED and the other juniors, all of whom had supported the two candidates, were indignant.

"One snobbish senior with a sarcastic tongue can influence enough votes to keep out fellows that practically the whole club counts as members," Reed complained to Howard Jessup.

"We'll be rid of him next year," said Jessup.

"Yes, but we want Harris and Porter in now—not a year from now. If I ever get a chance to show Vanaunce up—if he ever gives me an opening—He thinks he's so superior intellectually and every way!"

"The worst of it is, you never will get a chance. He's too bright; he doesn't give openings."

Scornful though he was of "bullet-headed athletes," Reggie Vanaunce was no mean athlete himself. He was captain of his class football team, on which he had played center for two years. Francis Montgomery, the regular center of the junior eleven, had to withdraw on account of deficiency in his studies, and Dan Harris, who had been playing right tackle, was shifted over to take his place. The prospect of confronting his cousin in action stimulated Dan pleasantly; and Jack Reed found the possibilities existing in the situation highly agreeable to contemplate.

"I certainly hope the seniors beat the freshmen and that we beat the sophomores, so that you can have a chance to manhandle Cousin Reggie."

"I'm looking forward to it," Dan replied. "You know what he calls you?" Reed felt it a duty to his class as well as a pleasure to himself to feed fuel to a flame that already promised to burn fiercely.

"No. What?"

"A bullet-headed athlete. No brains. He expects to play rings around you for that reason."

"Maybe he will; maybe he will. I only hope I have a chance at him!"

The first game in the interclass series was that between the juniors and the sophomores. As was the traditional custom, the seniors assembled along the sophomores' sideline to cheer for the sophomore team and to hurl taunts and derogatory remarks at the juniors; similarly, the freshmen gave their vociferous support to the juniors and jeered at the sophomores. When the juniors scored a touchdown in the first half, some of their supporters came capering out on the field; similarly, numerous seniors, regardless of the rules, rushed out to give advice to the sophomores.

Among them was Reggie Vanaunce, who exhorted them: "Buck their center! Buck their center! They've got a wooden man for center!" Gradually by the combined efforts of officials, players and cheer leaders the intruders were forced from the field; Vanaunce, last of them all to leave, was still admonishing the sophomores: "Through the center, boys! Through the wooden man in the center!"

But on subsequent plays the sophomores found the advice far from helpful; Dan Harris was quite able to hold his own against his opponent, and his ability to do so had not been impaired through hearing Reggie Vanaunce's disparaging comments and advice. In the second half the juniors scored again, mainly by means of rushes through the center, and thereafter the spectators on the senior-sophomore side of the field contributed little to the cheering, though they maintained a hubbub of shouts and derisive yells until time was called, with the juniors victorious by a score of 13 to 0.

"Great work, Dan!" said Jack Reed, who rushed out on the field to greet his friend the instant the game was over. "I wish Reggie had been up against you this afternoon! It will be a crime if the freshmen lick the seniors and you have no chance to deal with him!"

"Of course we've got to be pulling for the freshmen," Dan reminded him.

"Yes, but for just that one reason I should hate to have them win."

The freshmen did not win, and Dan Harris, who watched the game, realized that his cousin Reggie, for all his foppishness, was a highly capable football player. Reggie was

quick, alert, accurate in his passing, sure in his tackling. To Carl Porter afterwards Dan expressed somewhat ruefully his surprise at the ability and dash that Reggie had shown. "I guess I can hold him," Dan said, "but I want to do so much more to him than just that!"

"Sure, you want to make him look like a whipped puppy," said Carl Porter. "And I think, if you'll listen to words of wisdom, you will."

"What has the keen student of the game discovered now?" Dan asked.

"I watched Vanaunce every time he handled the ball," replied Porter. "And I saw something that you didn't see and that no one on the freshman team saw. And if anyone of the freshman team had noticed it, the game would have turned out quite differently from the way it did."

"Go on!" Dan looked at him with incredulity. "You're a pretty wise guy about athletics for a fellow that never takes part in them, but I guess your imagination has got the better of you now."

"The ball's in play, isn't it, after the center of the side that has it lifts it off the ground?"

"Yes, if there are seven men of that team on the line of scrimmage."

7 to 6, the excitement of the spectators urged them often out on the field.

The violence of the struggle wore out players on each side; replacements of exhausted men had been numerous, but the two centers who had faced each other at the opening of play were still opposing each other, determined, watchful, unyielding. Equally matched they had been throughout, sure in their passing, strong on both offense and defense. As the game proceeded, Reggie Vanaunce, nettled by his cousin's power of resistance, abandoned the silently contemptuous and arrogant manner which he had adopted at the beginning and tried to unsettle Dan by jeering remarks. "The next play is going right through you, Bullet-head," he would say; and sometimes it would indeed be aimed at Dan, and if it gained two or three yards Vanaunce would grin and say, "You don't think quick enough, Bullet-head; now see if you can stop this next one."

Dan made no reply to taunt or jeer; he knew that, if he was not outplaying Reggie, he was at least not being outplayed by him, and he thought that now Reggie was trying to talk to bolster up his own waning strength. Dan had lost faith in the value of the information that Carl Porter had given him; not once thus far had Reggie changed the quar-

Next Month—The Junior Fiction Award

AFTER months of study, selection, and consultation, the judges of The Companion's Junior Fiction Contest are ready to announce their award. The enthusiastic decision of William Allen White, Editor of the Emporia Gazette, Kansas, Elsie Singmaster, well known and well loved Companion author, and John Clair Minot, Literary Editor of the Boston Herald, awards first place to the youthful author whose name we shall divulge to you in the December issue of The Companion. The second and third prizes will likewise be announced in forthcoming issues.

The Companion will thus bring to a triumphant close a unique competition, the only one ever held by a magazine of national circulation, with the offer of so considerable a prize to an ambitious writer between the ages of fifteen and twenty years. Interest in the contest has been keen from start to finish, and it has been a labor of months for the judges and for the editorial staff of The Companion to select the three best manuscripts from among the many thousands submitted. The December Companion will carry the great news to you.

"Just keep that in mind when you go up against your cousin. What happened three times in the freshman game is pretty sure to happen again."

"Well, what did happen?"

"The seniors don't use the huddle, you know. Three separate times after their quarterback had called the signal Vanaunce got all ready to pass and then decided to change the play. He called for a new signal each time after he'd lifted the ball from the ground, and each time he put it down and took his hands off it and stood up for a few seconds while the quarterback started to reel off a new signal."

"Are you sure?"

"Positive. I was watching him all the time, hoping I could get something on him for you."

"I hope he'll make that mistake against me just once!"

"There's a fair chance that he will. He's got the habit, I believe."

"Just like him—wanting to correct other people and doing a fool thing himself! Funny the freshmen should have let him get away with it."

"They seemed to take it for granted that it was all right. I don't believe a single person on the field except myself noticed it or at least thought about it. But I'm sure if you took advantage of it the referee would say you were absolutely right."

"He probably wouldn't have noticed the play."

"He'd be on the line of scrimmage watching the ball, and he'd remember what had happened when his attention was called to it."

"Perhaps," said Dan doubtfully. "Anyway, we'll hope for the chance."

IT came late in the second half of a game as hotly contested and as exciting as any intercollegiate game could be. In the first half each eleven had scored a touchdown; the seniors had kicked their goal, but the juniors had failed; during the second half the battle had raged up and down the field, neither team displaying enough superiority or being sufficiently favored by luck to increase its score. As the minutes passed and it became probable that the seniors would win,

terback's signal; not once had he lifted the ball off the ground and put it down again without passing it. Nevertheless, when the seniors had possession of the ball Dan watched the center's hands with the eyes of a cat waiting to pounce.

The seniors' quarterback became exhausted; a substitute quarterback was sent in, and shortly after his entrance into the game the ball went to the seniors on downs at their thirty-yard line. The new quarterback called a signal; Vanaunce, stooping over with his hands on the ball, hesitated, lifted the ball off the ground a little, then set it down and, calling "Signal!" stood up and turned toward his quarterback.

Instantly Dan plunged forward, scooped up the ball, hurled Vanaunce and the quarterback aside with his shoulder, and flashed on past the startled halfbacks and fullback, who, not believing that the play would be allowed, refused to give chase. Dan sped on, planted the ball behind the seniors' goal, and stood there, holding it and awaiting the decision.

Instantly the players on both teams swarmed round the referee, a student in the Law School, who unhesitatingly announced, "Touchdown!" At that the juniors broke away and leaped about in wild Indian dances, their followers on the sideline set up a most tumultuous yell and started Indian dances of their own, and the members of the senior eleven crowded more earnestly and indignantly round the referee. Vanaunce, standing close before him, shouted in anger, "The ball wasn't in play!"

"It was in play," declared the referee. "You lifted it off the ground and put it down again. It was in play the moment you took it up."

"It was not! By the rules the center puts the ball in play by snapping it back."

"The important thing is that you took it off the ground and then took your hands off it," insisted the referee.

The captain of the junior team entered into the argument. The umpire, like the referee a law student, produced a copy of the book of rules from his pocket. The two teams stood massed round him while he read, "Snapping the ball is putting it back from its position on the ground with one quick or

continuous motion of the hand or hands, the ball actually leaving the hands in this motion."

"Certainly I did nothing of the sort," declared Vanaunce.

"You did exactly that," retorted the referee. "You picked the ball up, like this,"—he illustrated,—"drew it back in the air a few inches, like this, and then set it down, like this—all one quick and continuous motion."

"Right," said the umpire. "The ball was in play."

Again the junior team broke loose from the mass and leaped about and whooped with joy. And then some of them ran to Dan, who had been standing all the while behind the goal line holding the ball; clapping him on the back, they escorted him out for the line-up from which the try for goal was to be made. And this time, just before putting the ball in play, Dan, who had received all Vanaunce's taunts in silence looked up at his opponent and said, "Reggie, old bone-head, you've lost this game all right."

He passed the ball back and Vanaunce charged into him, more intent on taking physical revenge than on blocking the kick. Over his head sailed the ball, and over the crossbar of the goal; the score was 13 to 7 in favor of the juniors.

THIRTEEN to 7 it remained when the last whistle blew. While the crowd of juniors surrounded their victorious team, cheered vociferously, and then set off on a triumphal march, headed by their brass band, the seniors moved away in gloomy groups, the more violent among them muttering that they had been robbed, the milder ones comforting themselves by saying that it was no disgrace to lose a game on a technicality. In the Locker Building Dan Harris, receiving the congratulations of his team mates, gave full credit to Carl Porter—"best football scout in the college today." And the story of Porter's contribution to the victory spread among his classmates and won for him a certain renown; having been regarded except by his friends as a rather negligible person, he was now looked at and spoken of with respect—"a wise guy, that doesn't tell all he knows."

"I don't know whether the decision was right or not," said Dan that evening.

"I don't either," said Porter. "Even if it was my idea, it certainly wasn't much of a way to win a game."

"You aren't blaming me for taking advantage of it, are you?" asked Dan resentfully.

"No, of course not; only somehow there's a whole lot less satisfaction than I thought there would be when I doped it out."

Jack Reed and in fact all the other juniors who had not participated in the game had no qualms. And at the club that evening, at a meeting called for the election of new members, Jack Reed again presented the names of Carl Porter and Dan Harris.

"They were voted down at the last meeting by the smallest possible margin," he stated. "Carl Porter was opposed on the ground that he was a snooper and a looker-on, and Dan Harris because he was a bullet-headed athlete. Does the gentleman who opposed them for those reasons withdraw his opposition now—or does he want me to make a few further remarks?"

Jack Reed stood, a doughty figure, glaring a challenge at Reggie Vanaunce, while the other members laughed. It must be said for Vanaunce that he could recognize a situation and make the best of it.

"If the club wants to have as a member," he said, "a snooper who snipes from the sideline, and a bullet-headed athlete who, I will admit, is not altogether bone-headed—"

"Like some other," interjected Reed.

"I knew you couldn't resist that opening, and I was glad to give it to you. Now I hope you're pacified." Vanaunce paused and smiled satirically at Reed. Then he continued, "I'm ready to put aside my personal preferences and cast my vote for those two gentlemen who contributed so ably to the grand and glorious victory that Mr. Reed and his classmates are still celebrating."

He received the tribute of laughter and applause as he sat down, and then Reed on a sudden impulse crossed the room and shook hands with him. A few moments later both Porter and Harris had been elected members without a dissenting vote.

And oddly enough, in time it came about that no friendlier feeling, no more cordial liking, united any three members of the club than that which at last bound Carl Porter and Dan Harris to Reggie Vanaunce. But then, as Jack Reed said, Vanaunce always was a perverse sort of person.

FACT and COMMENT

How the Companion Editors
see the News of the Day

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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HUMANITY IS RATHER INSIGNIFICANT, but its works are filled with a strange majesty. We should not have been impressed by the neolithic men who built Stonehenge, but we stand in awe before Stonehenge itself.

AT THE END of five years of continual propaganda, the success of the attempt to direct a world revolution from Moscow can be estimated by the vote of the British labor unions to break off all friendly relations with the Communistic unions of Russia. The world is not yet ready to take orders from any self-constituted dictators, military or proletarian.

IT IS INTERESTING to see that, while those eminent men of science Sir Oliver Lodge and Professor Pupin disagree about the existence of the ether and the means by which matter was organized out of chaos, both agree that the creative power and intelligence which religious people call God was the force that set the universe in motion.

WHAT WOULD THE FUR TRADE do without our useful little friend the rabbit? His fur is now sold under seventy-five different trade names, for the dealers are a little shy of letting the ladies know how much rabbit fur they are really buying. If you are wearing "visonette," "erminette," "Russian leopard," "French sable," "chinchillette," "moline," or "buckskin," it is modest little Br'r Rabbit who is clothing you, after all.

THE FRENCH are the only true epicures; they only take food seriously and not humorously; they only mean it when they place cooking and the graces of the table among the fine arts. We spoke recently of the erection of a statue to the memory of the French peasant woman who first made Camembert cheese. Now the same honor has been conferred on Brillat-Savarin, the man who by his writings taught France and then the world that eating need not be a gross and merely material performance, and that the palate as well as the eye and the ear might respond to the genius of a sincere artist.

YOUNG AMERICA

IT is to be observed that, though European nations are often critical and even a little abusive of the United States in its corporate capacity, they like Americans well enough and are often openly charmed with the unofficial representatives we export. The Scotsmen loved Bobby Jones; Paris and Brussels and London went wild over Lindbergh; Mayor Walker of New York has made a kind of good-humored triumphal progress through Europe; and the twenty thousand members of the American Legion who visited France this fall made the happiest of impressions on the susceptible French people. After all, the people of different nations usually get on well together. It is the dedication of nationalism, the persistent thinking of nations as individualities apart from the men and women who com-

pose them, and the traditions of jealousy and hostility among these super-creations of men's minds, the nations, that lie at the bottom of much of the trouble in the world today.

It is interesting also to see what sort of impression Americans make on Europeans. They are struck with our essential youth, our boyishness. "They are grown-up children," cried the delighted Parisians as they watched the bands of the American Legion, in their variegated and carnival-like costumes, often of orange or green or sky-blue, their cowboy suits and their Spanish sashes, leading the parade down the Champs Élysées. The gay singing and concerted cheering of the Legion amused and charmed them. To the people of Europe, a little jaded by their experiences, and with traditions of dignity and formality even among their youth, the simple boyishness of Lindbergh, the incorrigible light-heartedness of Mayor Walker, the noisy, irresponsible gayety of the Legionnaires were amazing but delightful novelties. In spite of their suspicion of that grasping plutocrat Uncle Sam, they had to admit that Uncle Sam's family of boys was thoroughly likable.

Here in America we do not realize how naïve and youthful in spirit we are, as compared with the people of Europe. It is natural that we should be so. We live in a new and rich country, freed from all the anxieties and apprehensions that surround life in an over-crowded, fully exploited, politically disunited continent like Europe. Perhaps we are not so dignified and sober-minded as we should be. But youth is a malady that nations as well as men and women outgrow. While we have it let's make the most of it. Those peoples that have it not, though they may envy us the possession of it, like us all the better because we are not afraid to exhibit it.

THE CUP GOES TO FRANCE

AFTER seven years of supremacy on the tennis courts, the United States has had to surrender the palm, not to England as in 1903 or to Australia as in 1914, but to France. The Davis Cup has left our shores, and with it M. Lacoste takes back the cup that goes with the tennis championship of the United States. Our best men players have had to yield to the youth and the skill of the Frenchmen; only Helen Wills maintains among the women a clear superiority in this most dramatic and delightful of outdoor games.

But our champions, though they lost, did so only after a brave and determined struggle. To Tilden in particular our hats are off. What a fight he made, carrying on his shoulders almost alone the burden of the defense! He did not lose because he had

forgotten any of his cunning with the racket, but because he faced youth, abler than he to sustain the enormous physical strain of repeated and critical matches. He remains still a great figure in the game; perhaps he is the greatest tennis player who has ever been seen. Rarely beaten, he has never lost because his heart failed him or because he hesitated to play himself out to the finish. As with all athletes, his day must pass, but it has been a glorious day while it lasted, and there was something of pathos but nothing of dishonor in its passing.

The remarkable young players that France has produced are likely to keep the honors they have won for a few years at least. If the United States is to win back the Davis Cup, symbol of international supremacy in tennis, it is the next generation that must do it. We have some promising youngsters, though none of them yet show the brilliancy of Tilden and Johnston. But the Davis Cup in France will be a perpetual challenge to them. Sometime or other we shall find the boys who will bring it back again.

THE WORLD CONFERENCE

IT is much too soon to estimate with assured accuracy the effect of the World Conference on Faith and Order which met in Lausanne, Switzerland, in August. The American delegates now returning bring back united testimony concerning the earnest spirit which prevailed and the admirable temper which, with hardly an exception, characterized the deliberations. The fact that such a conference could be held at all, and that such a spirit was manifest, is the best proof possible that under the divisions of Christendom there exists a real and vital unity.

It would be difficult to think of another gathering with which this might be compared for scholarship. The "Who's Who" issued while the conference was in session was an impressive document. The books written by these four hundred delegates would make an imposing library. Of at least one man it was said, "He could write an encyclopedia." Perhaps not anywhere in a hundred years has so much of erudition gathered under one roof as assembled in the old cathedral for the opening sermon and then quietly moved to the aula of the university for three solid weeks of hard work. Four hundred delegates came from America, from Great Britain, from every country in Europe, from India, China, Japan, from Africa and the islands. While the Roman Catholic Church declined to be officially represented, there were unofficial observers present from Rome, and by far the most picturesque delegates were the archbishops, metropolitans, and bishops from the Orthodox Church of the East.

A body so variously representative could not be expected to move with great rapidity. All speeches had to be twice translated, except those that were received in advance and printed in three languages. English, French, and German were the three official languages, and the translators had no light task. It could not be done rapidly. And in results that can be set down and classified the conference may appear a disappointment.

But the conference was held, and it was perhaps as ecumenical as any body ever convened for the consideration of religious questions. The very fact that such a meeting was held, and that its members faced the vexed questions frankly that have so long divided Christendom, is significant. No church council held in the early centuries evinced so much of courtesy or so fine a Christian spirit.

It is much to be hoped that the same fine spirit which pervaded the discussions at Lausanne will find expression in the problems that confront the churches of America as they face their united task.

OUR NATIVE TONGUE

THE English language, originally the tongue of two or three million people in the south and east of one of the British islands, has spread, through the enterprise and the spirit of adventure which animate that stock, over a great part of the habitable globe. It is the daily speech of forty-five millions in Great Britain, of nearly one hundred and twenty-five millions in North America, and of other millions in South Africa, in India and in the great islands of the South Pacific Ocean. Inevitably so wide a distribution of English-speaking people has led to more or less modification of the original tongue. These great groups, far removed from one another, and exposed to quite different conditions of life, have developed differences in pronunciation, in vocabulary and in usage. The English of London is not precisely the English of Boston or of Melbourne. The wonder is that the variations are not more remarkable than they are; they are nowhere so great—among fairly well-educated people, at any rate—as to make it difficult for one who talks English to understand another, though he come from the other side of the globe.

An interesting conference, which is intended to help in making such differences as exist still less troublesome, was lately held in London, to form what is called an International Council of English, with representatives from all parts of the English-speaking world. Englishmen like Lord Balfour, Robert Bridges, the poet laureate, and Sir Henry Newbolt were among the founders of the council, and among Americans who took part in the work were Professor Lowes of Harvard, Professor Canby of Yale, Professor Manly of the University of Chicago, Professor Scott of the University of Michigan and Professor Gayley of the University of California.

The council is not to set itself up as an arbiter of speech after the manner of the French Academy. It does not mean to put any curb on the natural growth of the English language. It will undertake to consider all disputed questions of grammar and pronunciation, and all words or forms of speech which are peculiar to one or another branch of the English-speaking peoples, "in the attempt to discover what current usages are in accord with the tradition and genius of the tongue and represent growth, not decay."

The decisions of such a council, made up, of course, of scholars and literary men, cannot have much effect on colloquial speech. Yankees in their daily habit will still speak like Yankees, Australians like Australians, Scotchmen like Scotchmen, Cockneys like Cockneys, and Americans of the South after their own fashion. But it will be easier to preserve a universal form in the written and spoken speech of educated persons wherever they may live, if there is a recognized authority to which all subscribe. Dialects and local peculiarities of speech will always exist, but the International Council of English has an opportunity to perform a real service in keeping the real language pure, virile and substantially the same in every quarter of the globe.

"THE COMPANION'S SUBSCRIBERS WILL GAIN MUCH"

OUR veteran contributor and friend, Mr. C. A. Stephens, kindly allows us to publish this letter, which he recently wrote to one of his many correspondents.

My dear McHenry:

Two years have passed, I think, since you last wrote to me, and it is indeed a pleasure to hear from you again.

Like myself, I see you were a little surprised to find our bright Youth's Companion going into monthly magazine form in the place of the old-time weekly. But in reality it is only keeping up with the times.

As you are no doubt aware, the entire business of publication has greatly changed. The reasons are connected with advertising patronage, printers' wages, the cost of manuscripts, of print

paper, and a hundred other things. Many weeklies are having a hard time of it. The Companion is merely doing resolutely what other weeklies still hesitate about, but will perhaps soon be driven to do.

Believe me, The Companion's subscribers are going to lose nothing by this change, but will gain much. It is the purpose of its publishers to give more reading matter in the monthly issue than was formerly given in the weekly issues; also longer stories, better told.

I shall go on subscribing for The Youth's Companion, and I hope that you will do so. I am sure that we shall get our money's worth, and I feel, too, that this is a duty we owe to the young people of the country.

Faithfully yours,
C. A. STEPHENS

THIS BU WORLD

A Monthly Summary of Current Events

A DRAW IN IRELAND

PRESIDENT COSGRAVE'S political strategy in ordering another general election, in the hope of breaking the deadlock in the legislature of the Irish Free State, did not meet with the success he anticipated. The vote was heavy, and most of it went to the two principal parties—that of the existing government and that of the Irish Republicans, led by Mr. De Valera. But there was no clear-cut decision. These two parties will each have about sixty votes in the new Dail,—President Cosgrave will apparently have only three or four more votes than his opponents to count on,—and the balance of power will still lie with the twenty-five or thirty members returned by the Independents, the Farmers, and the Labor party. These members are almost as likely to vote against the government as with it; and, though President Cosgrave will begin with a majority of perhaps six votes, he may eventually find himself in a minority.

MORROW TO MEXICO

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE has appointed his friend and college classmate Dwight W. Morrow as Ambassador to Mexico. Mr. Morrow has long been a member of the Morgan firm of international bankers, and it is possible that on that account his confirmation by the Senate may be attended with difficulty, though his ability is beyond question.

THE FLOOD'S AFTERMATH

SECRETARY HOOVER reports that nearly one half of the seven or eight thousand square miles that were laid waste by the Mississippi flood are without any crops worthy of the name, and that most of the people living in that area are bankrupt. More than sixty thousand people were still dependent on Red Cross relief as late as September 15. Many more were almost destitute. If the two hundred thousand or three hundred thousand small farmers who were ruined by the flood are to stay on their farms and raise crops next year, they must be financed with large sums of money on long credit and at low interest. The financial agencies of the South are ready to cooperate in this form of relief, but it is probable that Congress will have to put some of the government's resources behind the work of reconstruction.

NOW THE BEAM RADIO

THE first beam wireless service between the United States and England has been installed by the Marconi Company. The American station is at Rocky Point, L. I. The beam system permits the concentration of the radio waves on a single point and therefore makes a considerable degree of privacy possible in transmitting wireless messages. The Marconi Company also announces that it is perfecting a method of facsimile transmission and hopes soon to be able to send reproductions of printed matter, writing, and pictures by high-speed wireless telegraphy. Will wireless telegraphy eventually supersede the cables entirely? The experts say, "No." They believe there will always be business enough to keep both systems busy.

AIR NEWS

BROCK and Schlee, the Detroit "round the world" flyers, got safely to Tokyo, Japan, after a succession of well planned and brilliantly executed flights beginning on this side of the Atlantic. Then they yielded to the representations of everyone who was interested in their safety and decided not to attempt the long flight across the Pacific to the Midway Islands, for which their type of plane was not well adapted.—"Old Glory," the airplane that attempted the flight from these shores to Rome, was lost five hundred miles or more from Newfoundland. Some of the wreckage was found by searching steamships, but nothing was ever heard of the three men—Bertaud, Hill, and Payne—who were in the plane. The plane leaving Can-

ada for London which Captain Tully and Lieutenant Medcalf piloted was also lost mysteriously, somewhere in the Atlantic.—The "air derby" from New York to Spokane occurred between September 19 and 23. The contestants were divided into three classes, only one of which called for a non-stop flight. More than forty planes started in the three different classes; a good many of them were obliged to withdraw before completing the course, and one crashed in New Jersey, causing the death of both pilot and mechanic.

THE LEAGUE MEETING

THE meeting of the League of Nations at Geneva produced little of importance except an eloquent plea for international amity by M. Briand and a speech by Herr Stresemann in which he declared that Germany would accept compulsory arbitration of all international questions if the other powers would do the same. Both speeches made a deep impression on the delegates, but they led to no definite action by the Council or by any of the nations represented there. The meeting was distinguished by a rather aggressive attitude on the part of the smaller nations and a more or less open protest against the tendency of the larger powers to direct the proceedings of the League and to settle their own affairs quite outside Geneva. Canada, Cuba, and Finland got the three non-permanent seats in the League Council that were to be filled this year. Belgium for the first time has lost its representative on the Council. The Polish delegate introduced a resolution definitely forbidding war as a means of policy. The resolution was passed, but only after its wording had been considerably modified.

CONVICTED OF FRAUD

M. CALLIZO, a well-known French aviator, who held the record for the greatest height attained by an aviator, has been convicted by the Aero Club of France of deliberately falsifying his instrument reading. He claimed to have risen to 42,000 feet, but another barograph, installed without his knowledge in the tail of his plane, read only 13,000 feet. All his records are disallowed, and the honor of having achieved the greatest altitude goes to the American, Macready, who has made 38,704 feet.

MR. M'ADOO WITHDRAWS

THE political news of the month is the withdrawal of Mr. McAdoo, former Secretary of the Treasury, from the contest for the Democratic Presidential nomination. Mr. McAdoo was long the leading candidate during the interminable deadlock at the New York convention of 1924. He now withdraws, as his letter states, to help in restoring harmony to a divided party. Governor Smith of New York, his chief opponent in 1924, still remains in the field.

FRANCE RAISES THE TARIFF WALL

AMERICANS who do an export business with France were alarmed last month by the news that the tariff rates levied by France on American goods were to be raised to the maximum permitted by the tariff law. Following closely upon the negotiation of a treaty between France and Germany, by which each country reduced its tariff duties and granted to each other assurance that such duties should never exceed those levied against any other nation, this might have been taken as an unfriendly act, were it not for the fact that the French government was clearly out for bargaining. It replied to the protests that promptly came from Washington with the offer of a conference to negotiate a treaty of reciprocity, by which lower duties should be assessed on French goods coming into the United States and on American goods entering France. There was a lack of enthusiasm over this proposal in Washington, for our government has had bad luck negotiating treaties of reciprocity and always finds Congress inclined to insist on its right to decide what duties shall be levied. As France evidently thinks it can play the high-tariff game as well as we can, and that it will

be for its profit to do so, we can hardly expect it to reduce its tariff rates without some consideration received in return; and the balance of trade between the two countries, hitherto heavily in our favor, may swing the other way.

THE LEGION IN PARIS

BUT that there is no real hostility to the United States among the French people was demonstrated by the warm welcome given in Paris to the twenty thousand members of the American Legion who returned to France this year to hold their convention, on

this tenth anniversary of the arrival of the American army in France. The ceremonies at the various cemeteries where Americans are buried and at the grave of the Unknown Soldier were impressive, the parade of the Legionnaires roused Paris to enthusiasm, and everywhere the visitors went they met only cordial friendliness. The striking event of the convention itself was the enthusiasm with which the veterans received the speeches of Marshal Foch and General Pershing, both of whom urged not only eternal amity between France and the United States but a united effort to make war itself no longer possible among the civilized nations of the world.

MISCELLANY



DEVIL'S POST-PILE

A Curious Example of Nature's Masonry from California

IT has often been said that there is no type of scenic wonder in the Old World that cannot also be found somewhere in the United States—besides several that are peculiar to this country alone. Whether or not that is precisely true, there are certainly examples of almost every kind of geological curiosity on this side of the Atlantic. Our picture shows the American version of the Giant's Causeway, a famous and very remarkable natural formation on the northern coast of Ireland.

Both the Causeway and the Devil's Post-pile (as the American replica has been named) are composed of long rows of basaltic columns closely fitted to one another. They are mainly upright, though one end of the

Post-pile has been distorted by some force that has curved the columns until they lie almost horizontal. The Irish columns are generally hexagonal in shape, while those of the Devil's Post-pile are inclined to be five-sided. The American wonder is also a little the higher; its "posts" are from forty to fifty feet high, while the Giant's Causeway rises from twenty-five to forty feet. The action of frost has a strongly disintegrating effect on the Post-pile, and the foreground of the picture is filled with the debris of pillars that have been cracked and broken off in that way.

The Devil's Post-pile stands at an altitude of 6500 feet among the mountains of Madera County, California.

THE TRICK OF THE MONTH

The Coin through the Plate



A COIN is whirled on a plate and is knocked flat with a match-box. When the box is lifted, the coin has disappeared. The plate is picked up, and there is the coin, apparently driven through the plate!

A dime or a penny should be used in this trick. The coin beneath the plate is a duplicate, placed there secretly, beforehand.

The sudden disappearance of the whirling coin is due to the match-box, which is empty, with the drawer turned upside down. When the match box is brought firmly and suddenly down upon the spinning coin, the coin will be driven right through the wood and into the box.

You will hardly believe it to be possible, until you try it; but in actual practice the box will pick up the coin, very readily. You merely drop the box in your pocket and show the duplicate coin beneath the plate.

PLUCKING AN OSTRICH

How the Great Birds are Sheared

THE plucking of ostrich feathers is attended with some little of danger, for the bird is very powerful and must be handled intelligently. The catching of the bird is a job for men who are athletic and quick on their

feet. A herd of birds, says Mr. F. A. Donni-thorne in "Wonderful Africa," is first drawn from its grazing-land into a paddock or compound; the farmer will then select the bird, and the native, who is standing by with a bamboo rod ten feet long, with an iron crook similar to the old shepherd's crook, will thrust it in among the herd and around the neck of the bird selected; the bird will respond to a gentle pull and leave its companions, but with a very reluctant attitude.

A small, dark cap is then placed over its head and eyes; then it can be led anywhere. It is taken into the open, where the clipping takes place. The bird stands quite still; if any cruelty were attached to the process, it would not be possible for twenty men to hold it while the feathers are being plucked.

The clipping is done mostly from the off side of the bird. A native on the fore side holds the bird by the neck. It is safe enough to stand close up behind the ostrich; the bird doesn't kick back, but no one who knows anything about ostriches will stand immediately in front.

The process of clipping takes about twenty minutes, after which the ostrich is again freed. It may later be seen grazing peacefully close to the homestead, as though nothing had happened. The farmer or one of his sons invariably does the plucking; no native is allowed to do it. The feather is cut off about one inch from the flesh of the bird; the piece of quill left behind withers and usually drops out. After a month the bird is again caught and examined, and should there be any quills that have not yet fallen out with a slight pressure they are extracted, in order to allow new feathers to form.

[MISCELLANY CONTINUED ON PAGE 698]



MISCELLANY



THE OPEN WINDOW Our Religious Article

IT is related in the Book of Daniel that when that young official learned that the king had signed a decree sentencing to death any who worshipped other gods than those of the realm, or made petition to other than the king, Daniel prayed to his God, as he did aforetime, and his windows were open toward Jerusalem. Prayer was with him a habit already established before the peril arose.

Many people who have no such fixed habit pray in the hours of their pressing need, but it was well for Daniel that he could have recourse to a habit already fixed in his life. Habit may be and sometimes is a serious menace to progress, but it is one of the anchors of stability in character.

He prayed with his windows open toward Jerusalem. Perhaps there was a hint of superstition in that. He may not yet have freed himself from the thought that God was resident in Jerusalem. Some of his compatriots, as we know, were even then lamenting, "How can we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" But if there was superstition in Daniel's open windows, it was not the distinguishing mark of the act. He opened his windows on the side of memory and holy tradition. All the highways of his heart had their trend in that direction. Memories of home, and of early instruction, memories of all that had contributed to his education and his development of character, lay in that direction. God did not hear any more distinctly because Daniel's windows were open, but Daniel prayed the better because his windows were open, and that on the side of his worthiest ideals.

We cannot accept that psychology which declares that we react inevitably to the impressions that pour in upon us through the apertures of the five senses. We have limited power, but a very real power, of selection. The babel sounds of life hammer at our ears; the kaleidoscopic maze bewilders our vision; but we choose the direction toward which we open the windows of our attention and interest.

If our lives are to be compared to receivers of radio transmission, we have at least an option as to the wave lengths on which we shall tune in. It is our privilege to select the side of our life on which chiefly the impulses from without shall come to us. It is equally our privilege to select the avenues through which some of our activities shall emerge.

There is too little praying with open windows through which our prayers can escape the confinement of selfishness, windows through which God's blessing can gain access to us, windows through which our energies, liberated by prayer, can flow out into the life and thought of the world in deeds of love and service.

SORE THROAT Our Medical Article

THIS is a very comprehensive term, embracing all conditions from a little rawness, following exposure to a cold damp wind or an overindulgence in smoking, to the most virulent diphtheria. In general, however, it means soreness on swallowing, occurring as a symptom of acute catarrhal inflammation of the pharynx. Such an affection occurs most frequently as part of a common cold, following an acute nasal catarrh or constituting in itself the only manifestation of the infection. Other common causes are the inhalation of dust or thick smoke, sitting in crowded and poorly ventilated or overheated rooms, and overuse of the voice, as in frequent public speaking by one who has not learned how to use his voice without strain. When none of these causes appears to be at the bottom of the trouble, and if the sufferer is young enough, one may suspect a beginning attack of scarlet fever or measles, for in both these diseases acute pharyngitis is an early and almost constant symptom.

The constant soreness on swallowing is what first calls attention to the throat which, on examination, will disclose a mucous membrane unduly red and quite dry. Sometimes its surface is studded with small

rounded dots, but these are not present in an acute pharyngitis. They are an accompaniment of a chronic condition and indicate that the present acute condition is only the awakening of a slumbering inflammation. It is important to remember this, for the presence of these dots means that a complete cure is unlikely, and that the patient will be liable to repeated attacks unless the chronic condition can be reached.

In addition to the soreness and redness of the throat, the patient will usually be feverish, without appetite, and sometimes he will have slight nausea. The treatment should consist in sending the patient to bed, or at least keeping him in a well-ventilated and not too warm room. The diet should be light, a laxative should be taken, and tobacco absolutely avoided. The throat should be

leaving the youngsters to follow, if they have sense enough." It is true that after going a few hundred yards she will usually stop, and if they are not at her heels she may trot back to see about it; but even then, if she is sharply yelled at, "she will most likely turn tail and scamper off like a kicked dog." But, if the mother is less courageous than has been supposed, there is yet likely to be a belligerent lady in the family. Lionesses are gregarious creatures. You rarely come upon them singly, and with the mother-and-cubs combination is very often some old busybody of a spinster. She has nothing to do with those cubs, and, if their very own mother does not think it advisable to pull off a rear-guard action, certainly she should not take it upon herself to butt in. But she does.

children! Where are the children? What have you been doing to the children?"

We hadn't been doing anything to the children, and, if she had taken half a second to raise her silly eyes, she might have seen the children quite safe and sound, not a hundred yards away. But on she came, and we had to stop her of course; and lucky to be able to before she closed in on us.

If he were suggesting rules for amateur lion-hunters, Mr. White concludes, one of the first would be: "Don't bother about mother, but get your eye on 'auntie,' and keep it there!"

MORE ABOUT "DIXIE" Who Was the Real Composer?

A NUMBER of subscribers, interested in a recent editorial on "Dixie," have written us to say that they have always supposed that name for the Southern states to have come from the popularity of certain ten-dollar bills issued by the principal bank of New Orleans, which, since that city had a large French population and long French traditions, bore the French word "Dix" instead of the English "Ten." These notes circulated widely through the South, and were called "Dixies"—whence the name.

Whether or not this is the true explanation, it is an interesting contribution to an interesting question. We have also had a letter from a friend in Mississippi, who has something quite as interesting to tell us about the circumstances attending the choice of the song as the battle-hymn of the Confederacy. According to this account, the melody of "Dixie" was composed by Herman F. Arnold, a young musician who was a native of Germany, but a naturalized citizen of the United States and a resident of Montgomery, Ala., in 1861. Daniel Emmett, who was an acquaintance, had heard the melody, which Arnold had written down, but made no use of, and got permission to supply words to the music and use it as a part of his minstrel entertainment. Professor Arnold led the band at the inaugural ceremonies when Jefferson Davis became president of the Confederacy and supplied the music for the inaugural ball as well. On both occasions his band played "Dixie," and the tune made such an impression on everyone that it was with common consent adopted as the anthem of the Confederacy.

Our friend tells us also that the bit of plaster from the wall of Professor Arnold's studio on which he had scribbled the melody in its original form, as early as 1857 or 1858, is to be seen today in the museum at Montgomery. Professor Arnold died only last April at Memphis, Tenn.; he was almost ninety years old.

NO POMP FOR HER She Knew What She Wanted

EVELYN PICKERING, the artist, who later became the wife of William De Morgan, famous as a creator of beautiful pottery and still later as a novelist, was a girl of unusual force of character. She knew what she wanted. She had no patience with time-wasting foolishness.

One time, the Hope Chest tells us, her mother, who was ill and was having a course of baths in Germany, wrote that, as she was unable to officiate herself, she had arranged for her daughter to be presented at court by a relative the following spring.

"I'll go to the Drawing Room, if you like," Evelyn wrote in reply. "But, if I go, I'll kick the Queen."

It is said that her family thought her fully capable of carrying out her threat, so nothing more was done about the matter, although in the eyes of her family the failure to be presented was almost equivalent to what the omission of baptism would appear in the eyes of a good churchman.

Here was a girl who was not interested in playing a small part in some drama. Lesser women might be willing to walk on and off a stage and find pleasure in being presented at court, but she made up her mind that she was going to play a star part, and that the world of art was to be her stage.

Read the lives of William De Morgan and his wife and you'll learn how well she succeeded.

[MISCELLANY CONTINUED ON PAGE 700]

Historic Calendar for November

Verses by Arthur Guiterman—Drawings by L. F. Grant

November 5, 1605.

Gunpowder Plot

The villain planned to blow up Parliament!

But faithful guardsmen practiced watchful waiting;

They caught the wretched Fawkes—and this event

All English lads delight in celebrating.



November 10, 1871.

Stanley Finds Livingstone at Ujiji

They knew that Doctor Livingstone was lost

In Africa with cannibals around him;

They said to Stanley, "Go, at any cost,

And find him right away!" And Stanley found him.



November 18, 1247.

Robin Hood's Last Shot

Once more he bent his bow, as well he could,

And to its head he drew the cloth-yard arrow,

And where it fell they buried Robin Hood;

And roses grow above his woodland barrow.



November 25, 1783.

British Evacuate New York

Out marched the Redcoats tall, the Hessians gruff;

The Guards in regimentals bright and splendid;

In came the tattered troops in blue and buff;

The war of seven years was won and ended.

sprayed, or better swabbed, with an antiseptic silver solution. If the spray is used, it should be sent through the nostrils as well as aimed directly at the back of the throat, for only so can the fluid reach the back of the nose, where the inflammation is usually most pronounced and obstinate. When the attack is over, a tonic may be needed, for a sore throat is the most debilitating of all minor maladies.

"AUNTIE"

A Spinster Lioness Bears Watching

THE lioness defending her cubs has long been accepted as a type of desperate and ferocious courage. But the distinguished author and lion-hunter, Mr. Stewart Edward White, declares that "as a matter of cold, sober, unsentimental fact the mother of the young lion cubs will usually run away,

Once, after shooting a male lion on a tongue of land running into a river, Mr. White and his companion saw his mate bolt, swim the river and pause anxiously on the other side. Presently her cubs also came into view, midway of the stream, swimming side by side, paddling along like two very busy little dogs, to emerge soon upon the bank, wet and bedraggled, and join mama. It was a quaint and amusing sight, and, as the drama seemed over, the hunters returned to their quarry and prepared to skin the slain lion. Fortunately, they had not yet laid aside their rifles when the action of the piece was suddenly resumed. Up over the right-hand bank, exactly opposite to where all this had been happening, popped the maiden aunt. She had been off gallivanting and was late to the party; but she was coming for all she was worth to see about it. No sense; no calm consideration; just coming, all hurry and hysteria: "My land! The

THE MARCH OF SCIENCE

RAILROAD RIFLE

The Newest of "Big Berthas"

ALTHOUGH the world dreams of universal peace, and great statesmen at Geneva make eloquent speeches in praise of international brotherhood, we have not yet stopped building enormous battleships and ponderous artillery. The picture directly to the right is that of a gun recently installed at Fort MacArthur, which is one of the defensive works at San Pedro, the harbor of Los Angeles, California. It is said to be the largest piece of mobile artillery in the world, and it discharges a shell fourteen inches in diameter. The range of such a gun as this is astonishing. The huge shells, which weigh half a ton, and have to be loaded into the gun by means of a crane, as the picture shows, will travel nearly thirty miles before falling into the sea. That is farther than the distance across the English Channel at Dover, and a ship at that distance from the shore could not be seen except from an elevated platform and with the strongest glasses. In order to move this gun about within the fort it is mounted on a heavy railroad truck and pulled back and forth by an electric motor.

"Big Bertha" (which is the obvious name for this monster) was recently fired for the first time. A moving target, towed by a cruiser which kept a respectful distance ahead, was used. The gun was tested at various ranges from 20,000 to 30,000 yards. (Photo by Times Wide World.)

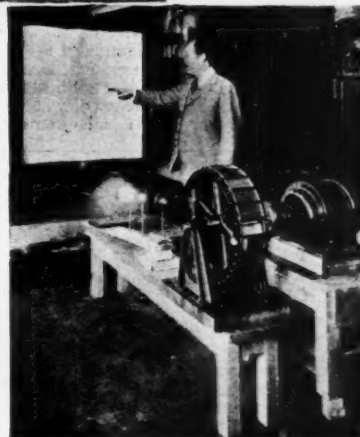


SLIPPING CONTINENTS

Scientists Ask: Is America Adrift?

THE Youth's Companion has several times alluded to the interesting theory of certain geographers, that the continents are not fixed in their places, as they appear to be, but are actually drifting or sliding with inconceivable slowness across the real crust of the earth, which is of a much harder, smoother, more unyielding consistency than the rocks of which the continental masses are composed. According to this theory, the Americas were once attached to Europe and Africa.

The astronomers are now at work, trying to determine by long-continued observations on the fixed stars whether the continents are really altering their positions with respect to one another. The instrument in the picture at the left is one of those used. It is in Washington, and there are others in Shanghai and Algiers. (Photo by Science Service.)



BROADCAST MOVIES

Science Works on a New Wonder

BELOW you see Dr. E. F. W. Alexander with the projecting machine of his invention by which eventually he hopes to transmit across the oceans not merely the "still" photographs to which we are now fairly well accustomed but actual moving pictures, lifelike to the last detail.

The heart of all television apparatus is the "photo-electric cell." It possesses an extraordinarily sensitive and rapid reaction to light, which it transforms into an electron flow, or, more simply, an electric current. What a pity, thought Doctor Alexander, that when the photo-electric cell is willing to transmit thousands of photographs a second the auxiliary television apparatus is still too crude to give the cell more than a picture a minute. If sixteen different but consecutive photographs could be transmitted per second, the visual persistence of the eye would see them as continuously progressing, as it does in ordinary motion pictures.

So Doctor Alexander set about the design of a sufficiently rapid transmitter. The light you see on the screen flashes over its complete surface with enormous speed, actually painting a picture of high light and shadow as it goes, in a way somewhat akin to the way a sign painter might work a design with stencil and brush—one complete picture in the sixteenth of a second. Broadcast movies lie in the future—and not so far away. (Photo by Times Wide World.)

AND NOW THE "SEA-SICKNESS ELIMINATOR"

A \$75,000 Spinning Top to Damp the Roll of Ships

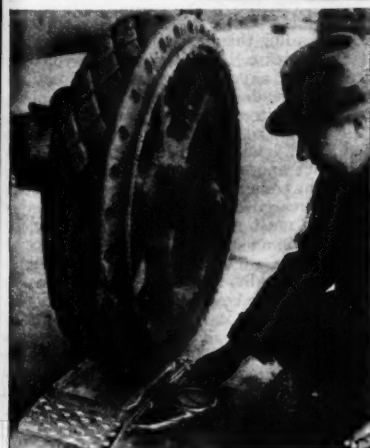
THE formidable piece of machinery shown in the illustration directly below might well be called a sea-sickness eliminator. Its appearance faintly suggests a top, and, reduced to its simplest elements, that is what it is. Its official name is "gyroscopic stabilizer."

The efficacy of this \$75,000 first cousin to a gyroscopic top lies in the fact that it tends to reduce, or "damp," the roll of a ship in a heavy sea. It does this because the gyroscope is a notably stubborn mechanism, and once it is set rotating in one plane it tends to resist all efforts to change the plane. If it is entirely free to move about any axis it likes, it will behave in most peculiar fashion when an effort is made to change it, but if one axis is fixed (as it is in a ship stabilizer) the gyroscope behaves in a more orderly fashion, and its stubbornness can be harnessed to excellent effect.

The mathematical equations which explain its motions are among the most complicated expressions known, but happily this does not affect the sea passenger.

Despite the efficiency of these giant tops in the damping of a ship's roll, they have not yet by any means come into universal use. In addition to some merchant ships the British and Italian navies have one each on a destroyer. The Japanese navy has made interesting use of the principle by equipping one of its airplane carriers with the stabilizer, to aid in ease of take-off and landing in a high sea.

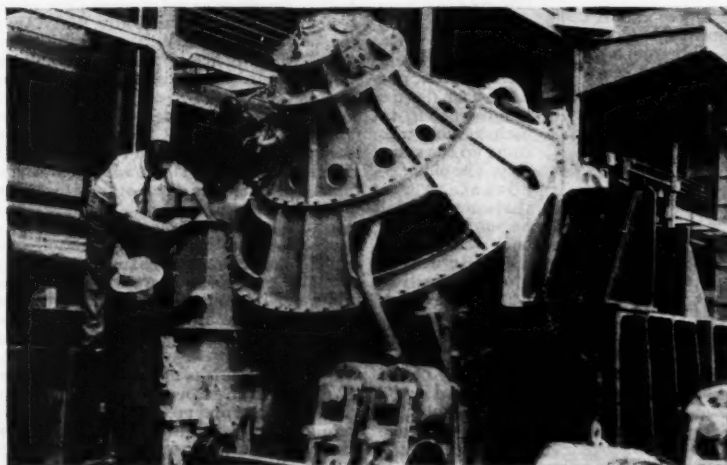
The photograph shows A. E. Schein, Chief Engineer of the Sperry Gyroscope Company, discussing the mechanism with Gustav Lagergren, Chief Engineer of Pusey & Jones, shipbuilders. (Photo by Times Wide World.)



HOW MUCH IS 5 TONS?

A Scale That Answers on the Spot

UNTIL all our roads are made of concrete, the problem of the big, freight-carrying automobile truck will disturb the rest of those who are responsible for the condition and up-keep of the highways. So much damage has been done to improperly built road surfaces by overloaded trucks that most states have passed laws limiting very strictly the size of trucks and the weight of freight they can carry. It is not always easy to tell exactly how heavy a loaded truck is, for scales capable of weighing them are only to be found here and there, and never on the open road. So the scale-makers have designed a clever little instrument, a picture of which is shown above. The inspector who is suspicious that a truck is overweight places two portable scales like this on the ground, and the rear wheels of the truck are driven up on the little platform. The needle flies around the dial to an indication of the weight. (Photo by International Newsreel.)



A RESOURCEFUL PLANT

Sealed into Glass, Still It Grows

THE young woman in the picture above is looking with interest at an ingenious experimental demonstration of the self-sufficiency of the vegetable as compared with the animal world. The glass container, which looks very much like an enormous electric-light globe, is tightly sealed so that no air or moisture can find its way in or out. It contains a certain amount of soil and water, and in the soil a small plant is rooted. The plant adapts itself to this unusual environment with perfect unconcern. It continues to grow and thrive, not so well as it would in the open perhaps, but quite well enough for its purposes. It uses its supply of air and water over and over again, and if the soil is rich enough may continue to live out its natural life and even mature its seed. As it is, this little plant has lived in its glass prison for several months, although any form of animal life above the lowest stage would find it impossible to survive. (Photo by Science Service.)

MISCELLANY



ALL ABOARD!
Here's a Railway That Looks Like
a Toy but Does Real Work

THERE is a certain fascination about every neatly made miniature or model that actually works. The memory of our childish delight in mechanical toys is perhaps partly responsible for the pleasure we take in such things; certainly their appeal is to the child that still lives in the heart and mind of every normal man or woman.

So we imagine there is hardly a reader of *The Companion*, young or old, who would not enjoy a ride on the tiny railway train that is shown in the picture. The distance between the rails is only fifteen inches, and the little locomotive, which is an exact imitation of the full-sized British railway engines, stands hardly more than four feet high. But it is a perfectly "practical" locomotive for all that, and the tracks are laid as carefully as real railway lines, with switches, sidings, stations, and signals quite like the Midland or the London and Northwestern Railway. The engine can pull as many as two hundred passengers at once in the tiny open cars, and it transports mails and freight as well, for it gives a real railway service to the sequestered valley through which it runs.

That valley is the famous Eskdale among the hills of the English Lake District that Wordsworth and Southey immortalized. The railway runs for ten miles or more up the beautiful valley, and terminates at the foot of Scafell, the highest mountain in England. It is especially busy during the summer, when tourists swarm in the district;

and no doubt a good many of our readers have had a delightful ride behind the sturdy little Puffing Billy that you see in the picture.

A UNIQUE LAUNDRY Monkeyshines at Sea

TOTO was a chimpanzee, possessing all the intelligence and friendliness characteristic of his race. He was the pet, or rather the amusing and companionable little friend, of Mr. Cherry Kearton, who has written a delightful book about him.

Toto was not a beauty, but he had charm; he was about two feet tall, and his face was notable for a large mouth, a very flat nose and protruding ears. Yet in spite of that, declares his master, there was something very pleasing about him; something pathetic that called for sympathy, and at the same time something roguish that showed him a real companion, always game for anything "sporting" and always ready to share a joke.

He would share a job as well as a joke. Of all his performances none is more amazing and amusing than an enterprise of his life on shipboard, on the way from Africa to England. One of the things that made Toto a favorite on the ship was the fact that he made himself useful. He started a laundry. He began in a small way, just as all the magnates of business have begun. He found a bucket of water on the deck, and, since any small quantity of water always suggested to him either drinking or washing, he looked around for something to wash. Nothing suitable being in sight, he went to the cabin and fetched one of my handkerchiefs. Then he fetched another and another. By way of putting up the capital for the business, so to speak, I furnished him with a piece of soap. His work was very successful. He washed the handkerchiefs until they were spotless and then spread them separately round a big coil of rope to dry.

Some friends of mine thought this an excellent idea, and soon half the passengers were bringing their handkerchiefs to:

MESSRS. TOTO,
KEARTON & CO.
The Lightning
Launderers
Handkerchiefs a
Specialty

Toto kept it up for nearly the whole voyage. As soon as the linen was dry he would take a little pile and hand one handkerchief to each person who came up the stairway. The only disadvantage was that one could not be sure of having one's own property returned to one—a failing which I have noticed to be shared by a good many other laundries. But even that had its advantages here, for a good many of the idle hours on board ship were passed in the new game, which became very popular, of exchanging handkerchiefs until everyone had his own.

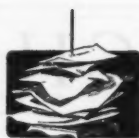
[MISCELLANY CONTINUED ON PAGE 704]

WHAT IS YOUR SCORE?

(Answers on page 704)

1. What was the Bucentaur?
2. Of what country is Montevideo the capital?
3. What is the meaning of F. O. B.?
4. Who were the "Forty-niners"?
5. Does a screw usually turn from left to right like the hands of a watch, or in the opposite direction?
6. What have these persons in common: Robert Frost, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Edwin A. Robinson, Sara Teasdale?
7. In what city is the market that determines the world-price of wheat?
8. Who was the president of Texas while it was an independent republic?
9. What is the Davis Cup?
10. What is the color of (a) the Poland China hog? (b) the Yorkshire?
11. Who is "Babe" Ruth, and for what is he famous?
12. By what navies was the sea-battle of Lepanto fought?
13. Who wrote "Peter Pan"?
14. What emperor is said to have fiddled while his capital was in flames?
15. Is the "off" horse in a span the right-hand or left-hand one?
16. What part of the animal (usually a calf) is the "sweetbread"?
17. What was the historical occurrence that brought on the World War (1914-1918)?
18. What country was formerly known as Muscovy?
19. What are the substances known as Cheddar, Gouda, Camembert, Gorgonzola?
20. What large fish is able to leap up good-sized waterfalls?
21. Was Lindbergh's airplane engine cooled by air or water?
22. Who said "Let us have peace"?
23. Which would weigh more, a cubic foot of gold or a cubic foot of iron?
24. Did Moses ever reach the Promised Land?
25. The statue of what woman stands in Statuary Hall in the Capitol at Washington?

other laundries. But even that had its advantages here, for a good many of the idle hours on board ship were passed in the new game, which became very popular, of exchanging handkerchiefs until everyone had his own.



THINGS WE TALK ABOUT



SINCE the change in publication dates, the editor of *The Youth's Companion* has been receiving letters from Companion readers all over America. It is impossible to sort out these letters by states, or in other ways, for every mail brings dozens of new ones. Suppose you look over the editor's shoulder and read with him the first fifteen or twenty letters received.

One from Bruce Barton came first of all. Bruce Barton is the famous author of "The Man Nobody Knows" and other religious books. He himself is a product of *The Companion's* atmosphere, because when he was a small boy in a country parsonage, his father, the Rev. William E. Barton, was beginning to write the religious articles that have appeared in our columns for many decades, and young Bruce was brought up on *The Companion*. "I hail the change in *The Companion*," Bruce Barton writes. "Do you remember that when we talked about two years ago I said that it ought to become a monthly magazine right away? This is the logical step for you to take."

Mr. Clark C. Briggs, of Burlington, Vt., writes: "You ask if you can count on me to 'stand by.' What a question to ask of anyone who knows you at all! I am just as sure that *The Companion* will continue to be the most looked-for publication in my home, where it has been for the past forty-five years, as I am sure of the reliability of any good friend. As an expression of faith, I have just subscribed for two years through Mae S. Smith, agent."

MR. CAESAR A. ROBERTS, of Los Angeles, Calif., writes: "Upon receiving word that *The Companion* was to change to a monthly magazine, I did not feel that I could sustain the loss of the weekly friend that has for so many, many years comforted, cheered, and liberalized me. I have never risen from its reading without a wider knowledge of the world and a stronger faith in the triumph of right. Hence, when I opened the impressive September number, it was with the critic's view. But when I saw the wider field that opens, and when I knew that the change was made by thoughtful men who realize the vast influence of *The Companion* and are determined to dedicate it even more widely to 'happy and successful living, to the leadership of youth, illumined by respect for religion and the old-established ideals of the American home,' I felt that *The Companion*, leading in these noble things, has grown better and finer, and that in its new form it has bettered its best."

Mr. Arthur J. Sinnott is managing editor of the *Newark, N. J., Evening News*. He writes: "We think your decision, changing *The Youth's Companion* from a weekly to a monthly, is altogether sound, and we certainly hope that, with all your fine service, the public will appreciate your efforts."

Mrs. Emily Drew Marshall writes from Vergennes, Vt.: "I like *The Youth's Companion* in its new form. Thank you for your courteous reply to my letter; I shall show your reply to those of my neighbors who take *The Companion* and shall continue to take it for myself and grandsons. Long may it prosper!"

I HAVE just received my first issue of the new *Companion*, writes Mrs. W. W. Warden, of Barbourville, W. Va., "and I hasten to tell you it is fine. I think the change an improvement. Best wishes to your clean, good paper."

"There has been much discussion in our family as to what *The Companion* would be like as a monthly," writes Mrs. Charles E. Peterson, of Aurora, Neb. "My parents have taken it ever since they started a home, fifty years ago next March, and they still read it as eagerly as ever. We are all so glad to see that it is the same clean, wholesome reading as before the change. No trashy magazine ever finds its way to our reading table, and I am more than grateful that my children, Norma and Norris, may continue to have *The Companion* as their friend and reading guide."

Mrs. E. L. Carson, of Urbana, Ill., writes: "We have received our *Youth's Companion* in its new dress and are very proud of it. We were loath to part with it as a weekly, but admit, too, that we often dislike to change to a new hat even when it is more becoming.

Do keep *The Companion* devoted to the life and needs of young people."

Mr. Joseph B. Egan, a distinguished educator of Charlestown, Mass., writes: "I have just had an opportunity to look over *The Youth's Companion* for September. I want to congratulate you most sincerely on the very impressive appeal that it makes. I am promising myself a cozy period next Sunday afternoon in which to read some of the stories that are so generously offered."

Mr. Chester B. Van Tassel is the publisher of *Asia*, the well-known magazine devoted to Oriental affairs. He writes: "The first monthly issue of *The Youth's Companion* is a great improvement on the old weekly issues. In colloquial words, you have done some job!"

MR. BERNARD LICHTENBERG is an executive of the Alexander Hamilton Institute, which is dedicated to wise and enlightened business training. He writes: "I am glad to hear that *The Companion* has been changed to a monthly. This will enable you to put out a more substantial paper, physically, than in its present form. My own ten-year-old daughter, Ruth Elaine, was telling me only the other day that *The Companion* was not thick and complete enough before the change. Good luck to you in the new venture! I hope that it will prove successful even beyond your own expectation."

Through many of these letters runs a vein of warm appreciation of Mr. C. A. Stephens. "Andros Island" is a mighty good story," writes Mr. R. P. McLaughlin, of Missoula, Mont. "We will stand by you in the change," says Mr. J. Harris Perkins, of Valatie, N. Y. "Some thirty-five years ago, my dad started taking *The Companion* for me; now I am getting it for my boy. Above all, don't stop our old friend C. A. Stephens' stories."

Indeed we will not stop them! There will be one in every number from now forward. Perhaps the finest tribute of all comes from Mrs. Silas M. Allen, of Oshkosh, Wis., who dates her letter at six o'clock in the morning! "Having been interrupted last evening after reading the first page of 'Andros Island,'" she writes, "I rose betimes today, and finished reading this narrative."

Shakespeare himself would have been flattered if anyone had "risen betimes" to complete reading one of his works; and we hope this item reaches the eye of Mr. Stephens, who is now completing another full-length book for you. The new story will be about another of his relatives, from the old-farm country, who went out to Russia as supercargo in the brig *Cyclops*—but you must read this thrilling story for yourself, in an early issue.

SPACE is almost finished, and there are still hundreds, even thousands, of letters to print. "Wife and I were a little doubtful about changing *The Companion* to a monthly, but the first number looks mighty good," writes Mr. Harry Vaughan, publisher of the *Guide Rock, Neb., Signal*.

"I like the new *Companion* very much, especially the larger 'Lab space,'" writes Frank Scott Bradley, Sault Ste. Marie, Ont.

"We would not wish the youth of our country to be without *The Companion's* educational and moral influence, and you have our best wishes for success in the new form," writes Mr. F. L. Day, of Detroit Lakes, Minn. And Miss Genevieve Green of Winchester, Ky., after making some splendid suggestions for enlarging the G. Y. C., writes: "While I shall miss the weekly appearance, I like *The Companion* best this way. I hardly have time, during the school term, to read a weekly paper thoroughly. I think the change is just the thing, and I am sure there are lots and lots of other readers who feel as I do."

What a splendid "vote of confidence" these letters have proved to be! Not yet, in the whole pile, have we come to a single bad-tempered letter. Only a churlish editor would fail, at this point, to thank all the writers from the bottom of his heart. Such whole-souled confidence and support is a very rare thing in journalism or any other business. In return for it, we pledge our earnest determination to make the forthcoming issues the best you have ever seen.

—THE EDITOR

CROWN JEWELS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 681]

"have you done your three hours' reading Spengler's 'Decline of the West' today, as you promised?"

"Not all of it, sir." Timon's face expressed a sort of sly regret. "The book slipped out of the window as we were crossing that wide river—the Delaware, I believe. Didn't it, Mrs. Treutlen?"

"I can vouch for the fact that the book certainly disappeared through the window a few minutes after His Royal Highness had started to read it," Mrs. Treutlen told her husband.

"Indeed!" murmured the gentleman and opened a newspaper. No use trying to teach a boy anything when he didn't want to learn!

But to Mike and Jane Treutlen, who were both frivolously inclined themselves, Timon's conduct was very funny. Mike grinned and Jane giggled. And, thus admired by the younger Americans, Timon may have thought he had done something very smart in throwing away his lesson book.

"I know now that we are approaching our destination," the prince said presently, breaking the silence, which promised to be embarrassing.

"How do you know that?" Jane asked him.

"Because every time the train stops the people on the platform talk more and more like you do."

ACCORDING to this way of reasoning the Treutlens would have arrived in their native county long before they did, but next morning they were really there, and Timon found himself in the midst of a great crowd of people who had gathered to welcome the returning diplomatist and his family. Most of them seemed to be relatives, and among these was a brown-eyed girl named Barbara Ann Logan who interested Timon the moment he saw her. He was glad that she was in the party which immediately set out from the railway station in automobiles for some place designated as Treutlen Isle, where, it appeared, the matriarch of the whole family was waiting to receive her son.

To Timon it was all interesting and jolly, and he was happy. Some of the people called him "Prince" when he was introduced, and some regarded him with awe, and that tickled him. It was not hard to amuse Timon. He was always ready and eager to like everything.

He liked crossing the marshes, and he liked the long gray moss that trailed from the branches of the trees on the island. Treutlen Isle reminded him of his own home on the Mediterranean, and so of course he liked it. He thought the climate must be exactly the same. And when the grandmother of Jane and Mike, a spry, cheery, little lady with white hair, took his hand and twinkled at him and said, "So you are a prince!" he laughed out loud. He was sure he was going to like her.

"When my son telegraphed me that he was bringing home an Oriental prince to put him in school I was as startled as if he'd wired me that I must expect to entertain a Bengal tiger until the Zoo opened to receive it," she told the boy with cheerful candor. "But you don't look scary a bit!"

"Timon can't be called an Oriental, Grandma," Mike protested. "He comes from the Near East, not the Far East."

"And if by scary you mean serious and conscious of the dignity of his position," put in Mr. Treutlen dryly, "I could wish Timon were a good deal more so. He will some day have heavy responsibilities on his shoulders, but he doesn't consider them enough to prepare for them."

But Grandma Treutlen was delighted with the good-natured boy. She didn't want young people to be serious. Calling to Barbara Ann and Jane, she sent all the young folks out on the beach to amuse themselves until the midday dinner was ready, and as Barbara Ann passed her she whispered to the girl that she could tell the prince as well as Jane and Michael about the mystery on the island if she thought it would interest him.

To this Barbara Ann agreed, but she did not think as well of Timon as the old lady did. Barbara Ann had high ideals of duty,

and what she had already heard of this boy from her cousin Tom and his wife as they motored across the wide marshes that morning made her feel contemptuous of him. Any young person, in Barbara's opinion, who is sent off to acquire an education at heavy cost owes it to his parents and himself to do his best, and it seemed to her that the future ruler of even the most insignificant state would have so many opportunities for service in the future that it was deplorably

"If you had been introduced to me in my own country, you would have had to curtsy to me too," Timon told her with an impish light in his eyes.

"Well, I wouldn't!" said Barbara Ann sturdily. "I don't bow down to people just because they are of royal or noble birth. No, sir-ee!"

"Who would you bow to then?" he asked curiously.

"Well, if you will permit me to quote



"Wasn't it somewhere around here that we put the great sapphire?" one of the men asked the others. "I've half a mind to move it"

weak of him to neglect to prepare himself for them. That Timon had no interest in anything concerning the future of his country made him seem untrustworthy to her. For wasn't his country a trust which he was ignoring?

Out on the white sands there were so many things to talk about that Barbara Ann didn't have an opportunity to tell of the mystery that morning, after all. They wandered along the beach, which looked like a great stretch of solid concrete, it was so white and hard. Because of the brisk sea breeze the sun was not too hot. And Jane, whose tongue was as lively as her hair was red, did most of the talking, trying to tell of five years' adventures in five minutes. Her father had traveled about a good deal in the Mediterranean lands, and his family had usually traveled with him. He had been taken ill while visiting the little state where Timon's father ruled, and the ruler had been most kind and had loaned him a villa in the mountains in which to convalesce. That was how it happened that Timon had been placed in Mr. Treutlen's charge when sent to college in America.

"The first time I met Timon," Jane chattered on, throwing a grin toward the prince, "I had to curtsy to him so low that I nearly sat on the ground."

"O Jane, how could you do anything so silly!" scoffed Barbara Ann.

something from Kipling, I'll tell you!" And she recited:

"I'd not give way for an Emperor,
I'd hold my road for a King—
To the Triple Crown I would not bow
down—

But this is a different thing.
I'll not fight with the Powers of Air,
Sentry, pass him through!
Drawbridge let fall, it's the Lord of us all,
The Dreamer whose dreams come true!"

"I'll bow to any man who has dreams and can put them across!"

They faced each other for a moment there on the white sands, the boy from the effete East and the girl of the red-blooded West, and Timon's eyes fell first. But he laughed. He always laughed when he could think of nothing to say. It seemed the best way to fill a pause. Yet he was conscious of Barbara Ann's poor opinion of him, and it made him most uncomfortable. This was the girl who had attracted him so much at first sight, and he had wanted her to like him.

At the dinner table Mr. Treutlen told his mother and other relatives who were gathered there in his honor that he must go to Washington next day on official business. He had not stopped in the capital on his way South as he should have done, because of his wish to see his mother and put Timon in her charge as soon as possible after his long

absence, but a return was absolutely necessary. And it might be weeks before he could come back to make that long visit home which he had promised. His wife would go to Washington with him, but he would leave the young folks at Treutlen Isle. With two big boys on the place his mother would feel quite safe.

"I've never felt anything but quite safe," the old lady told him tartly. "James Logan must have been talking to you. And just for that, James, you've got to do me a favor," she added, turning to her nephew. "Leave Barbara Ann here with the children and me while Tom and Rose are away."

So it was agreed that Barbara Ann should also be a guest on Treutlen Isle until school started in late September. And when the promise had been secured the old lady nodded at her grandniece and smiled significantly. Her look said as plainly as words, "We'll all solve that mystery together before the prosaic folks get back!"

NEXT morning, after Mr. and Mrs. Treutlen were gone, Jane and Mike and Timon were told about the mystery. They were so interested that Mike said he could hardly believe he was understanding the English language correctly after struggling for five years with other tongues. But when they were shown the notebook filled with all those entries in cipher there could no longer be any doubt about a mystery being there.

"Just think of your trying to solve this yourself, Grandma, instead of sending for the sheriff," Mike laughed. "I'll bet you've been reading detective tales?"

They were all sitting on the side porch of the old house, which looked out on the lawn and the avenue of trees but afforded also a view of the beach if they turned their heads. That beach came up so close to the house in front that old Uncle Jeff, the gardener, could do nothing to keep the grass in order there, as it was always full of sand and shells. Sometimes the tide approached so near as to fling a wave far across the strip of green—ground ivy and hardy grass—which formed the front yard, and the long front veranda was almost as good as the deck of a ship for studying the ocean. But sometimes the white glare on the water was too much for old Mrs. Treutlen's eyes, and then she liked the shade and the big rocking-chairs on the side porch and the view of shrub and tree. It was here that she had brought the young people on this summer morning to tell them about the mystery as she plied her needle.

"Detective tales?" she repeated when her grandson accused her of reading them. "I admit it. There is hardly anything else in the book-case in the back hall, if you care to look. My doctor told me to read

fiction in order to take my mind off myself and lower my blood-pressure, and I have found that detective stories are almost the only kind of modern books that will lower my blood-pressure without also lowering my self-respect and my opinion of humanity as well. I have solved so many mysteries between book covers this summer that I naturally want to try my hand at a real one. Now what do you children make of that cipher?"

They studied it carefully.

"I think it is what you think it is," Mike told her. "It must be a record of the things those strange men are burying on the island and tells where each article is hidden. I wish we could work it out."

"Have you worked on it any, Grandma?" asked Jane, her face screwed up into a terrific frown as she regarded the cipher over her brother's shoulder. Barbara Ann and Timon were also studying it.

"Well, I tried letting each number represent the corresponding number of a letter in the alphabet,—1 for A, and so forth,—but it didn't make sense," the old lady explained. "According to that rule, the first word there is TNW (if it had been TNT, I would have sent for the sheriff right straight!), and the second is GHWRAI. If there are any such words as those in any language, I never heard of them."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 702]

"That would have been too easy a cipher," Mike protested. "I'm not surprised that that rule wouldn't work. There is a scientific way to go about solving secret codes, but I don't know much about it. What do you know about codes, Timon?"

"When my great-grandfather wished to send a message secretly in war time," Timon answered, "he had a servant's head shaved, pricked the message on his scalp, waited for the hair to grow long enough to cover the words, and then sent the man off to the court of our ally. There he was shaved again and the message read."

"Dear me!" ejaculated Grandma. "Do your people still do things like that?"

"You'd be surprised at some of the very odd things they do in Timon's country," Mike chuckled. "However, that is beside the question. This cipher wasn't punctured on anybody's bald head, and so we can study it at leisure. Now, let's see! I'm going to try to work it out. T-14-23 is the first word in this code, and any word of three letters beginning with T is probably THE. So that gives two symbols—14 is H and 23 is E."

"It is odd that all the initial letters should be written out plainly," mused Barbara Ann. "I wonder why they were not coded too?"

"To keep the cipher from being too hard, perhaps," Mike guessed. "The thieves didn't intend that the book should ever get out of their hands, and the cipher was just a mild precaution and can't be difficult to decode. Now if 14 is H and 23 is E, where do we find these symbols again?"

"Here is a little short word, F-14," Jane pointed out. "If 14 is H that must read FH. But FH doesn't spell anything."

THIS was discouraging. They worked over the cipher for a long time but could make no sense of it at all. It would not yield to the only method of working it that they knew. Evidently they were on the wrong track. Mike was more disappointed than the others.

"I can't do anything with it at all, Grandma," he confessed.

"Well, if it were too easy it wouldn't be interesting," the old lady placidly rejoined as she changed the position of her embroidery hoops. "If it is difficult, that shows how important it must be. Did I tell you that I saw those men looking for the book last night?"

All the young people became more attentive.

"Where did you see them?" they asked in chorus.

"From my window. It was after moonrise, and as I watched the dark forms stealing around, searching the grass with the help of small electric torches, I had a good laugh all to myself. Of course they were looking for the book which was tucked away in my bureau drawer."

"If they come again tonight, I'll go out to meet them and demand to know what they are up to," Mike stated valorously.

"Don't be ridiculous, Michael," the old lady chided him.

"But why not? And by the way, Grandma, I do wish you'd stop calling me Michael. My full name has become tarnished from lack of use, and I want it to stay so. It's not to be rubbed up and brought out except on very special occasions, like when I'm marrying or accepting the Presidency. Except at those two moments my name is Mike."

"Suppose I go with him, Madam Treutlen?" Timon offered, addressing the old lady in a foreign manner that rather pleased her. "You would not be afraid for both of us, would you?"

"But not even Mike would hear to this. 'No, you won't go with me,' he protested. 'Your safety is our family's sacred obligation, and I'd never dare to look Dad in the face again if I led you into danger. I reckon neither of us had better go. But what can we do? What move can we make?'"

"I know!" spoke up Barbara Ann from the creaking old hammock to which she had retreated when it became evident that they weren't going to solve the mysterious cipher. "We'll copy the contents of this book into something else and then advertise the book in a newspaper and see who comes to get it. We can just say: 'Found, on Treutlen Isle, a notebook which may be important. Owner may call at home of Mrs. Nannie Treutlen on the island and receive his property.' That would sound innocent enough and the owner wouldn't guess that we suspected anything. Lots of tourists come over to the island, you know, even if it is private property, and the loss of a notebook would seem so natural that nobody need think that the finding of it had disturbed us in any way."

CROWN JEWELS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 701]

They talked this over and decided it would be a good plan. Jane went for paper and pencil, and Mike took them from her and copied everything in the book. When each of the party had verified the copy, just to make sure no number had been wrongly set down, since even a small mistake can sometimes make a big difference in working out a cipher, they telephoned their advertisement to a newspaper in the city. After that the four girls and boys put on bathing suits and spent the rest of the day in the sand and the surf, forgetting the mystery.

CHAPTER THREE

IT often turns cold in the latter part of August, Barbara Ann reflected, as she drew her heavy sweater closer about her shoulders and moved nearer to the fire which had just been kindled in the grate in the dining-room. It was immediately after breakfast on Barbara's third morning on the island, and behind her Dora, the housemaid, was grunting and muttering as she bent her stiff old back to sweep under the sideboard and into the corners of the big room, cleaning up for the day. No one else was in the room except a sparrow-like negro child who stood near Barbara Ann, staring at the white girl's clothes.

"Law, Miss Barby, I sho' wish you'd gimme dat sweater you got on," the little darky said yearningly, admiring the bright red garment with all her heart.

"Whut'd you do wid it if Miss Barby give it ter you?" Dora demanded gruffly.

"I'd wear it."

"Well, dat's perzactly whut Miss Barby's gwiner do wid it herself. You git out her 'fo I sweeps you out wid der rest uv der trash. You ain't got no call fur ter be runnin' in here ev'ry day jes cause you mammy washes fur ole Mis. Dere's too many niggers on dis island, Miss Barby," Dora continued in another tone, turning to the girl by the fire. "White folks brung 'em here for slaves, freed 'em atter der war an' died or went away, but der niggers stayed on. An' dey's no-count niggers as ever wuz, too!"

Barbara Ann smiled. Just because Dora came from the mainland she talked as if she were of a different race altogether from the negroes on the island.

Presently Barbara saw Timon walking about outside the window, looking lonesome, and she hurried to join him.

"Where is Mike, Timon?"

"One of his uncles wished to speak to him in private," the prince explained, looking up with a pleased smile as she walked by his side.

"One of his uncles?" Barbara Ann repeated blankly. "Why, when did any of his mother's brothers come out here to the island?"

"I mean one of his black uncles," the prince placidly elucidated. "He called the man Uncle Moses."

Barbara Ann giggled. Did the foreign boy really think that these elderly darkies whom they all called uncle and aunt were relatives of the Treutlen family? She hastened to assure him that they were only courtesy titles, bestowed because of age.

She tried to persuade him to tell her more of his country, but he seemed to find the subject dull. He was patriotic enough, she discovered, when any outside influence menaced the little state's safety, but in its internal affairs he appeared to be entirely uninterested. The people worked hard, he said, but were very poor. The land didn't yield as it should. Some useless plants grew abundantly, but many useful ones wouldn't grow at all. No, he didn't think anything had ever been done to enrich the soil or to teach the farmers new methods of agriculture. The peasants did everything just as their great-grandfathers did. Famines were frequent, but somehow the population struggled through with the help of neighboring states that sent food. No, the food was not paid for. The state could seldom afford to buy grain when the native supply failed. There was a heavy national debt which couldn't be reduced because the people were too abjectly poor to pay their taxes.

"My father is a good man," the boy said proudly. "He will not bleed the last coin from starving people to fill his treasury. So the state debts hang on. But my mother was a wealthy Greek woman, and we have a little private fortune with which we keep up appearances in the palace. Yes, we call it the palace, but it is a modest enough residence.

No one is rich in my land, not even the ruler."

"Isn't your father interested in the condition of his people?" Barbara Ann asked in a puzzled tone. "I mean, doesn't he try to do anything to help them?"

"He is always trying, but he doesn't know what to do. And he is an invalid, who is often too ill to give his thoughts to such things."

Barbara Ann was silent. Her contempt for Timon grew. She understood it all now. The invalid father was evidently staking all his hopes on this boy, believing his son would some day take hold in national affairs and lift his people out of poverty and debt, and Timon was thinking only of the fun he would get out of a Western education. To the American girl, who came of earnest-minded people who put duty above all personal inclination and despised sloth, a boy like this was not worthy to live. She hoped his countrymen would revolt and refuse to let him succeed his father, but she feared that they were too happy-go-lucky themselves to do so. Though Timon was a guest in her aunt's house, she was sorely tempted to tell him what she thought of him.

PERHAPS it was fortunate that an interruption occurred before she could screw up the courage to give him a lecture. From somewhere in the woods a man came walking toward them, a white man and a stranger, and attracted their attention. He was stocky of build with an unprepossessing face but neatly dressed, and as he approached Barbara Ann he took off his hat very politely. They noticed that he carried a newspaper.

"I came in answer to an advertisement in this paper," he said when he was in speaking distance of the young people. "I lost a notebook on the island a few days ago, and I see here that you have found one. May I see it?"

Barbara Ann became instantly alert. She glanced warningly at Timon, fearing he might show more interest than it was wise to display, but Timon was of the East, where intrigue is a fine art, and his expression was under perfect control. Mike would probably have shown more excitement than did this boy from the Mediterranean, and Barbara Ann was glad that she had such an excellent ally at the moment when much depended on their conduct. Though her hands and feet grew cold in the realization that she was probably face to face with a criminal, the girl smiled in a friendly way at the rough man in front of her and said she would be so glad to return his property and would run into the house and get it.

"But you will have to prove your ownership," she reminded him pleasantly. "If it is your notebook you ought to be able to tell something of its contents."

The man laughed jovially. "Of course I can. The contents is all in code—a business code of my own invention. We men of big business, Miss—"

"Logan," Barbara Ann supplied.

"Miss Logan, we business men have to guard our transactions much as statesmen do. We don't want the newspapers to learn of a contemplated deal before it's settled, and so we resort to ciphers sometimes lest our notes fall into the hands of a reporter and become public property too soon. It was a book filled with cipher notes of this sort that I lost one day when I came over to the island."

He talked on and on, explaining and reexplaining where there was no need to explain at all, until the most credulous person alive must have guessed that he was ill at ease, and trying to conceal something. Barbara Ann let him talk as long as he would, and not until he had talked out and was mopping his forehead in exhaustion did she leave him with Timon while she went after the notebook. But once inside the house she hurried to find Jane and Mrs. Treutlen and tell them of the man's presence and bring them back with her when she brought out the book. She wanted very much to get Mike also, but he was still off somewhere conversing in private with the old darky whom Timon had referred to so seriously as "his Uncle Moses," and she could not find him.

"Yes, that is one of the men I have seen through the window burying things here in the dead of night," Mrs. Treutlen whispered to the girls when she caught sight of the stranger from the porch. "I wonder what we ought to do with him? Should I be-

guile him into the house and lock him up?"

"Not unless you are going to telephone to the sheriff and make his arrest legal," Barbara Ann told her.

"No, no, I'm not going to do that."

"Then we'll have to let him go away again. But I do wish Mike was here. We never needed him so much before."

Mike not being there, they did not know what to do except give the man his memorandum book and let him go away. He vanished down a path leading through the wood and might or might not be going to the mainland, and they were no nearer solving the mystery than they had been before. Indeed, they were further off, for they had lost ground by giving up the notebook. The old lady and the two girls all felt foolish. As detectives they seemed to be failures.

"Oh, I could cry," exclaimed Barbara Ann. "I'm so exasperated! We haven't gained a thing by advertising the book except a good look at one of the gang Aunt Nannie has told us about."

"That's better than nothing," Jane said cheerfully. "We'll know him if we ever see him again."

IT was about fifteen minutes later that Mike hove into view, sauntering along calmly with his hands in his pockets, and he was surprised by the greeting he received. It was warm but not cordial. And when he learned that he had just missed a chance to see one of the mysterious "gang" he had heard about, face to face, and follow him and learn something of him, he was as provoked as Barbara Ann herself and smote his own head so hard that her yearning to slap him because of his inopportune absence was satisfied.

"Where were you, Mike?" his cousin asked, mollified but curious. Mrs. Treutlen had gone into the house, and only the young people were on the porch.

"I was talking with old Unc' Moses," Mike explained. "He and I have had a secret understanding for a day or two, and he has invited me to go turtle-hunting to-night with a crowd of native darkies over on Adam's Isle—that little rocky islet you can just see from here. The rest of you can come, too, if you like. We'll have to go in boats, of course."

They left the porch and walked away from the house, in order not to be overheard.

"I'm afraid Grandmother might object," said Jane.

"What time would we go?" asked Barbara Ann.

"Not until the moon's up. The turtles only come out on moonlight nights to lay their eggs. According to Unc' Moses, they do this at any season in this climate. It's the eggs we are going after tonight, though we'll have some sport with the turtles, too."

"I'm afraid Aunt Nannie will object to our going away off there to Adam's Isle late at night."

"No, she won't," her cousin reassured her. "But, Mike, I feel certain she will."

"She won't—because we really needn't ask her permission. She gets very sleepy after supper; and we're old enough to plan an evening for ourselves, and to take care of ourselves, too. This isn't just an escapade—it's a chance to see something very interesting."

"I would love to see it," admitted Barbara Ann. "But—"

Mike walked with her apart from the others, who were, as yet, only mildly interested in the prospect of a turtle hunt. In Timon's mind, no doubt, turtles were merely small land tortoises, not worth the trouble of a long row.

"Here is what I mean, Mike," pursued Barbara Ann. "It is all right for us to do what we please—but we are responsible for Timon. Personally, I don't care very much what happens to him. But if he got drowned, or lost, or hurt—"

"Oh, forget it!"

Mike's tone was rather abrupt. He saw, however, that he had hurt his cousin's feelings, and presently he apologized to her. "I'm big enough to take care of Timon, whatever happens," he explained. "Besides, Timon looks to me as if he could take care of himself a whole lot better on a party of this kind than he can in general society—if you know what I mean."

"I know that he's light-headed, and frankly out to have a good time."

"Well, here's his chance, and he can't hurt himself."

"But what about the robbers?"

"Oh, the robbers!" answered Mike, contemptuously. "Do you suppose there really

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 705]

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MISCELLANY



A GIRL FROM "CHANG"
Lah Dah Is a Promising Moving-
picture "Extra" from Siam

IF you have seen the remarkable motion
picture "Chang," which was made in the
depths of the Siamese jungle, you will be
interested in this little picture of Lah Dah,
one of the native children who did their bit in
the picture. Lah Dah was perhaps the best
"screen material" among the youngsters; she
has a little of the look and the assured man-
ner that made Baby Peggy famous before
she was five years old. In the picture she is
holding a cat that looks for all the world like
a drowsy old tabby out of any American
farmhouse. As a matter of fact, it is a jungle
cat from northern Siam, a breed quite unlike
the famous round-faced cats with chocolate-
and-cream colored fur which are known as
the royal Siamese and have long been
domesticated in and about Bangkok. These
jungle cats, as their likeness to our familiar
domestic cats would promise, are easily
tamed, and little Lah Dah is evidently on as
good terms with her pet as any small Ameri-
can boy or girl is with the family cat.

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

1. The state gondola, or barge, of Venice in which
the doge appeared on public occasions. 2. Uruguay.
3. Free on board; delivered free of charge to the
carrier, but not including transportation or subse-
quent charges. 4. The men who crossed the continent
to California in 1849, after the discovery of gold in
that state. 5. Almost all screws turn from left to
right. 6. They are American writers of poetry. 7.
Liverpool, England. 8. Gen. Sam Houston. 9. A
trophy given by Dwight F. Davis, now United States
Secretary of War, for international competition in
lawn tennis. 10. (a) Black, with occasional white
markings. (b) White. (c) Red. 11. A professional
baseball player, who is the most successful home-run
batter in the game. 12. The fleets of Venice, Spain,
and the Papal States on one side, that of Turkey on
the other. The battle was fought in 1571 and finally
broke Turkey as a naval power. 13. St. James M.
Barrie. 14. Nero, emperor of Rome. 15. The right
hand one. 16. The thymus and the pancreas are both
known as "sweetbreads." 17. The assassination at
Sarajevo of Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria.
18. Russia, and particularly central Russia, of which
Moscow was the capital. 19. They are cheeses. 20.
The salmon. 21. By air. 22. Gen. U. S. Grant. 23.
The gold would weigh more than twice as much as
the iron. 24. No. He died on Mt. Nebo, within sight
of the Promised Land, but never set foot there.
25. Frances E. Willard.

THE VANISHING BOBWHITE

Another American Bird Goes to
Join the Auk

THERE is no use trying to ignore the fact
that the bobwhite is following the wild
pigeon to extermination. In many states
east of the Rockies, where quail-hunting
once was good, there is none now, because
there are no birds left. West of the great
plains quail-hunting is prohibited in most
states in order to save the few birds that
remain. Texas, once the greatest quail state
in our country, is now buying and importing
thousands of Mexican quail, in the effort to
restock the areas that the quail hunters have
devastated.

The persistence of the bird-hunters in
destroying the quail, says Dr. Wm. T.
Hornaday, is actually devilish. It recalls the
frantic pursuit of the last of the bison by the
hide-hunters. The quail-hunters are ready to
ascribe the disappearance of the quail to

every reason under the sun save their own
murderous guns. They talk about "cold
winters," "cats," "dogs," "inbreeding,"
"hawks and owls," and so forth—anything
but powder and lead.

Of all the excuses to cover up the ini-
quities of the pothunter of quail the most
irritating is the claim, seriously made, that
quail coveys need to be shot up every year
in order to scatter them and prevent deterio-
ration of the stock. This assumes that the
quail are so stupid that scattered coveys do
not know enough to reunite, and also that
Nature actually needs the assistance of
pump guns, powder and shot in order to
preserve her own creatures from extinction.
What nonsense!

By the time all the bobwhites are dead it
is very likely that their value to man, as
destroyers of bad bugs and weeds, and as
beautiful companions on the farm, may be
generally appreciated. No native bird does
less harm and more good to the farmer than
the cheery little quail. The sportsmen do
not understand what they are doing, and the
state authorities let them have their own
way in order that they may get their money
for hunting licenses. I am afraid nothing will
save the bobwhite except perhaps in a few
secluded spots.

GOOD MOTION PICTURES

The Youth's Companion Blue-
Ribbon List for November

THE glamour of the movies attracts
hundreds of young people of both sexes
in optimistic flocks, to the great studios of
Hollywood every year. In spite of the warn-
ings of wiser heads and the sound advice
given by the stars themselves to these
youthful correspondents, the belief still
obtains that the winning of a beauty contest
or the complimentary opinions of biased
friends at home will suffice to launch the
aspirant into a career on the screen. So
serious has the problem become that the
producers are using an occasional picture to
paint the perils that penniless and not par-
ticularly talented girls must meet, and to
show the probable consequences of mis-
guided ambition. Twenty applicants, it is
said, are on hand to apply for even the most
insignificant "extra" job offered from day to
day in the studios of California. No other
occupation is so overcrowded.

"Stranded," produced by Sterling Pic-
tures Corporation, with Shirley Mason and
William Collier, Jr., is a timely and well-
wrought story that should help to prevent
much of the heartache, disappointment, and
monetary loss that so often follow the lure of
the movies.

THE BLUE-RIBBON LIST

Stranded—Sterling Pictures Corporation

A small-town girl, who does not realize that brains
and character as well as beauty are requisites to suc-
cess on the screen, tries to break into the movies.
Shirley Mason, William Collier, Jr.

Barbed Wire—Paramount

The picture version of Hall Caine's story, "The
Woman of Knockaloe," extolling the brotherhood of
man. Pola Negri

The Silent Hero—Rayart Pictures

A dog story laid in the Canadian Northwest, in
which the police dog hero performs a natural and not
improbable part with Edna Murphy and Robert
Frazier

Slightly Used—Warner Brothers

To facilitate the marriage of her younger sisters a
well-meaning girl improvises a husband for herself and
becomes entangled in a comedy of fibs and surprises.
May McAvoy, Conrad Nagel

College—United Artists

A bookworm falls in love with a girl who prefers
athletes and tries to make himself over. Buster
Keaton, Anne Cornwall

Swim, Girl, Swim—Paramount

A light and gleeful comedy of class rushes and
athletic life in a co-ed college, featuring Bebe Daniels
with James Hall and William Austin

The Drop Kick—First National

The story of a college athlete who redeemed himself.
Richard Barthelmess

The Cat and the Canary—Universal

An absorbingly interesting mystery play, alternat-
ing suspense and weirdness with side-splitting laughter.
Laura LaPlante, Creighton Hale, Flora Finch

The Bugle Call—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

A pretty story, laid in the frontier days, of a little
lad's struggle to adjust himself to a stepmother.
Jackie Coogan, Claire Windsor, Herbert Rawlinson

Quality Street—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

A charming bit of old-fashioned romance drawn
from Sir James Barrie's play of the same name.
Marion Davies, Helen Jerome Eddy, Conrad Nagel



HE SHOT THE WINNING GOAL

No wonder he's flashing his smile

"YAY, ZIPPER!!"—the cheers are
for Zipper Graham's goal—it put his
side ahead.

He's a flash on the hockey rink, and
health?—he broadcasts it. That's why
he's good. Take his teeth for example
—white as snow in the woods, because
they're always clean.

Zipper's roommate can tell you how
he keeps them that way—regular visits
twice a year to the dentist and then
regular cleaning with Colgate's Rib-
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gate's touches his teeth, the calcium
carbonate in it gently scrubs away the
foreign matter. Next, the delicious-
tasting foam washes over teeth, tongue
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clean—the way his body feels after a
bath.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 702]

"Any robbers? Do you think they would kidnap Timon and hold him for ransom?"

"Why, yes," said the girl. "I think that's just what they'd like to do."

Jane called to them.

"What are you conspiring about?" she wanted to know.

"We are just wondering whether it's all right to go on this moonlight party to Adam's Isle."

"Well," said Jane, joining them, "I think it would be good fun, and I vote we do it." "And so do I," said Timon, politely.

At supper that evening, the subject of the turtle hunt was not brought up. Mrs. Treutlen sat, nodding, in her chair after the meal.

At last she woke with a start from a nap and found that she was going to bed.

"Have a pleasant evening, my dears," she said, as they came forward one by one to kiss her good night. Timon's salute consisted of a courtly kiss on the back of her head; an attention which obviously pleased her.

"There would be no objection to our staying out a bit late?" suggested Mike.

"How anybody can keep awake in this cold air, after ten o'clock, is too much for me," replied the old lady, sleepily. "But I know I could do it at your age—yes, indeed. You will just take reasonably good care of yourselves, that is all I can possibly ask."

"Yes," continued the old lady, "you are big enough and old enough to take care of the girls, and I will only remind you that I depend on you to do it."

She went upstairs on the arm of her maid, Nora.

"What a good sport Grandmother is," exclaimed Mike. "I wish I had told her that we were going on this turtle hunt. If she weren't so sleepy, I believe she would come along with us. She may be eighty-two, but she is just as keenly interested in life as if she were our age."

"Why not go upstairs," questioned Barbara Ann, "and just tell her the truth?"

"I will."

In less than two minutes Mike was down again, smiling from ear to ear.

"She wishes we wouldn't bother her so much by asking about our amusements," he reported. "She tells me not to do anything that I wouldn't like my father to know about. Well, then, I'll take the responsibility of this turtle hunt. One thing is sure—we won't run into any robbers on that little, deserted Adam's Isle."

"What do we take with us?" asked Jane. "Not much," answered Mike. "This is a picnic, you know, as well as a hunt. We are invited guests. We might take a skillet to scramble the eggs, and maybe some butter and coffee would be appreciated."

They went down to the beach laden only with the skillet and a crock of butter. The stars lit up the sky with soft light, and the four adventurers were soon running along the shore toward the ruin of the old fort, where the colored people were to meet them.

AN amused shout of welcome greeted the quartet as they rounded the promontory on which the old fort stood and came into view. Every ducky was highly tickled and much pleased to have white folks in the party. Boats were already in the water, ready to be shoved off, and, though they looked rather battered and old, the distance to be traversed was not great, and Mike knew that Timon and the girls could swim as well as he could himself. So they set off undaunted.

"What makes you think we're going to find any turtles so late in the season, Unc' Moses?" Mike asked his particular friend in the boat which he and Timon and the girls occupied with several old negroes and pickaninnies.

"Seed a ole lady come up to water her eggs las' night," the old man explained, "an' I says ter myse'f there's gwiner be mo' an' mo' uv 'em t'night 'cause the moon's bigger."

"Water her eggs?" repeated Jane blankly. "Yes'm; them ole lady turtles brings water ter water their eggs ev'ry night while there's a moon. They brings about a quart in a pouch and turns hit over the place whar dey remembers buryin' the eggs. You couldn't find the place whar they's buried, but them turtles don't never forget. An' when the sun has hatched out the little turtles, back the ole one comes ter git the chillen and take 'em into the sea."

There was no singing in the boats on the out trip. For once Barbara Ann witnessed an excursion party of negroes keeping quiet,

for turtles have a keen sense of hearing. And the closer they approached to Adam's Isle—an uninhabited, wild-wooded place, too poor and stony for cultivation—the quieter they became.

A sense of high adventure thrilled the two white girls, and they gripped hands hard. The moon had risen over the rippling sea and flooded the quiet waters with its light, and while the boats moved between the line of dark woods to the west, which marked Treutlen Isle, and the wilder, darker spot farther on where Adam's Isle lay, one could play at being pioneers crossing to unknown lands. Would painted savages spring out upon them as they clambered up the beach and the eyes of wolves gleam in the darkness? Was any living thing moving among those moss-shrouded trees, watching them as they approached?

Amusing themselves with these fantasies, the girls and boys were far from guessing that eyes really did watch them as they drew nearer and nearer to the shore. Hostile eyes they were, too, peering from the undergrowth, and somebody swore as it became evident that the boats were making for the rocky isle. But these watchers wore khaki shirts, not buckskin, and the weapons they carried were not bows and arrows but bulged in their hip pockets and glinted blue in the moonlight. They retreated farther and farther into the woods as the boats were pushed up on the beach, and when the excursionists landed the island seemed to be entirely deserted except for themselves.

CHAPTER FOUR

NOT many turtles had come up out of the sea on that August night, but Unc' Moses had not been wrong in guessing there would be a few. The brilliant moon had lured them out, and Barbara Ann and Jane were fascinated by one tremendous old dame, weighing five hundred pounds at the least, who came lumbering up the beach while they watched from the shelter of the first line of trees in the wood. She was seeking a spot above the high-water mark of the tide, and while she was making her sedate progress Jane whispered to the others that it was to be hoped she came to lay and not to care for eggs already planted in the sand.

"I don't feel hungry for eggs that have been sun-baked and watered, or whatever you call it," she said firmly.

"We'll get them fresh; she's come to lay," Mike assured his sister. "See, she's digging a hole! Unc' Moses says they don't dig up the eggs after they are once covered but just pour the water over the sand."

Mrs. Turtle was indeed busily engaged in digging a deep hole in the beach, scooping it out with her flapper, and when its depth suited her she deposited a host of eggs within it and then rose up on her hind legs and patted the sand down so firmly and smoothly that none could have told where the hole had been.

"Ef we wanted ter ketch her, we'd head her off now an' turn her over on her back," Unc' Moses told the white boys and girls. "When she's on her back she's plum helpless 'cause she can't right herself. But hit ud take two men wid a plank ter turn dat ole lady over, she weighs so much."

"We don't want to lug any five-hundred-pound turtles into our boat anyhow," Mike protested hastily. "A couple of 'em would swamp the fleet."

Unc' Moses agreed.

"But wouldn't you like ter take a nice ride on her back?" he asked with a chuckle. "When I wuz little an' light I rid many a turtle inter de water, but I ain't young enough ter like gittin' wet now."

The suggestion was hardly made before Timon darted out of the woods and leaped on the back of the departing mammoth, which was startled into increasing her speed and carried him right out into the water and got him very wet. And as if that were not bad enough Jane had to go and do likewise, catching one not so big, but big enough, that was making for the water. Jane flung her light body on the hard shell in time to be carried out to sea. Her startled brother chased her into the surf, and they came back with Timon, all three dripping.

"We sho' will have ter make a fire quick now an' dry you chillen out," Unc' Moses chuckled. "Come along an' I'll start one while the other folkses is diggin' fur eggs."

The fire was started in a clearing in the woods, some distance from the beach, and none too soon either, for Jane's teeth were chattering in the cold sea breeze. But her clothes dried quickly, and when the rest of

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 706]

WOULD YOU LIKE TO HAVE A CHECK FOR \$1,000?



\$10,000 prize contest

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RULES

- 1 You may write on any one or all of the subjects, and submit as many entries as you care to.
- 2 Write the subject at the top of the first page of each manuscript you submit.
- 3 Write plainly on one side of the paper only. Neatness counts.
- 4 Write your name and address on each manuscript.
- 5 In case of ties, each tying contestant will be awarded the full amount of each prize tied for.
- 6 Contestants agree to accept the decisions of the judges as final.
- 7 No communications will be acknowledged, and no manuscripts will be returned.
- 8 Employees of the Postum Company, Inc., are not eligible.
- 9 Address envelopes to P. O. Box 594—P, Battle Creek, Michigan.
- 10 Manuscripts must be received before 5 p.m., December 31, 1927.

(Prizes will be awarded, and the names and addresses of prize winners announced as early as possible in 1928.) This contest is not limited to residents of the United States—it is open to everyone everywhere.

THE JUDGES

U. S. Senator Royal S. Copeland, M. D., former Health Commissioner of New York City; Alice Bradley, Food Editor, Woman's Home Companion; Sarah Field Splint, Home Economics Editor, McCall's Magazine.

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the crowd came laughing and chattering up from the beach with a great number of eggs (one turtle lays from a hundred to twice that number or more) physical comfort had put the three surf-riders in good spirits again, and they were ready for the "party."

"Turtle eggs is mighty rich, honey," one woman told the girls. "Us niggers kin eat a lot, but you hadn't better eat much."

The eggs were scrambled and served with coffee and crackers, and while they ate laughter filled the glades of the forest. The statement that "us niggers kin eat a lot" was proved to be very true, and if Barbara Ann and Jane had not been afraid of what turtle eggs might do to them they could have eaten a lot, too, as the sharp night air had whetted their appetites.

There being no longer any reason for silence, there was noise a-plenty. Everybody was talking or singing; and if some of the older negroes pronounced their words so curiously as to be hardly comprehensible, that just added to the interest of the fantastic picnic.

One thin, girl-like woman sitting near Barbara Ann grumbled over the necessity of keeping up with four small children who seemed to be bent on either falling into the fire or running down the beach and being washed out to sea. As she was so very young, Barbara Ann asked her in surprise if she was their mother.

"Yes'm, dey's all mine," the girl admitted. "I don't know whatever made me go an' git married. Now I got a man an' four young uns ter keep me tied down."

"I ain't got no fam'ly at all; nobody in dis here whole world but mysef," stated an older woman who sat near by. She said it dolefully, but it did not sound so to her hearer.

"Oh, ain't that nice fur you!" the young wife and mother cried enviously.

The conversation became more general. The older members of the party began to talk of a time, not many years ago, when they had been seized with the notion of flying to heaven and had taken up a large collection and given the money to a white man who had promised to buy wings for them. They were still wondering what had become of the white man and why he didn't return with the wings.

The talking and laughing and joking, intermingled with singing and rollicking, went on for so long that Barbara Ann began to look anxiously at the watch on her wrist. She felt that she was the only responsible member of the party, since Mike and Timon appeared to have forgotten all thought of time and Jane was the very antithesis of everything her name implied. Whoever had had the naming of the Treutlen children had made very poor selections, Barbara Ann thought. Michael had managed to express his personality by reducing his dignified cognomen to Mike, but Jane was still Jane when Titania would have suited her better. Well, that just made it all the more necessary for somebody to take control of matters at this juncture, and so Barbara Ann suggested a return home.

"Oh my, I don't a bit want to go home," Jane lamented. "This moon is so jolly and big."

"But I suppose we had better go," Mike agreed with his cousin, though reluctantly. "Uncle Moses and the old folks are about to start off, and we'll go with them."

SO the four young white guests rose, expressed their appreciation for everything, and accompanied the older members of the party to the beach. But there it was discovered that there would not be room for them in the small boat that was being launched unless four stayed behind, and it didn't seem fair to allow that. The girls insisted that these old people should be taken home as planned and that they and the boys would go with the next load. So they turned back again and crossed the beach.

"Let's not go back into the crowd," Jane begged. "I like it here on the beach in the moonlight."

"It's gorgeous!" Barbara Ann agreed and looked at Jane's red hair, in which the moon tangled its rays. "I declare, Jane, you look like a fairy! I half expect to see you go dancing off on a moonbeam."

"Why not?" laughed Jane and danced across the beach and farther and farther down the shore while the others ran to keep her in view. Presently they were so tired that they sat on the sand to rest and enjoy the scene.

Behind them the great trees formed a

dark wall, from which long curtains of gray moss hung down, and in front the white waves lapped the white sand and the moon gleamed like silver over all. Some sweet scent was in the air, and from the woods came the music of negro voices singing one of those wild plaintive melodies that make the heart ache.

Presently they began to talk of the mystery in which they were all so interested. "Bab," said Mike to his cousin, "where is Jekyll Island, where the millionaires come flocking every winter? It's somewhere near here, isn't it? I've sort of lost my bearings in the years I've been away from home."

"You can see Jekyll from St. Simon's Island, but not from here or from our isle," Barbara Ann answered. "I've never been over there, because people say the caretakers of the millionaire homes have not got sweet dispositions and don't like trespassers."

"I'm not thinking of going there; I'm just wondering if it's near enough for this gang that Grandma tells us about to have stolen from there and escaped to Treutlen Isle to bury the loot?"

"Oh, yes, it's near enough for that. And there are other islands along this coast where the big Northern millionaires have winter homes. But if there has been a series of robberies at these places, why has there been nothing in the papers about it?"

"Because rich folks like to keep their affairs quiet, if possible," Mike conjectured. "I'm not talking about the new rich, who want to get publicity, but the established people of great wealth who don't need any advertising. If they lost anything valuable, they'd hush it up and have private detectives do the investigating instead of calling in the police. That's what may have happened here."

The others agreed. "Just think what gorgeous things may have been plundered from their homes and buried on Treutlen Isle!" cried Jane excitedly. "Millionaires are always collecting beautiful objects from everywhere. There is no telling what we might find on our island if we only knew where to dig."

"Let's dig up the whole place!" cried Timon eagerly.

"Oh my, wouldn't your royal muscles ache if you tried it!" Mike jeered. "You'd better wait until you have dug one hole in your life before you set out to dig up an island. No, what we must do is to solve that cipher, which I'm sure will tell us just exactly where each object is buried. Tomorrow I'm going to begin working on it again."

"It's mighty near tomorrow right now," Barbara Ann exclaimed, jumping to her feet. "We really must go. It's getting later every minute."

THIS remarkable statement delayed them still longer by giving the others a chance to be witty. Did it really get later every minute, they wanted to know? How about the minute after midnight? And, as they had promised themselves to be home early from this picnic, hadn't they better wait now for it to get early? But even as they idly chattered the boys and Jane got up from their sandy seats and walked with Barbara Ann back along the way they had come to the place where the boats were moored—or rather, to the place where they had expected to find them moored, for not a boat was there!

"Just stand still and wait for it to get later by one more minute," Mike directed the others and rushed off into the woods toward the clearing. He told himself that he might have known that the silence which had fallen over Adam's Isle about a quarter of an hour earlier had been ominous. And its significance was apparent as soon as he spied the empty glade, the ashes of the carefully extinguished fire, the deserted brush-pile, which had been the center of the evening's activities. Not a ducky was left on the island.

Coming back to the beach, he told the girls and Timon what they already knew, that they were marooned for the night on an uninhabited island. Supposing they had returned home with the old people in the first boat that had put off, the others had departed later without a notion that they were still there. It was a simple enough mistake and their own fault in not rejoining the party and in going so far down the beach away from the boats. Now it would be late in the morning before Mrs. Treutlen, frantically searching for them as of course she would do, would learn where they had been the night before, and that they had not returned in any of the boats which had brought the negroes home. Certainly they

would be sent for then, but what long, lonely hours stretched between!

"I'm awfully thirsty," said Jane plaintively. "Is there any fresh water on the island, or will I have to wait until tomorrow for a drink?"

"There must be somewhere, because we had two bucketfuls at the picnic," Barbara Ann reminded her. "Somebody went to a spring, but I've no idea which way they went. I didn't notice."

"We'll search for the spring. It will give us something to do," said Mike. "The moon will aid us now, but in a short while it will go down, and then you can take it from me as the solemn truth that it will be very dark."

Just why they stopped talking and moved off in silence to look for the spring they could not have told. Perhaps it was because they were sleepy. A sudden yearning for their comfortable beds had come over all of them, and the thought of spending a night in the sand with a chilly ocean breeze blowing over them depressed the girls. So they had not a word to say as they left the beach and turned instinctively toward the clearing where they had picnicked.

Something flashed in the woods. It was too big for a firefly, and when it flashed again they knew it was an electric torch. Mike put out his hand and drew the two girls quickly into the shadow of a tree, kicking Timon for a warning, although the other boy had already seen the danger and crouched back. Again the torchlight flashed, and a man stepped into the moonlit clearing. He was a white man, but wore a rough suit, and his face was unshaven.

"The darkies are gone," he said to some one behind him.

Another man stepped from among the dark trees, and another and another. All were roughly dressed and looked like tramps. But the last man who stepped into the clearing had shaved recently and hence looked a little more civilized than his companions. The last man was the man who had come to Treutlen Isle for the lost notebook that morning!

The girls gasped, Timon's eyes narrowed, and even Mike sensed the situation, though he had not seen the man who came for the book. They were marooned on an isle where the famous "robber gang" of which Grandmother Treutlen had talked so much were camping! Sleep vanished from their eyes. With hearts beating so fast as almost to smother them, the four youthful adventurers stood watching and listening.

"Thank the Lord, they've gone!" the first speaker went on, approaching the ashes of the fire and stirring them with his foot to make sure there was no brand left to start a conflagration. "I didn't know anyone ever visited this place, or I wouldn't have suggested camping here. Lucky for us that the darkies didn't come anywhere near our tent or see our boats."

"Who were the four white members of the party?" asked another man, who was lighting a pipe.

"I recognized them," said the clean-shaven man, who had joined the party last. "They were the youngsters I saw at the Treutlen house when I went after the notebook this morning."

The mention of the book changed the subject. "If we'd lost that book for good, we might never have located our things," said the first speaker grumblingly. "I can't get over your carelessness in dropping it. All of our trouble these last six months or so might have gone for nothing and our prospects of wealth have sizzled out. Are you sure, Finley, that the people who found it couldn't read that cipher?"

"Positive!" chuckled the man called Finley. "It's a good cipher, if I did concoct it myself. I got the idea off an old Colonial tomb over on Treutlen Isle. Just as soon as I read the epitaph the cipher popped into my head."

"Well, I'm for bed," said the man with the pipe, and they all straggled out of the clearing again and disappeared in the woods.

NOT until they were all out of sight and the flash of their torchlights and the sound of their footsteps cracking the underbrush were no longer evident did the boys and girls stir.

"What on earth are we going to do?" Mike said in a worried tone. "When dawn comes, they are sure to find us. I don't suppose they'd harm us in any way, but I'm not crazy to find out while you girls are along."

"Why do you suppose they are camping on Adam's Isle and burying their loot on Treutlen Isle?" wondered Barbara Ann.

"Easy to guess! If they are caught here,

the sheriff will naturally suppose that their loot is hidden here too. But if it's on another island, it's just that much safer."

"They spoke of having boats," Timon reminded his companions. "And of course they must have. Why shouldn't we take one and row home? Then we can set the boat adrift, and the men will think the tide carried it off. If they've got more boats than one, they will go after it and never guess what really happened."

"Good idea! I'll be the one to steal the boat," Mike offered. "You stay with the girls."

"No!" cried Timon indignantly, his eyes flashing. "I do not stay with the girls! I am no sissy!"

"Oh, I beg your pardon; I didn't mean it that way. But some one has to stay to protect the girls, you know."

"Then you will stay. I will go after the boat, for it was my suggestion."

Mike wanted to argue this, but the prince had slipped away like a cat before he could do so. As the girls could not be left alone, Mike had to stay behind and fume. But he admired Timon for having shown so much courage.

"If anything happens to Timon, his country will lose its future ruler," the American boy lamented.

"He's braver than I thought," admitted Barbara Ann. "But it's my opinion that Timon's country will be better off in the future without Timon."

"You don't like him?" asked Jane in surprise.

But Barbara Ann could not say flatly that she did not like Timon, however much she disapproved of him.

"I think he is too irresponsible ever to be the head of a state," she hedged. "He is not interested in his people's prosperity. He has come to America to have a good time instead of to learn how to serve his country, which is what his father sent him here for."

It seemed a little funny to be standing there talking about Timon when they were in such a dreadful predicament as being marooned on an island with a gang of robbers, and the subject was soon dropped. Or rather, they talked of what Timon was doing at that moment instead of what he would be doing years hence. Were the boats where he could get one easily and launch it alone, or were they drawn high up on the beach and hidden? Would the men have fallen asleep as soon as this, or would one of them be wandering about and catch the boy? And what would they do to him if they caught him?

Meanwhile Timon, sliding after the men as noiselessly as a panther and able to see in the dark woods almost as well, was having no trouble in tracking them down. Never suspecting that they were not alone on the little isle, these men did not try to move silently or to be cautious in speaking or in the use of their flashlights. The boy was soon peering through a bushy screen at their camp, which seemed a very comfortable place, and watching them make preparations to retire. The tent was pitched well back in the woods beyond the reach of the tide, but two boats were tied to a post in the sand much farther down, and no one was guarding them. In front of the tent a stove had been set up, and some greasy pans and dishes had been stacked upon its cold top. Fishing poles and a shotgun told how the men were passing the time while "lying low" on the deserted isle, and there were also many newspapers lying about. It wasn't a pretty place, but it looked innocent enough and might have been the camp of business men on a summer vacation instead of thieves hiding from the eyes of the law.

When the last man had entered the low tent where they all slept and dropped the flap Timon stepped out of the sheltering woods, walked across the moonlit beach without concealment of any kind, untied a boat, shoved it down into the water, got in and rowed away with an unconcern of possible pistol shots which would have aroused even Barbara Ann's admiration if she had witnessed it. And, because bold tactics usually succeed, he rounded the island without being detected and was soon out of sight of the camp. When he appeared at the place where he had arranged to meet his friends they were waiting with little expectation of seeing him and welcomed him all the more cordially for that reason. And so they rowed home.

It had been a real adventure, the young people all agreed, as they stepped out at their own landing place on their own island a little later and there left the boat to the mercy of the ocean, to be carried where the

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waves preferred. Of course they had to go to bed as quickly as they could now, but next day they would have something to talk about.

"Remember what that man Finley said about the cipher?" Mike whispered to his companions as they stole toward the house, devoutly hoping Mrs. Treutlen was not looking out of her window tonight. "He said it had been suggested to him by an epitaph on a Colonial tomb on this island."

"I know where the old tomb is, but I've forgotten the epitaph," said Barbara Ann.

"We'll look it up tomorrow. If we can just solve that cipher, we'll know at last what these men are up to and whether or not Grandma is right in thinking they are thieves."

Then they stole up to their rooms. At seven the next morning Dora had a time of it waking them up.

CHAPTER FIVE

AT the breakfast table Mrs. Treutlen noticed the heavy eyes of her young guests and asked them if they had not slept well.

"Oh, I slept beautifully, wonderfully!" cried Jane enthusiastically, her tone tinged with a wistful remembrance of her soft bed. "I went to sleep as soon as my head touched the pillow, and I didn't so much as turn over until Dora came to wake me."

The others said the same thing, and the old lady was satisfied. It did not occur to her to ask at what hour their heads had first touched their pillows.

"Grandma," said Mike, changing the subject hurriedly, "is there an old Colonial tomb somewhere on this island? I seem to have heard something about one recently."

His grandmother was shocked to learn that he had not known before that his great-great-uncle, Michael Treutlen, and his wife were buried in a well-preserved brick vault in what had once been the yard of a church, long since burned down, about a mile and a half from this house, on the eastern end of the island. Why, what had his parents been thinking about not to have told him this? Besides, he ought to have remembered! He was eleven years old when he left America, and he had spent many summers on Treutlen Isle in his childhood. Was it possible he had never seen the tomb?

"I reckon it must have sort of slipped my mind," Mike explained apologetically. "I saw so many tombs and things in Europe that I got them all jumbled up in my head. I'm not sure that I could tell you off-hand where even Napoleon is buried."

"Well, but Napoleon wasn't a Treutlen," his grandmother pointed out.

After this Mike hadn't the audacity to ask what sort of epitaph was on the tomb of his relative. It might be something he should have borne in mind all these years. During the rest of the time at table Grandmother did all the talking and addressed Timon in particular as she related the history of the Treutlen family while the plates were changed and Georgia cane syrup and batter cakes finished up the meal. Timon appeared to be much interested, and as the old lady warmed up to her subject he became convinced that his own ancestors, royal though they were, had been mere yokels compared with this Southern American family. Perhaps that was what the old lady intended him to understand!

After breakfast Mike announced his intention of making a pilgrimage to the tomb of his Colonial uncle, and Timon and the girls said they would go with him. Mrs. Treutlen was pleased at this evidence of their interest in the family, which she supposed she had incited, and offered them the use of her little car if they would not be gone too long. She said she had planned to drive into the city that day but was not going until nearly noon, and they would have time to see the old tomb and get back before she was ready to start. So, though they felt a little guilty in accepting the use of the car under false pretenses, they started off at once. After all, it was the old lady's own mystery that they were trying to solve, and she would be as delighted as anybody if they could find the key to the cipher.

A fairly good shell road led across the island, and the drive was a pleasant one. On either side of the road dense woods shut out all but a filtering of sunlight, and then suddenly the car would emerge into brightness again as little fields of corn or cotton and watermelon patches, planted by the native negroes, alternated with the stretches of woodland. Crape myrtle bushes and olean-

ders, tall as trees, clustered around the cabins they passed, and white poppies grew thick along the edge of the fields. The ocean was not visible, but a fresh breeze was blowing with a salty tang, and the sound of the sea came to their ears. The only people who crossed their path were negroes, and these grinned broadly as they recognized their companions at the picnic the night before. Except for their teeth, the palms of their hands, the soles of their feet, and the whites of their eyes, these negroes were all so black as to be almost startling.

"How does it happen that these people are so much blacker than the three servants at Treutlen House?" Timon asked Barbara Ann curiously, for he was sitting with her in the rear seat of the car.

"Aunt Nannie's servants are not geechees," she told him. "That's what all these island negroes are called."

Mike drove the car over a root just then and bounced the occupants of the rear seat so high that they struck their heads on the top and very literally saw stars. When she had come out of a semiconscious condition and had told Mike what she thought of him, Barbara Ann explained to Timon what she meant by "geechees."

"They get the name from the Ogeechee River, which flows in this part of the South," she said. "I don't believe they are found anywhere in the United States except on this coast and the islands around it. They were brought from the Congo Valley in Africa to work in the rice fields because negroes from other parts of Africa couldn't stand the climate in the old days when there was so much malaria around here. It's because they came from the Congo that they are so dreadfully black. And you may have noticed that they are shorter than our house-servants, too, though broad-shouldered."

THE car now drew up at the side of the road. Mike had spied an old graveyard, amid which the ruins of a church still stood, and he knew it must be the place they were seeking. Most of the graves were just low, stone-covered oblongs over which vines and weeds had tangled themselves, but the brick tomb to which Barbara Ann pointed was better kept, though in a remote part of the yard. They got out of the car, and Barbara Ann found the path for them, which led through the undergrowth and beneath great live oaks, trailing yards on yards of gray moss, which they had to part to pass through. The tomb stood on a green knoll and was closed by a heavy slab of granite, on which the epitaph was carved. Going close to it they read this:

Sacred to the Memory of
MICHAEL TREUTLEN
Who Died on the 28th of June 1751 Aged 42
Years He Sleeps Here with Rachel His Wife
Awaiting the Resurrection
All Life Is a Circle
Omega Follows Alpha And Alpha Omega
Behold We Go Forward to Meet
What Is Past

"It makes a body feel a little queer to see his own name on a tombstone," Mike observed, rubbing his eyes.

"But as long as you do see it there is nothing to worry about," Barbara Ann comforted him.

They stood reading the epitaph over and over, wondering how anyone could have made a cipher from it but quite certain that the key to the code they hoped to unlock was hidden there, if they could only find it. Barbara Ann regarded it steadily, silently, intently, and did all her thinking without the help of gestures or exclamations, but Mike ran his fingers through his red hair until it stood on end and beat his temples with his fists and began walking up and down as an aid to mental activity. Jane regarded the vault with an amused, pixie-like look on her face, as if tombs were rather funny things which she herself never intended to inhabit. And who could imagine little fairy-like Jane as anything but alive? She seemed as out of place in a graveyard as a dryad. But Timon might have been a dark spirit brooding over his own grave as he stood with narrowed eyes and the still, queer look of the East upon him, staring unwinkingly at the words he was trying to understand.

"Well, let's get back to the sunshine," cried Mike at last. "The gloom engendered by all this gray moss sort of hinders the working of my mind. When we are on a nice sunny beach again we may get a little light on the matter. Nothing enlightens one like the sun!"

"Hadden't we better copy the epitaph to



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take with us?" Barbara Ann suggested. Mike groaned. "I couldn't forget it if I tried. It's one of those things that will go over and over in my head until I either solve the cipher that is based on it or go insane, probably the latter."

"I do not think it is going to be so hard," said Timon as they turned their footsteps back to the car. "I'm sure that only the last four lines hold the key to the code. It must be based on a circle of some sort, a circle of numbers."

"Or letters," Jane suggested.

"Yes, to be sure, for Alpha and Omega are the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet."

"I do hope it's not in the Greek language!" Barbara Ann cried, aghast. The others had traveled and might know Greek, but she did not.

"Not likely, with all the initial letters of the words in English script," Mike reminded her. "It's based most probably on our own alphabet. But let's get home first and return Grandma's car and get the copy of the cipher that we made. Then we can sit down comfortably somewhere with pencils and paper and make a real effort to solve the thing. That man Finley didn't strike me as a particularly bright fellow, and if he connected this cipher himself we ought to be able to work it out. No use being pessimistic about it, as I was a moment ago. We'll get the answer yet."

They drove homeward hurriedly, excited over the prospect of solving the cipher and perhaps making an important discovery, and they felt so happy and innocent that no painted cherub in a medieval picture could have been more unconscious of wrongdoing than those four were at that moment. So their surprise was great when they were met on the front porch by Dora, who told them that Mrs. Treutlen was very angry with them and wished to see them at once in her room.

"Why, what have we done?" cried Jane in genuine astonishment.

"We must have kept the car longer than we should," Mike surmised in perplexity. "But she said she didn't want it until noon, and it can't be that late."

"You geese!" Barbara Ann whispered. "She has learned about last night, of course!"

And that was the case, as they very soon found out. Old Uncle Moses had come to the house in great anxiety that morning to learn if the girls and boys had reached home safely the night before. He had just discovered that they were supposed to have returned with him and the other old people in the first boat, and that the rest of the party knew nothing about them. So, in great fear of some accident to them or of their having been left behind on Adam's Isle, he had forgotten his pledge of secrecy and had hurried to the house to see if they were safe. And thus the whole nocturnal adventure had been laid bare and old Mrs. Treutlen had learned that while she had slept the night before her young guests had stolen out of the house and had not returned until the small hours. And the old lady was very, very angry, as perhaps she had reason to be.

They all looked and felt like small children as they stood before her and took their scolding. She did not mince matters or choose her words too carefully, and they were left in no doubt of what she thought of their conduct. For she came of a generation that believed firmly in punishment as a correction for the sins of youth, and she intended that they should pay in some manner for their reprehensible behavior.

"Michael, Jane, and Barbara Ann must remain within the house the rest of the day," she stated at the end of her lecture, like a judge pronouncing sentence. "You, Timon, I have no right to deal with. You are not a grandchild or nephew of mine. I cannot punish you, and I do not really blame you as much as I do the others, who no doubt led you into the escapade. So you are free to come and go as you will, but I insist that the others give me their word of honor that they will not go beyond the porches until I return from the city and release them. Will you, Michael? Jane? Barbara Ann?"

As their names were called the three who were thus placed under sentence bowed to the inevitable and gave their promise to be their own jailers. And, knowing that she could trust them to keep their word, Mrs. Treutlen prepared for one of her rare trips to town to see an old friend who was ill and perhaps spend the day with her. Jeff, the gardener, turned himself into a chauffeur on these occasions and seemed to become years younger in the process. For instance, nobody ever called him "uncle" when he was

behind the steering wheel, but it was a term that naturally came to one's lips when he held a hoe in his hands. Sitting in the front seat of his mistress' neat little car, his shoulders grew straighter, a snappy light came into his old eyes, his cap, which replaced his slouch hat, assumed a jaunty angle, and even his words, which were usually drawled out, were clipped, and his tone was brisk. Mike and Jane could hardly credit the metamorphosis when they witnessed it for the first time that day.

Mrs. Treutlen was accompanied as far as the edge of the front porch by her grandchildren and her niece, but there they bowed elaborately and halted significantly, so that it was Timon who led her politely down the steps and installed her in the car. Then she rolled away, and the girls and boys could give their attention to working on the cipher again. Three of them were prisoners, but they really didn't mind, as they asked nothing better just then than to sit on a breezy porch and be quiet while they tried to solve their puzzle.

ANOTHER matter came to interrupt them, however. The "geechee" man, Joel, who was Mrs. Treutlen's own private mail man, came in with letters, and there was one for each of them. Timon's was the most interesting externally, for it came from his father, far away on the shores of the Mediterranean, and the ruler's signature took the place of a stamp. But when he opened it it proved to be a depressing epistle, telling of hard times and the probability of a famine in the country because none of the crops were doing well, and it ended with an earnest suggestion to his son to make the most of his American education so that when he came home he could improve the condition of his people.

"My father makes me tired," Timon complained with a droll expression and read aloud parts of the letter he had received, translating it into English for Barbara Ann's benefit.

"That should put ambition into you instead of making you tired," Barbara Ann told him rebukingly.

The young prince shrugged, and his smile was comical. "What on earth can I do about it?" he wanted to know.

"If you can't find anything to do about it, you should not bear the title of a leader. The rank is but the guinea's stamp, and if that stamp is put on base alloy the people of a country are cheated. And they are cheated even worse when some one is stamped a leader who hasn't any ambition to lead. You were stamped a guinea at your birth, but unless you can prove that you've got the proper amount of gold in you to deserve the rank you betray your countrymen who trust that stamp. You may be worth less than some one who, still to use England's coinage as an example, is stamped a farthing. I should think you'd be ashamed to circulate under a false stamp."

The prince naturally flushed up at all this. He had never heard such plain speaking addressed to him before in his life.

"But really there is nothing I can do," he protested. "There is no way to develop a country like mine. The results of fertilizing it would never justify the expense. The soil is just naturally poor. Nothing will grow but weeds, and they eat up everything. The whole country is just covered with useless plants that can't be got rid of. They sap the fertility of the soil and are of no use to man or beast."

Barbara Ann was all ready to catch at this for a symbol and compare him, the heir of the state, with these plants which drew nourishment from the country without giving anything in return, when Mike changed the subject by suggesting that they all get to work on the cipher and never mind anything else.

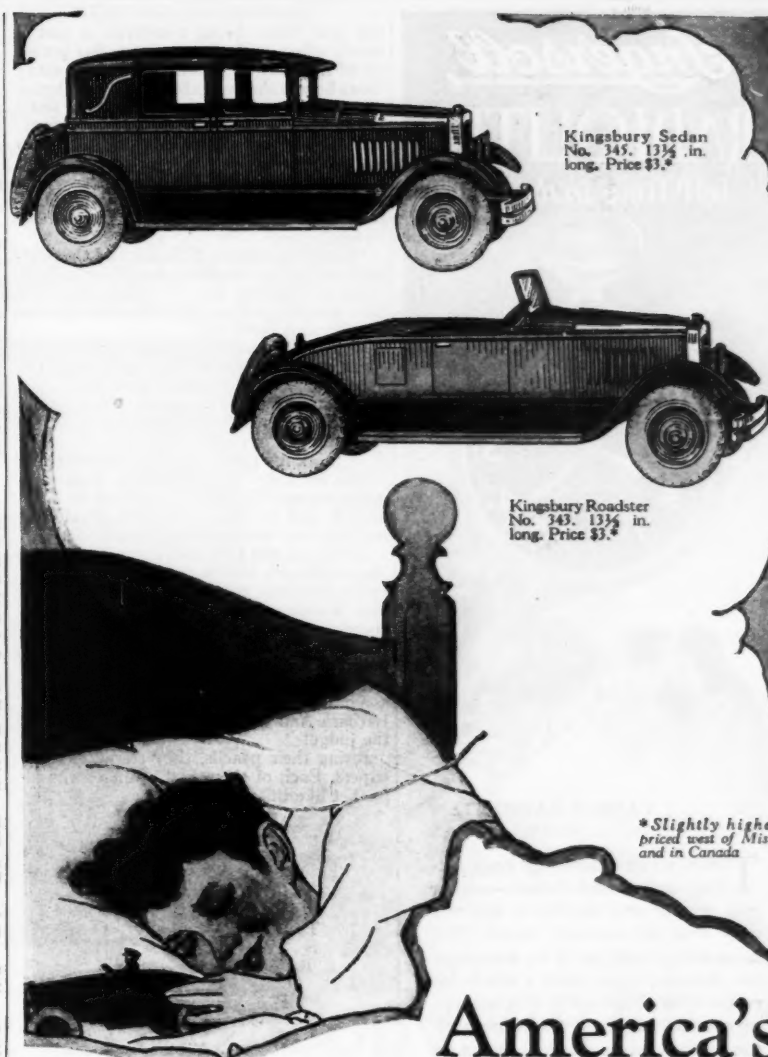
"All Life Is a Circle," he pronounced, repeating the epitaph in which they expected to find the key to the code. "'Behold We Go Forward to Meet What Is Past.' How unpleasant that sounds!"

"Yes," Barbara Ann agreed, for she was quite as willing to turn to an abstract discussion as she had been to lecture Timon. Barbara Ann rather liked to play the mentor on every subject. "Just imagine a murderer having to bump into his crime again and again and again throughout all eternity!"

"Rather pity the poor victim, who, if that's the plan of things, has to be murdered again every once in a while," her cousin retorted. "He's the one I'm sympathizing with."

"Oh, I dare say he wouldn't mind it after

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 710]



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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 709]

the first time. Being murdered is just a bodily affair, and after a victim has gotten rid of his body he wouldn't care how many times he was shot or stabbed. But murdering affects the spirit of the murderer, and so he would have to endure the horror and repentance all over every time he came around to it again.

"Do stop talking about murder," Jane begged with a shiver. "It makes my flesh crawl. Let's give all our attention to this cipher."

"Have you noticed," Timon said thoughtfully, for he was studying the paper he held, "that no number here is higher than 26? And aren't there exactly 26 letters in the English alphabet?"

Mike looked over the pages of the cipher script and saw that he was right about the numbers. None was greater than 26.

"That's true," he agreed. "You think, then, that it's the alphabet that must be arranged in a circle?"

"I think it's fairly obvious from that line in the epitaph—'Omega follows Alpha and Alpha Omega.' In English that means Z follows A and A follows Z, which could only occur if they were arranged in a circle."

Mike and the girls nodded and set down the twenty-six letters of the alphabet in a circle on their tablets. Barbara Ann felt that Timon was doing good reasoning and thereby proving that he had a good mind. But this did not make her think any the better of him. For a boy with a good mind to neglect his duties was much worse than for a moron to shirk, she told herself. Really, Barbara Ann was a bit too fond of playing the judge!

Biting their pencils, they stared at their papers. Each of them had arranged the alphabet like this:



"Now," said Timon, growing excited, "the alphabet has no beginning and no end. We must steadily count forward to find a letter we have passed, for there can be no going back in a circle. Everything must go forward like a clock. We begin to count with the initial letter of each word and never go back until we begin a new word with a new initial. Take the first word in the cipher—T-14-23. From the letter T we count 14 letters and that is H, and from there we count 23 letters forward in the circle clockwise, and that is E. So we have THE. Then we begin the second word with the initial G and count 8 letters and come to O, and set that down and count 23 letters farther, and that gives us L, and from there we go on 18 letters and come to D, and beyond that 1 letter, which is E, and from there 9 letters to N. So there we have the word GOLDEN. And then we begin the next word with the initial C. You see how simple it is?"

Indeed, it was so very simple now that all they would have to do was to count around and around the alphabetical circle. It wasn't long before they had worked out these two entries:

T-14-23 G-8-23-18-1-9 C-18-21-3
A-17-13 F-9-6-23 F-14 W-8-14-1 O-17
B-16-17-20-8 T-21-24-15

G-11-13-22-19 S-8-15-26-18-1-9-13
U-19-16-1-13 N-1-5-9-5-23-25 T-24-13-26
B-25-2-8 O-17 S-1-7-1-10-19

After that there were a great many other items for the excited young people to solve. Every entry in that list made their hearts beat faster and their breath come quick.

CHAPTER SIX

SURELY a group of girls and boys had never sat so still for so many minutes before! They were more excited than they had ever been in their lives, but it showed only in the trembling fingers which gripped their pencils, their flushed cheeks, quick breath, and shining eyes. Timon held the cipher notes, since it was he who had solved the puzzle, and counted the numbers round and round the alphabetical circle, and

as he called out the letters the other three set them down on their tablets. The words took shape like magic. The first two entries in the notes read thus:

THE GOLDEN CUPS ARE FOUR
FT. WEST OF BRICK TOMB.

GREAT SAPPHIRE UNDER
NOTCHED TREE BACK OF STABLE.

And in the other entries they were told of the hiding-places of pearls, little rubies, all sorts of gold and silver objects, some probably of great size, a jeweled coronet, and something listed as "Queen Mary's bracelets." Altogether the treasure was very likely worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, but it was scattered all over Treutlen Isle and would be difficult to gather up. Unlike the pirates of old, the men who had amassed these valuables had not dumped them all into an iron-bound chest and buried them in one spot. They had evidently disapproved of putting all of their eggs in one basket and had cannily scattered them so thoroughly that it would take infinite labor and pains to recover the different items. Yet just one of the jewels, or cluster of jewels, was very likely worth enough to keep a number of people in comfortable circumstances for a long while. The robbers would not need to dig them all up at once. They could come to the island and select what they needed when they wanted it.

The last note having been solved, the four young people just sat and stared at one another in a silence which said more than words could have done. At the moment they could not have put their thoughts into words. But their power of speech returned at last.

"Where do you suppose these valuable things came from?" Jane asked in an unnatural, tremulous voice. "To whom do they belong?"

"They must have been plundered from that millionaire colony near here, as Grandma guessed," her brother replied. "Perhaps they were stolen in the winter or perhaps just recently, if there were any people over on Jekyll Island this summer. I suppose the detectives thought the thieves would make a beeline for the big cities and are searching for them there. Maybe it didn't occur to anybody that they would lie low close by on another island for a few months and then make an easy getaway. And wasn't it smart of the men to bury their loot over here while they pitched their camp on Adam's Isle? They intended that their goods should be safe even if they were caught and put in the jug for a couple of years."

Timon was studying the notes again. "The gold cups at the top of the list may be jeweled antiques and very valuable, but they are buried by that brick tomb we visited this morning, and that's too far away to reach in a hurry without a car," he commented. "The second item in the list, the great sapphire, is very close to this house. It says here 'under notched tree back of stable.'"

"There's a wilderness behind the stable," Mike put in, not in protest but just musingly. "That's where the woods begin."

"But a notched tree ought not to be hard to find if it's somewhere close to the stable," Jane said eagerly. "Let's go look right this minute. If we can locate it, we'll have the sapphire to show Grandma when she comes home."

But here Barbara Ann took the joy out of life.

"Until Aunt Nannie comes home we can't go beyond the porches," she reminded the two young Treutlens. "It's no use talking about running out to dig for treasure when we've given our word of honor to stay in the house."

They had forgotten this, and Mike's consternation was extreme. To possess a treasure-chart and have a fortune in jewels within one's grasp, but to be bound by word of honor not to leave the house, was almost too much to bear. And the others found it just as hard as he did. Jane grew solemn and long-faced, and Barbara Ann, who felt obliged to remind them of their promise, was every bit as impatient under the restraint as her more excitable cousins and was very close to tears as a vent for her feelings.

"Let's get Grandma on the telephone and see if she will release us from our promise," Mike suggested at last. "When we tell her we've solved the cipher and know exactly where to dig for treasure she will surely agree."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 712]



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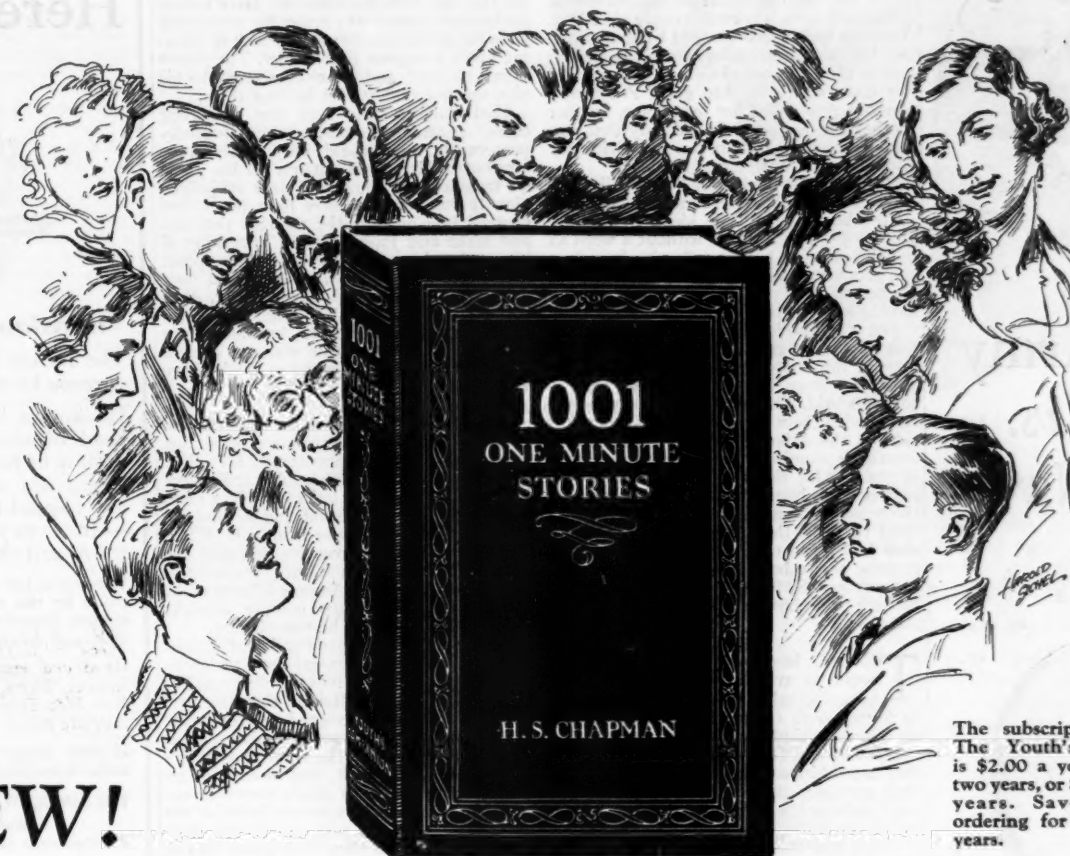
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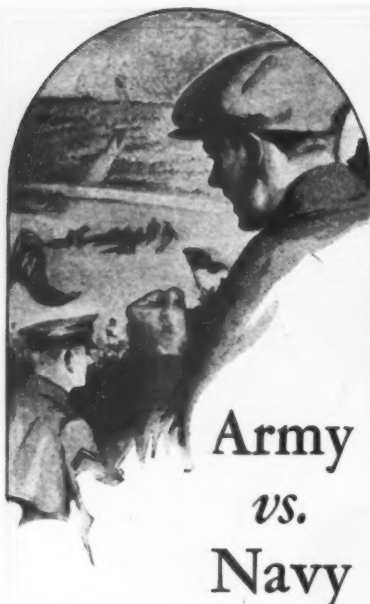
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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 710]

Barbara Ann found the telephone book and looked up the number they wanted and worked the dial, which she alone understood, but when they had got the connection a hospital nurse answered crisply that Mrs. Treutlen had indeed stopped by that morning, but that her friend was too ill to see her, and so she had gone elsewhere. No, she did not know where she had gone! Frantically Barbara Ann called her own home, but her mother had not seen the old lady that day and had no notion where she was. Evidently Mrs. Treutlen was just off larking.

"This is most deplorable," said Mike in a shocked tone when Barbara Ann had reported her failure. "The idea of Grandma going joy-riding like this without a word to us! I'm going to have a talk with her when she gets home. What old people are coming to nowadays I can't imagine! She'll be having her hair bobbed yet!"

But it was no joking matter with them for long. They had given their word of honor to stay in the house until evening, and they would no more break their parole than a soldier would. The fact that buried treasure surrounded them on all sides like the lapping tides of the Atlantic did not absolve them from their promise. There was the alternative of sending for the sheriff and putting the matter in his hands, which would have been the sensible thing to do, but they did not want to make that move yet; and besides they had given old Mrs. Treutlen another promise not to betray her confidence about the mystery. So for three of them there was nothing to do but sit still and twiddle their thumbs.

TIMON, however, was free. Timon could go treasure-hunting and come back and tell or show the others what he found. And, though he disliked leaving his friends behind and having them lose the excitement and fun of digging for treasure, they urged him so strongly to go and satisfy their curiosity that he finally agreed. He could seek for the sapphire in the wilderness behind the stable even if he went no further.

"Ain't you chillen gonna eat no dinner?" Dora asked, coming out on the porch, where they still lingered. "I done called you four or five times, an' all der virtuals is gittin' cold."

It was hard to eat when they were so excited, but three of them had nothing else to do and might as well pass the time that way as any other, and it didn't seem fair to send Timon out to dig trenches all the afternoon without sustenance. So they ate dinner, and then Mike and the girls stood at a back window and watched the prince march away with a spade over his shoulder and disappear behind the old brick stable beyond which the thick woods began. There was no one else to notice his movements except Dora and Lucindy, and they were eating their own dinner at the moment and not looking out. So he passed from the view of his friends, and the wilderness swallowed him up. The sun shone serenely, the clocks ticked the time away, the tide came up and boomed along the shores, and Mike and Jane and Barbara Ann fidgeted and fidgeted and waited.

Timon walked briskly until he had entered the woods and then very slowly as he scouted about to find a notched tree. He was sure the tree would be close by the stable, since the robber band had used that as a landmark, and he was not wrong in this surmise. Indeed, he found such a tree very promptly, and then he had only to decide on which side of it to dig. The side on which the trunk was notched was probably the best bet.

The prince was not an expert digger. It did not occur to him that to remove his coat might give his arms freer play, and he proceeded to dig for treasure in exactly the condition of costume in which he had come from the luncheon table. He pressed his spade against the earth and flung all his weight upon the handle and thought the soil very hard. Then he decided that it might help a little to put his foot on the shoulder of the implement, and he was surprised and delighted at the ease with which it went into the earth. Lifting the soil he flung it aside and stood up and regarded the cavity. He was so proud of its depth that for a moment he forgot why he had dug it. Then he recalled that he was seeking buried treasure, and he repeated the process of inserting the spade and raising the soil. By doing this systematically it seemed that he would eventually have an excavation of some size.

This was not the first time the prince had handled a spade. One of his few duties in life in the past had been to break ground for imposing new buildings in his father's coun-

try, but the ground on those occasions had always been nicely loosened up beforehand by the reception committee, or somebody, and it had taken no strain at all on his part to lift the soil. This was different. Here nature declined to make it any easier for royal arms than for democratic arms, and lack of training made it a great deal harder. The prince began to pant, and his clothes stuck to his skin uncomfortably. But he kept trying.

Had Barbara Ann seen him struggling there, panting, perspiring, but doggedly persevering, she would very likely have attributed his efforts entirely to his greed for treasure, but she would have misjudged him. It was not the desire for a jewel that spurred him on, but the thought that she and Mike and Jane expected something of him and a determination not to disappoint them. He discovered that he wanted very much to live up to their expectations. Also, he wanted to see the job through for its own sake. Knowing what to do, he was certain he could do it. And this was not such a new-born trait as his guardian might have supposed!

What was that?

It was not the sight of buried treasure which caused his nerves to grow tense, but the sound of voices approaching him. Not negro voices either, which would hardly have surprised him, but the voices of white men, as well as his ears could judge, and he thought the tones were familiar. When through an aisle of trees he glimpsed the speakers he knew them at once for the band of men he had seen on Adam's Isle the night before. And they were coming straight toward the spot where he was digging.

Should he drop his spade and run? Should he hide? Or should he stand there and wait for them? The alternatives ran over quickly in his mind, and he decided that the first would be the act of a coward and the latter unwise. So he put the spade behind a bush and slid away among the trees and undergrowth and hid himself. But he did not go too far to overhear the men's conversation.

"Wasn't it somewhere around here that we put the great sapphire?" one of the men asked the others as they drew closer to the notched tree. "I've half a mind to move it. This is no place for it in my opinion. It's too close to the house and might be molested."

"Oh, leave it alone," another member of the party said easily. "This place is as good as any other. No one comes into this wood and—"

The words broke off so abruptly that Timon knew the men had seen the excavation under the tree. An oath from somebody confirmed the fact.

"Devil take it! Who's been digging here!" came the violent exclamation.

"The earth is fresh, and not a leaf has fallen into the hole since it was made," remarked another member of the band. "You were sure right, Benson, in saying this is no place for the sapphire."

"Look here! Here's the spade!" announced the man who had come to the house the day before to get the cipher notebook. "I'll bet it's old lady Treutlen's, because it looks too costly for a dorky's implement."

"What'd she be digging here for?" another questioned.

"Not she, naturally, but some of her household. One of those two boys you see around, perhaps. Well, I only wish I could lay my hands on him! I'd wring his neck! That'd keep him from digging where he's got no business doing it."

The speaker looked all around as he made this threat, and his gaze was suddenly held in the direction of the spot where Timon was hiding. The boy crouched down further behind the protecting vegetation, but the man's gimlet eyes seemed to pierce the barrier like an X ray. Did he see him? Would he drag him out? Would the men guess that he had read the cipher notes and knew their secret? Feeling that his life hung by a thread, Timon waited.

MEANWHILE, at the house where Mike and the girls fretted and fumed with impatience the clock struck two, three, half past three, and no Timon! What on earth had become of him? Why was he so long? Surely it didn't take two hours to locate the notched tree, which ought to be very close to the stable, and excavate around it?

"We shouldn't expect a prince to dig fast," Barbara Ann said with that little trace of derision which always came into her voice when she referred to Timon's title. "Royal muscles are not capable of much strain."

"But even an emperor could have dug a

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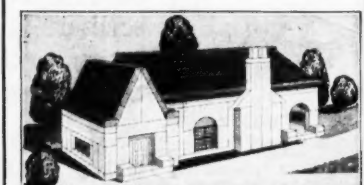


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deep well by this time," Mike grumbled. "Just look at that clock—it's nearly four!" "Maybe Timon has found the sapphire and is now looking for some of the other jewels," Jane suggested.

"But he promised to come back with the sapphire immediately or anyhow report what he found. If he didn't find anything in that place, he was to come and report that before he went anywhere else."

"Is he to be trusted, Mike?" asked Barbara Ann significantly.

"Trusted? Why, of course! He won't run off with the treasure, if that's what you mean."

"Are you sure? If he really found anything valuable, he may have just taken French leave. He could sail for home, and it would be impossible to convict a prince of theft and have his country give him up for prosecution. I wish we hadn't trusted him so completely."

Mike grinned at his cousin. "You haven't much use for princes, have you, Barbara Ann?" he observed.

"What use has the world for princes, as far as that's concerned?" she retorted. "There may have been some use for them in the early stages of man's progress, but there isn't now. Ancient princes really did things, but modern royalty thinks it's enough to just drive about and show themselves."

Barbara Ann's extreme democratic principles were too well-known to excite any comment now, and Mike forgot what they were talking about when he looked again at the clock and saw how time was flying. Where on earth was Timon?

"It's possible to carry this Casabianca stuff too far," the boy grumbled, tramping the lower floor from window to window and toward from the porches. "I'm going to break parole and look for Timon."

"Oh, no, Mike; that would be awful, and all for nothing," Barbara Ann protested. "Timon just got tired of digging and has gone around to some other beach and is having a nice cool time in the surf."

"But he promised to come back!"

"His promises to us probably sit as lightly upon him as his duties to his country. He's just amusing himself without a thought of our impatience."

"And time passes so much quicker outdoors than it does in the house," moaned Jane. "He doesn't know how late it is."

AT six o'clock Mrs. Treutlen came home, and for a few moments she thought that the day's imprisonment had affected the minds of her grandchildren, so incoherent sounded the tale they poured out to her as she came up on the porch. But when she had straightened it out and learned that they had solved the mysterious cipher and knew where marvelous treasures were buried, and that Timon had gone to look for them and had never come back, she gave them their liberty at once. Of course they must go find Timon. The treasure could wait until next day, but a lost prince was a different matter. He might be hurt.

Off they put, overjoyed to be out of doors again but divided between indignation and anxiety about Timon. The first thing they did was to hunt up the notched tree in the wilderness and see if he had done any digging thereabouts. It was the best way they knew to begin the search for him. Twilight still lingered in the woods, and there was no difficulty in locating the tree; but at first there seemed no sign of an excavation. A closer examination changed this idea, however. The ground had been disturbed. Timon, or some one, had dug there, but the hole had been filled in and the earth pressed down. And on the soft soil were footprints, clear, even in that dim light—a multitude of footprints.

"These prints are too big for Timon to have made them," Mike said as he knelt in the dirt, examining one of them. "Like most Easterners, his feet are small and narrow, while these are long and broad."

"These prints were not all made by the same pair of shoes either," Jane declared as she crouched on the ground close to her brother. "Some are bigger than others."

Mike had a folding ruler in his pocket, and he took this out and straightened it and measured the footprints. Jane was right. Several men had been on the spot.

"Here's the spade!" cried Barbara Ann, who had been scouting about, looking for other clues than footprints. "The spade Timon carried with him from the house! I found it lying over yonder in the bushes as if it had been thrown there."

At sight of the implement Mike and Jane both turned a little pale. They felt respon-

sible for Timon's safety, since their father was his guardian.

"He hasn't gone digging anywhere else if he left his spade," said Mike. "And yet that shows he's been here this afternoon. There's just one conclusion. It looks as if that band of thieves came over from Adam's Isle and caught him while he was digging and perhaps made him confess that he had solved their cipher notes. What they did to him then I can't guess!"

It was growing darker and darker in the woods. The girls shivered and looked all around with the uncomfortable feeling that eyes might be watching them. But all was quiet except for the twitter of a sleepy bird and the crack of a twig as the wind whistled through the trees. They called Timon several times, thinking he might be lying injured somewhere near them, but, though they listened intently, no answer came.

CHAPTER SEVEN

WHY are you still sitting up, Barbara Ann?" Jane asked, waking at midnight and seeing her cousin in the moonlight at the window of their bedroom.

"I can't sleep, I'm so conscience-stricken," Barbara Ann explained. "I feel as if Timon's disappearance were all my fault. If I hadn't held such a low opinion of him, with very little cause, and been so sure that he had no excuse for breaking his promise to come back and tell us if he found anything this afternoon, Mike would have gone to look for him hours earlier and may be saved his life. If he's been strangled and thrown in the ocean, I'll never forgive myself."

Jane shivered. "Why do you want to imagine such things! Nothing so bad can have happened, and now that my father is coming home I'm sure that everything will be all right. You knew, didn't you, that Grandma called Washington on the telephone tonight and told Dad that Timon is lost, and he said he would catch the first train home, and not to let it get in the newspapers?"

At last Jane prevailed on her cousin to come to bed, but when the girls woke next morning and saw a heavy rain pouring monotonously from a slate-colored sky and realized it was Sunday a new depression weighed down the spirits of both of them. The chances of finding Timon on a rainy Sunday seemed so much slimmer than they might have been on a bright busy week day!

Mike was almost wild at the condition of the weather. He had hoped to go into the wilderness at daylight and look for more footprints around the notched tree, perhaps following a line of them through the woods, but the rain put that out of the question. The footprints were completely washed out. And every other clue, it seemed to the exasperated boy, must have been washed away too. One couldn't even go digging for treasure in such weather. The robber band might not have lifted all of their buried loot in the short time after they found Timon digging for the sapphire, and if any part of it remained on the island it might help to identify the band and aid in their capture. But how seek for it in a deluge? No wonder Mike chafed and the girls wept and old Mrs. Treutlen went from window to window of the big house scanning sky and earth and blaming herself even more than Barbara Ann blamed herself for what had happened. For she felt that she had been an old idiot not to have reported those suspicious men to the sheriff when she had first noticed them instead of keeping the mystery to amuse herself with.

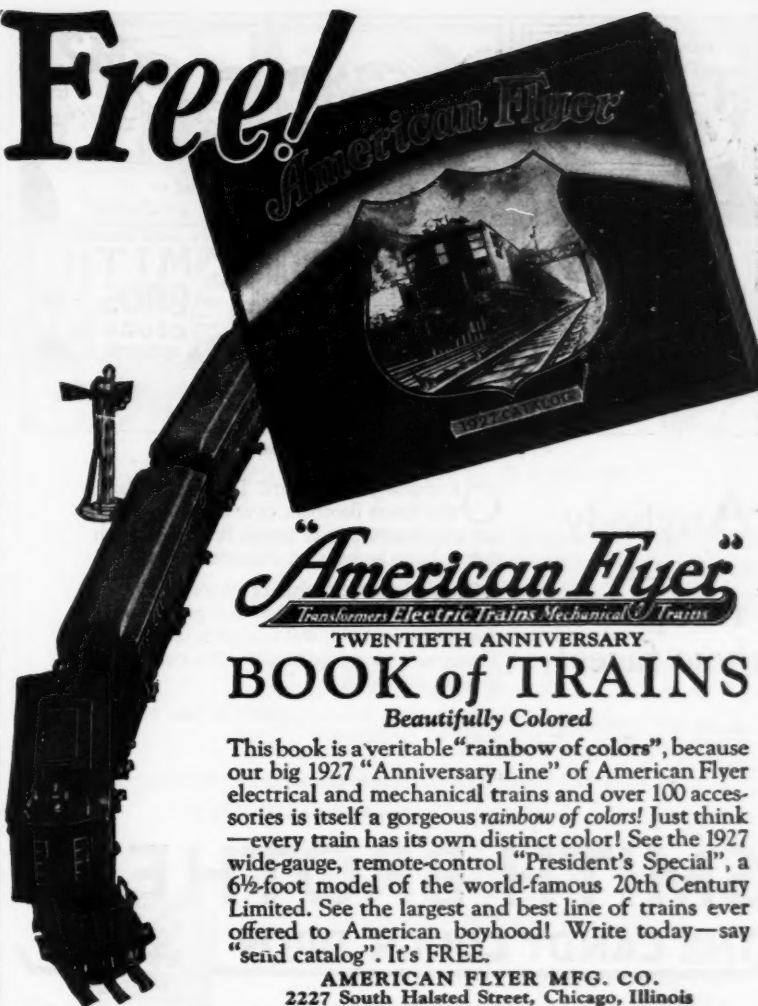
Mike was having a bout with his conscience likewise.

"We might have guessed that those thieves were keeping a watch on their buried treasure," he complained to the girls. "It stood to reason that one or all of them made the rounds of this island every short while to see that nothing had been disturbed. Just a casual glance at the ground would show them if all were safe, and they would never have neglected such a simple precaution while they were in the neighborhood. Yet we allowed Timon, even urged him, to go out alone in the woods with a copy of that translated cipher on his person and start digging under the notched tree. I can imagine some watcher giving a signal and the whole band coming down upon him in a moment. If they found the notes on him and understood that their secret was discovered, there's no telling what they did to him."

"But they must have guessed that the

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 714]

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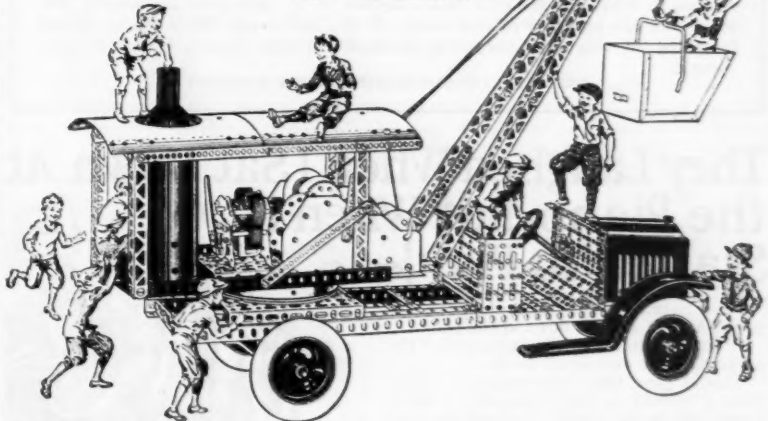
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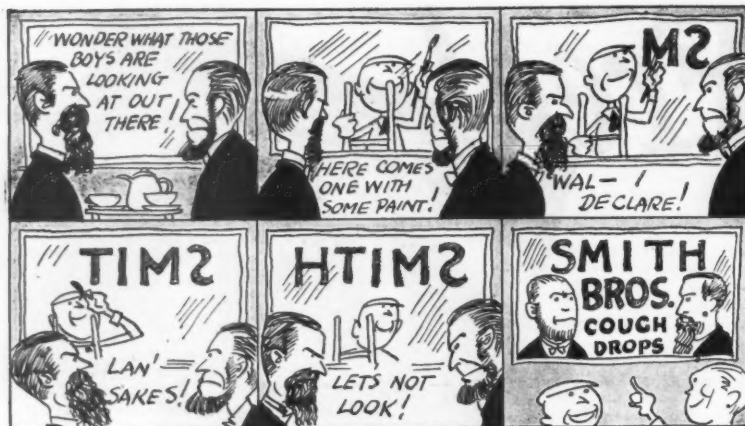
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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 713]

rest of us know their secret too," Barbara Ann put in.

"Not if they saw us sitting on the porches and wandering about the house in the idle sort of way that we spent yesterday afternoon. That must have made it seem that we were not interested and that Timon alone was bent on finding the treasure. Of course if we'd been caught with Timon it would have been different. Then we all would have been put out of the way."

"I'm so glad I was born without a conscience," spoke up elf-like Jane. "I'm the only one of us all who is not taking any blame for Timon's disappearance. And, as blaming yourselves doesn't do a bit of good, I don't see any use in it. You'd better be thinking who's to get the credit for bringing him back instead of whose fault it was that he was taken away."

The three of them were sitting in one of the front rooms downstairs, a big bare place like all the rooms in the house but made cozy by an open fire, and while the rain beat upon the windows they were as securely imprisoned as they had been by their word of honor the day before. So there was ample time to talk things over and think them out.

"You're right, Jane!" Mike exclaimed. "We are just wasting time blaming ourselves when we might be studying the situation. And one of the things that need thinking about is how those men got away from the island. They left their two boats here on Treutlen Isle hidden in the old Spanish fort. We found them there last night when we were searching for Timon. Evidently they didn't return to Adam's after they took him up."

"In that case they must have struck camp over there before Timon came into it at all," Barbara Ann pointed out. "They must already have planned to leave this neighborhood when they came across him digging for the sapphire."

Any new light on the matter was welcome, and this deduction caused all four to sit up straighter.

"As the men certainly aren't on the island now they must have left by land, across the marshes," Mike surmised. "I'm glad we thought of this because it presents a new question to be answered. Did they walk all that distance over the causeway carrying Timon, or driving him before them?"

"Of course not!" both girls answered in one breath, and Barbara Ann added, "They must have had a car."

"Then the question is, did some one bring the car over here after them or did they have it stored somewhere on this island?" Mike mused aloud. "They couldn't have kept a car on Adam's Isle, because there are no roads over there and no way to get a car there except to ferry it. We must make inquiries among the negroes and see if any of them have been sheltering a car in their sheds this summer. If one was stored on the island, there is just a chance that the number was noticed, and if it was a Georgia car we can trace it."

Animated by this idea Mike dressed himself up like a fireman in rubber coat and helmet and went out into the rain to make inquiries. And he learned that a car had indeed been stored on the island that summer, but no one knew its number. The negro who had kept it in his shed had not noticed that.

THE rain stopped after dinner, and Mrs. Treutlen suggested that they get into her car and drive around just to keep occupied and feel as if they were looking for Timon.

"I've got to be doing something," the old lady said. "I can't just sit still and let others do all the searching when I'm to blame for the boy's disappearance. Riding around and asking questions will be some relief."

So they rode all the afternoon, going over to the mainland and making inquiries there of everyone who might have seen a car containing several men and a boy, who perhaps seemed sick or dazed, go past. But apparently no one had. There was no toll-gate on the Treutlen Island road, and it joined the highway so soon after leaving the marshes that a car from that direction would very quickly be lost in the general traffic.

"I hope that's the stream that has engulfed Timon just the same!" sighed Barbara Ann as they turned homeward. "These salt streams winding through the marshes look so—so secretive! They make me shudder."

"Stop the car here, Mike," said Mrs. Treutlen suddenly. "Here under this tree is where Sidney Lanier is said to have stood

when he composed his famous poem, 'The Marshes of Glynn.' I wonder how many of you children know the words?"

None of them did, and the old lady quoted a few lines to them:

"Somehow my soul seems suddenly free
From the weighing of fate and the sad
discussion of sin,
By the length and the breadth and the sweep
of the marshes of Glynn!"

"Can't you feel that way, too, Barbara Ann?"

But Barbara Ann shook her head. "The marshes have the very opposite effect on me. I feel more weighted down by Timon's fate and the thought of murder and dreadful things like that out here among these lonesome marshes than I do at home. How dark and gloomy they look right now! Oh, poor Timon!"

It was a long drive back to the island and late before they reached it. Barbara Ann's fear of the marsh began to affect them all while they drove through it. Each reflected that if those men had made 'way with Timon they must have dropped his body in some winding stream on the marsh. The open ocean might too quickly have given up its secret with the tide rolling in over the low beach which extended beneath the water for a great distance. So the wide marshes looked sinister and repellent to the little party passing through, and hope sank in every heart.

VERY early next morning Mr. Treutlen arrived at the island. He had not made so good time in traveling as he had hoped, and impatience had added an extra burden to his anxiety, so that he was a very much disturbed gentleman when he stepped from a taxicab at his mother's door before breakfast and demanded to know all the details of the strange disappearance of his ward and why it was believed that a band of robbers had made 'way with him.

They told him everything, and he listened in amazement. At the conclusion of the story his comment was hardly complimentary.

"I had hitherto supposed that I had a sane family," he said. "However, we will not discuss right now the foolishness you all displayed in not putting this matter into the hands of the police. Timon is the victim of your folly in thinking you could cope with a band of criminals unaided, but as reproaches will not bring him back we will dispense with them. I suppose I ought to offer a reward for any information about the boy and perhaps I can do this without publishing his identity. Here, Mike, help me compose an advertisement to insert in the papers describing Timon. What was he wearing yesterday afternoon?"

Father and son bent their minds to writing out the sort of advertisement that ought to bring results, and the girls helped, too, as they recalled more clearly than Mike did how Timon was dressed. But that advertisement was never to be given to the public after all. While the family were eating a belated breakfast the negro mail man arrived with a very odd note for Mrs. Treutlen. It was written on a telegraph form in a scrupulous word limit, but it had come by post with a two-cent stamp on it. Briefly it read: "Forced to leave without explanation, but will communicate further shortly." The signature was just a T, but the handwriting was Timon's.

"Well, what is this!" the old lady ejaculated when she had perused it. "Is it a telegram or a letter?"

"It may be the prince's idea of a telegram," Mr. Treutlen admitted ruefully as he examined the paper. "I doubt if the boy knew how to telegraph. To go into a telegraph office and write ten words on a form and then stamp and mail it may have been his idea of telegraphing. Perhaps he thought that whoever opened the post box would promptly speed his message by wire because it was on a telegraph form. We must remember that in all his life Timon never sent a telegram himself, but had them sent for him. And in his backward little country the telegraph is not much used at best. What seems so simple to us may be quite complicated to him."

"But what does he mean by 'forced to leave'?" asked Barbara Ann. "Maybe he sent the message in this queer way because he had only a moment in which to do it? He may have escaped from his captors for just a few seconds."

Mr. Treutlen studied the wording of the message. "He may mean that he was forced by circumstances," the gentleman suggested.

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"I can't imagine what circumstances could have forced him away, but the term is often used without reference to physical force, you know. I was forced to rush home from Washington!"

The message, however peculiar and unsatisfactory, was a great relief to them all. It meant that Timon was alive, and, though the postmark on his communication was too blurred to read, he could not be very far away. Mr. Treutlen said he would not advertise now and would try to hush up any rumor of the boy's disappearance which might get into the papers. It was better just to mark time and wait for the "further communication" which the prince promised them.

"But what shall we do while waiting?" Mike demanded, the day being bright and his excitement high. "I've just got to do something."

"How about a treasure-hunt?" his father suggested. "You and I and the girls will see if we can locate any of these buried jewels you tell me about. It will pass the time if nothing else."

So they borrowed the car from Mrs. Treutlen, put in spades and a rake for clearing the ground, and, armed with the chart which told where the various objects were buried, started out to dig for hidden loot. Mr. Treutlen was almost as interested as the young people in the project, and as he seemed to have put Timon partly out of mind they tried to do the same. Even Barbara Ann felt less conscience-stricken since that message had arrived. At least Timon wasn't drowned in the marsh, and if he was alive there was a good chance of seeing him again and being very nice to him.

"No use to look for that sapphire, I suppose," Mr. Treutlen said as they set out. "If those men caught Timon digging under the notched tree in the wilderness they must have moved the jewel forthwith. Indeed, the chances are that they've carried off all their swag. But we can search in the hope of finding something left. Just one first-water diamond the size of a walnut would satisfy me!"

"There aren't any diamonds on the list," Jane informed him with uncharacteristic literalness as she studied her copy of the chart. "But there are rubies buried ten feet from the entrance to the old Spanish fort, which is just a little distance from here."

"Take me to the rubies then; I'm not particular," said her father cheerfully. "A few flawless stones of the color of a pigeon's blood are all I ask to get my hands on. Besides, I'd like to see the old fort again—which, by the way, was not built by the Spaniards, Jane, but by the English to keep the Spaniards away."

Jane shrugged her slim shoulders. "What's the difference?" she wanted to know.

"Well, it would have made a good deal of difference to America if the Spaniards had been the ones who occupied Georgia. These little forts you can see on this and other islands around here may not be much to look at, but they played a big part in our country's history. To Oglethorpe and his brave men who held them against the dons we owe a debt which few young Americans know enough about. Georgia has perhaps the most varied and interesting history of any state in the Union, and you'd better study it sometime. But right now we are treasure-hunting, aren't we? Read again where the rubies are buried. Close to the fort, you say?"

"Ten feet from the entrance," Jane and Barbara Ann told him in chorus.

The four of them had a pleasant day and lots of exercise, for the girls helped to dig. But if there were any rubies or golden cups or jeweled crowns or other treasures on that island, they remained hidden. Not even a bit of colored glass rewarded the efforts of the treasure-seekers all that long day. It seemed probable that the band of robbers had carried everything away with them. Mourning over their sore muscles at the supper table that night, the three young people mourned even more over the treasure which had not materialized. Only one hope of seeing any of it remained to them.

"Maybe Timon has got the sapphire," Mike suggested. "Maybe he found it before he was caught and concealed it. He may bring it when he comes back."

"If he brings himself back, that's all I ask," old Mrs. Treutlen stated with a sigh. "I've had enough of mysteries. They do very well in books, but in real life I prefer a clear and wholesome atmosphere. And I don't want to see any part of that buried treasure. It certainly wouldn't belong to us if we found it. I want to know that that boy Timon is safe, but aside from that I don't care two

straws about the whole matter. I wish we could hear from him again."

TWO mornings later another odd message arrived from Timon. This was a real telegram, which came over the wires instead of arriving by mail. There was nothing peculiar in its aspect, but the text of it was not very enlightening. Indeed, it added to the perplexity of the already sufficiently perplexed family at Treutlen House. "Please expect guests Thursday morning stop regards to my guardian," was the way it read.

"Somebody has taught him how to telegraph now," Mr. Treutlen commented with a grim smile, amused by the careful "stop." "But how did he know that I'm here?" he added in a puzzled tone.

"The telegram comes from Washington," Mike pointed out. "Very likely he went to your hotel there, and Mother or somebody told him where you are."

This caused the gentleman to fume with annoyance at the way he'd been treated.

"Why in the name of Caesar's ghost didn't they call me on the phone and let me ask a few questions!" he demanded. "And what does the boy mean by telling your grandmother to 'expect guests'? If he means he himself is coming home, who is coming with him? He can't mean your mother, because she is staying on in Washington for a special reason."

"I wish he'd mentioned how many guests I am to expect," Mrs. Treutlen observed with rueful amusement. "Am I to prepare for two or a hundred?"

They could afford to laugh now, for they knew that Timon must be safe and well and that he would probably be with them the next day. The reason for his disappearance was still the darkest kind of mystery, but they were able to be patient and wait now that they were relieved of their fears for his safety. Barbara Ann and Jane went laughing about the house all day, and when Lucindy, the cook, was put to making a cake and picking chickens they said they believed the mistress of the house was preparing for the arrival of the President and all his Cabinet.

"I wouldn't be at all surprised if Timon brought them," the old lady confessed. "Nothing that boy could do would surprise me now. My first feeling of dismay when I learned that my son was bringing a prince home with him has been abundantly justified. My hair has turned white from worry these last few days."

"But it was already white, Grandma," Jane reminded her.

"Then it has turned brown, for I am certain it has gone through some kind of a change."

"Cousin Tom," Barbara Ann said to Mr. Treutlen, "are you going to meet the Washington train and bring home whoever is coming to see us?"

"No, I shall make no move in the matter. This is Timon's affair, and, since he said nothing about my meeting any train, I shall just wait patiently for whatever is going to happen."

So next morning the family rose and dressed early and sat out on one of the porches to wait a reasonable time for their mysterious guests to arrive. Fortunately, they did not have to wait long, for their good-nature was about exhausted. A bright-yellow taxicab came panting up the drive of live oaks at just about the time Mr. Treutlen had arrived on Monday, and from it stepped a smiling Timon and after him the five men whose strange behavior had caused so much curiosity in the Treutlen household of late. Mr. Treutlen had never seen them, but Mike and the girls whispered to him that they were the "robber band," and his interest equalled theirs.

"Madam Treutlen, permit me to introduce Mr. Finley, Mr. Benson, Mr. Martin, Mr. Gray and Mr. Arbuthnot," said Timon, as he led his companions up the steps to the wide porch where the astounded hostess stood. Surprised as she was, the old lady greeted them politely, presented the other members of the family, and after that, with calm disregard of who or what they might be, suggested breakfast. It would never do to irritate Lucindy by keeping it waiting longer.

"Oh, no, no, Mrs. Treutlen," cried one of the men. "We cannot think of imposing on your hospitality for breakfast. We are going back to the city as soon as we have helped this boy tell the tale of his disappearance, which must have worried you so much."

But the hostess insisted, and so the whole party adjourned to the dining-room and

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 719]



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1. Stringing the Bow



2. Nocking the Arrow



3. Taking Position



4. At Full Draw



5. After a Perfect Loose

HOW TO SHOOT THE BOW

SHOOTING "in the long bow," as the old English archer used to put it, is easy enough, if by shooting you mean merely loosing an arrow and sending it to a considerable distance; but shooting accurately and steadily is another matter, and by no means easy. No one can do it who has not good tackle and good form. The purpose of this article is to show, by means of the text and the illustrations, what good form is.

The first step is to string the bow. Grasp the handle in the right hand, with the flat side of the bow toward you and the rounded side, against which the string lies, away from you. Rest the back of the lower end of the bow against the inside of the right instep. Place the ball, or "heel," of the left hand against the back of the bow near the upper end, with the eye, or loop, of the string between the thumb and forefinger. Lean back a little from the waist up. Now, keeping the right elbow tight against the right hip, and pulling inward a little on the bow handle, throw the weight of the upper part of your body forward, push out and away from you with the heel of the left hand, and as the combined pull of the right hand and push of

The Lab continues its popular series of articles on archery for the amateur

By Edward W. Frentz

COUNCILOR, Y. C. LAB

the left hand bends the bow slide the loop of the string into the nock with the thumb and forefinger; but be careful not to get the fingers between the bow and the string, or they will be well pinched. (Fig. 1) To unstring the bow, reverse the process; that is, bend the bow till the string hangs slack, and then slip it out of the nock with the thumb and forefinger. A man's bow, strung, should have a space of from six to eight inches between the string and the belly of the bow; a woman's bow, from six to seven. When you are through shooting unstring your bow at once.

The next step is placing the arrow on the string—called nocking, or setting the arrow in the bow. Hold the bow in the left hand, horizontally across the body, the longer, or upper, lines to the right. Take the arrow by the feather end, but without touching the feathers, and lay it at right angles across the bow at the upper, now the right-hand, end of the handle. With the thumb and forefinger of the right hand turn the arrow till the nock in it can be so fitted to the string as to leave one feather standing upright and at right angles to the horizontal bow. If you were to turn the arrow halfway

round, the nock would still slip on to the string, but one feather would then lie underneath and at right angles to the bow—which is wrong. The cock feather, as it is called, is the only one directly above the nock, and must always be away from the bow. (Fig. 2)

The correct position in archery is peculiar. It does not face the target, but is at right angles to it. Having nocked your arrow, place your feet about six inches apart, in such a position that a line from the target passes through both heels. Turn the toes out at an angle of nearly ninety degrees. Let the weight rest equally on both feet, but chiefly on the heels. Your left side will now be turned toward the target, and both shoulders will be in line with it; but if you look straight ahead, you will be facing at right angles to the target. (Fig. 3)

Having settled yourself firmly in that position, begin the draw by turning your face to the left, toward the target, but without turning your body. Hook the first three fingers of the right hand under the string, with the feather end of the arrow between the first and second fingers, which should maintain just enough pressure on it to keep it "home" on the string, but no more. It is the string, not the arrow, that you are to draw. Raise the bow slowly, drawing as you raise it, by pulling with the right hand and pushing with the left, until the right hand is at the level of the Adam's apple and the left arm is fully extended and high enough to give the arrow such elevation as will carry it to the target. (Fig. 4) Pause a moment—not over a second—to steady your aim, and loose by withdrawing the fingers of the right hand sharply backward from the string. (Fig. 5)

Now, these simple directions tell all the things that are necessary to good shooting; and yet they do not tell half of the things you must keep in mind. You draw to your Adam's apple in order that the whole length of your arrow may lie directly under your right, or aiming, eye, and in the same vertical plane as the center of the target; and you draw to that point every time—no higher, no lower, neither to the right nor to the left—no matter at what distance you are shooting. The elevation you must get by raising or lowering your left, or bow, hand.

But how are you to know what that elevation should be? Only by experience and practice. It is something that no one can tell you, for bows differ in strength and cast, and arrows differ in weight; so you must learn for yourself just where your bow will drive your arrows, and aim accordingly.

And that brings us to the question of how to aim. Since the tail, or feather, end of your arrow is under your chin and the point of the arrow is much higher, to get the necessary distance, it is obvious that you cannot sight along the arrow, as you sight along the barrel of a shotgun. Instead, you aim over the head of the arrow, at some point in a vertical plane with your eye and the target, and either on the target, above it, or below it.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 717]

MEMBERSHIP

NOW firmly established on its new basis, the Lab proceeds to consolidate its gains. It is proved now beyond the shadow of a doubt that the Membership approves the change heartily. Throughout the winter, headquarters will add further weight to the proof that the new Lab will easily surpass the expectations of the old. Newer, finer, more elaborate projects are in the process of preparation.

Meanwhile the prestige of the Lab insignia spreads country-wide. Turn, in a moment, to the Secretary's Notes on page 718 and see there the interesting story of what the Lab button can do for a boy. Have you yours? Use the coupon below to learn how you may obtain it.

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The Lab's \$10 Award for November

EVERYTHING from a bed-spring frame to a Ford steering-wheel has gone into the construction of this amazingly ingenious cycle car, built by Member Clarence Long (16) of Helena, Mont. Here are ingenuity and resourcefulness of the highest order. Not since Member William Milliken of Oldtown, Me., submitted the cycle car on a Lab page for last November has anyone submitted a home-designed automotive project of such excellence. Looks scarcely matter; in fact, a piece of work of this sort should never be too good-looking, should never have its many small ingenuities and economies of construction concealed by generous sheathings of tin and paint. The excellence of Member Long's work is all the more noticeable for the entire lack of any concealing beauties. His own description is praiseworthy, and we reprint it almost without change.

"I made the chassis from an old steel bed spring. The front of the chassis is about 16 in. wide and the rear 24 in. wide. I used a Ford front axle, cutting a piece about a foot long out of the center and bolting it together again with two heavy pieces of strap iron. The regular Ford spindles are used. I had to make Babbitt bearings for the front wheels, because I couldn't use the regular cones and bearings. The wheels are motorcycle wheels.

"I used a wagon-seat spring for the front spring, bolting it onto the front axle with

U-bolts and onto the chassis through two holes which were in the spring. The regular steering part is used, but I had to cut it down to make the wheels line up right.

"I used a Ford steering rod for the rear axle, running it through a piece of pipe to keep the wheels the right distance apart. The regular cones and bearings were used for the back wheels.

"For the back springs I used a double buggy spring. I took it apart so I could put a spring on each side of the chassis. I took out the bolt that held the leaves of the spring together and put a longer one in so I could run it through a hole in the chassis and bolt it down securely. I fastened the springs on the back axle with U-bolts.

"For the counter shafts I used a Ford rear axle. It was just the right length, so I didn't have to cut it off. I connected the sprocket which works from the transmission to the countershaft, by taking a front-wheel hub and drilling a hole through it and the countershaft and putting a pin through it.

"I used the sprocket off an old engine for the back wheel, as it fitted the taper on the countershaft just right.

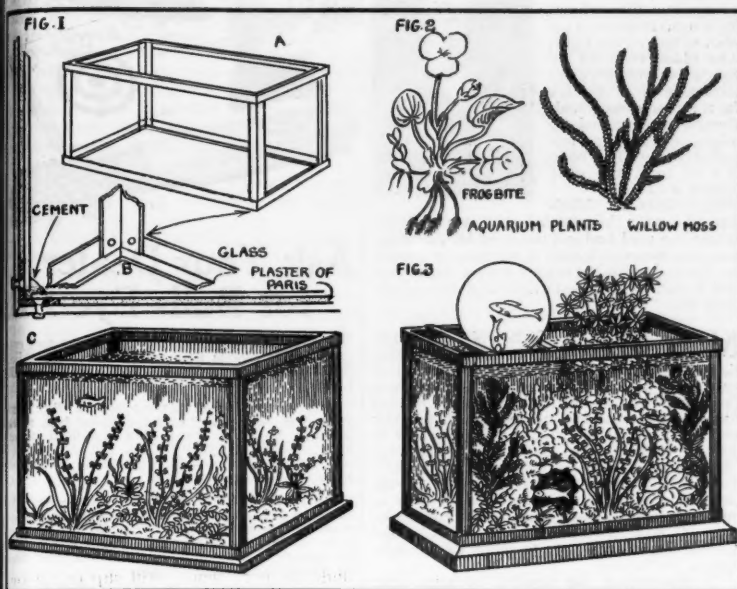
"For the bearings of the countershaft I used old car bearings, which I bolted onto pieces of maple and then bolted onto the chassis.

"I used a regular Ford steering gear and wheel and connected the gas control up to the regular gas lever on the steering gear."



The Y. C. Lab—Continued HOW TO MAKE AN AQUARIUM

By T. Sheward



A PROPERLY furnished aquarium is an attractive ornament in any home. More than that, it can be a great source of interest and pleasure. The idea that one can be very simply and easily constructed will not occur to many, for the task of making all joints water-tight may seem a bit difficult.

Happily this is not so. A little time and ingenuity will obviate the necessity of purchasing an aquarium and will give the Lab constructors the interesting task of designing and constructing a real bit of miniature engineering.

The illustration above shows a thoroughly practicable design of an aquarium which permits easy observation of the inhabitants.

This design is made with 3/4-in. by 3/8-in. angle iron and is mounted on a wooden base, the size being 12 in. by 12 in. by 24 in. To make it you will require seventeen feet of angle iron, sixteen 3/16-in. stove bolts, four sheets of double diamond glass, 12 in. by 24 in., and two 12 in. by 12 in., as well as one piece of skylight glass 12 in. by 24 in. for the bottom. With a hack saw cut four pieces out of the angle iron, each 24 in. long, cutting through at an angle of 45°, so that the pieces can be mortised together to form a right angle. Then cut four pieces 12 in. long, this time square across. These pieces when bolted together form the frame A. Drill and bolt the parts together, as at B.

When the frame is finished, set the glass bottom in place and fill around the edge of the glass with waterproof cement. The cement is made with one gill of plaster of Paris, one gill of litharge (or red lead), one gill of fine white sand, one-third gill of powdered rosin. Mix well together and make into a thick paste by adding boiled linseed oil and turpentine. Next set the sides and ends in place, cementing them firmly with the mixture. Cement the corners well to-

gether and also the space between the glass and the metal, around the sides, and below, so that the pressure of the water inside will not break the glass.

Let the cement dry for several days before filling the aquarium with water. A wooden base for the aquarium is best and should be made from 1 1/2-in. dressed pine, 14 in. by 26 in., well sandpapered and given a coat of varnish. When finished the aquarium should be placed where there is plenty of light, near a window facing west or north, and filled with suitable plants, fishes, and insects. Three or four inches of gravel should be placed on the bottom before filling the aquarium with water. Fill it carefully so that the gravel is not disturbed. Then artificial grottoes can be made with colored stones, cemented together, or natural rock may be used. Clinkers from the furnace are a good substitute for rock. These should be dipped in a mixture of cement and sand, made very wet, and will resemble the tufa rock generally used in aquariums.

Your next task is to furnish the aquarium. Good aquatic plants for this use are fanwort, hornwort, mermaid weed, willow moss, frogbite, tape grass, water violet, mud plant, pond weed, water aloe, creeping rush, dwarf water lily, water nut, moss fern, floating salvinia, shell flower, water hyacinth, Cyperus alternifolius, water feather, and pipewort. These plants can be collected in some states, or may be purchased with many others from large nurseries.

Suitable fish for the aquarium are the gold fish, sun fish, telescope fish, carp, weather fish, stone biter, mud minnows, cat fish, paradise fish, the shooter, or archer, and the nest-building stickleback.

An aquarium jar, placed with its top just below the surface, and with all air excluded so that the fish may swim around, will add the finishing touch to the design.

HOW TO SHOOT THE BOW

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 716]

according to the power of your bow and the distance at which you are shooting. Therefore, when you face the target, judge roughly the distance and choose, tentatively, a point of aim.

Let us suppose that you choose the bull's-eye. Sighting over the tip of the end of the arrow at full draw, you loose. The arrow falls ten feet short. You loose another arrow and another with the same point of aim. They, too, fall short. It is evident that your point of aim is too low. You choose another at the upper edge of the target. Still too low. Take still another, a foot higher. Now your arrows are falling into or near the center, and you have found the right point of aim. Having made similar experiments a few times, you soon learn to pick an approximately correct point of aim for the first shot.

Now a word about loosing, the most important element in good shooting. Let

only the outer two thirds of the end joints of the first three fingers rest on the string. If you draw in the bend of the first joint, you cannot free the string quickly and smoothly enough. If you take on less, you cannot control the string. It will slip. Draw always to the same place, and with the right elbow so raised that a line along the forearm from wrist to elbow will be a continuation of the line of the arrow, and keep that position through the loose. Let the fingers come sharply away from the string, and only in a backward direction, not downward or outward, away from the face; and hold the bowhand still, not only while you loose, but afterward, till the arrow is well away. A perfect loose shows the hands after it is completed in almost exactly the same position as they were at full draw, before the loose. The last illustration shows it clearly.



FOOT STOOL
See LePage's Book, Page 18



SPANISH SHIP MODEL
See LePage's Book, page 2

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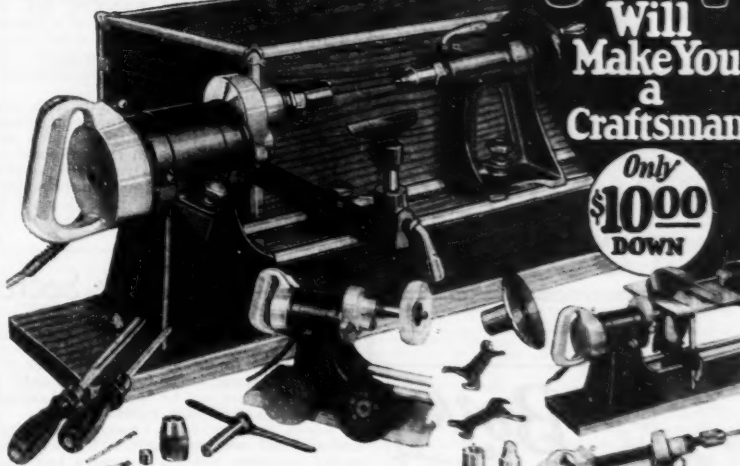
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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 715]

gathered around the breakfast table to tell their story over the viands while the morning sun streamed in at the windows. Barbara Ann, Mike, and Jane hardly knew how to treat Timon, they were so divided between anger and amusement at his behavior and a growing interest in what he would tell them, but his smiling face caused them to grin back at him, and presently their ill-feeling had entirely disappeared.

"If you have a tale to tell, Timon, suppose you tell it," Mr. Treutlen suggested dryly. "We have been patient a long time. What became of you Saturday afternoon when you went out to dig for treasure in the woods and never came back?"

A BURST of laughter from all the men greeted that reference to buried treasure.

"I will tell everything," said Timon. "I went to dig for treasure, as you say, and while I was digging I heard these men approaching and I hid. They stood near me and talked for some time. They were much disturbed to discover that some one had been digging there, and they filled in the hole with my spade and then flung the implement angrily aside. I thought they would look and find me, but they didn't. Beyond a casual glance around and many threats of what they would like to do to the person who had been digging there they took no interest in the identity of the digger. But they talked of their affairs a little longer, and I overheard them say that most of their buried loot (for such I understood it to be) had come from my country,—yes, from my own little nation in the Mediterranean!—and they said they were going to get more from there.

"I distinctly heard them say that an agent they had there was going to send over 'much more,' and it sounded as if a great robbery or series of robberies were about to be pulled off in my country in the near future. It seemed that this gang, with its foreign agency, must be robbing our state treasury, or some mines of which I had never heard, and I surged with patriotism and determined that I would thwart them. Do not laugh, gentlemen, it was a sort of robbery you planned!" the boy broke off to exclaim.

"We are not laughing at you, Prince, but at the whole funny circumstance," Mr. Finley assured him.

"Well, then, I also learned that these men had struck camp and were leaving the islands," Timon went on, addressing the Treutlens again. "I determined to follow them and not let them get out of sight, since I must learn more about their plans for my country's sake. There was no time to go back and tell Mike and the girls. I followed the men through the woods unseen, and when one of them brought out a small car from a negro shed and all piled in I hung on behind. No one saw me in crossing the marshes, and as soon as we were on the mainland I dropped off and caught a taxi-cab and had the driver follow the car to a hotel, where the men left it. All the afternoon I kept the men in view, and by persistently following them around I soon found myself on a railway train bound for Washington. I had very little money, but I sold my watch to a man on the train who seemed glad to buy it for the price of my ticket (probably I got cheated!), and so I was enabled to travel. I knew my guardian was in Washington, and I hoped to find him there and put everything into his hands. But suddenly I remembered that Madam Treutlen would be worried about me when she came home and found me gone. Until that moment my interest in trailing these men had made me forget all else. So the first time the train stopped I jumped off to send a telegram. I had never sent one before, and I was in such a hurry that I had no opportunity to learn what to do. When I had written it I saw that the train was about to leave, and so I just stamped and mailed it. I thought you would get it by the evening post."

"We didn't get it until Monday morning, and all that time we thought you'd been murdered and your body sunk in the marsh," Mike told him reproachfully.

"Ah, I am sorry! I did not intend to cause any anxiety, but I was intent on following these men who had robbed my country and were planning other robberies there. So I followed on. Yet it was not to Washington that we went after all, but to a place in Virginia called Arlington where your government has a great agricultural experiment farm. And there I heard these men I was following talking with the gov-

ernment experts who conduct that farm on the subject of the naturalization of foreign plants. They wanted advice, they said, on an undertaking of their own in that field. And then I suddenly recollected that the peasants of my country, like those of other European and Asiatic lands, give very poetic names to the wild plants which run riot over the soil. One plant with large blue flowers my people call the Great Sapphire, and some little red blossoms which grow close to the earth are named Little Rubies. And one that grows in a circle is called a Jewel Coronet and another Queen Mary's Bracelets. And some that look like buttercups are called Golden Cups, and—"

"Why, I never heard of anything so crazy!" cried Barbara Ann as the others gasped.

"But there is nothing unusual about that," the boy protested. "You have wild flowers of like names over here, as I learned there at Arlington. You have them named Meadow Pearls and Crown Imperials and Golden Seal and Queen Anne's Lace and Silver Bells and Shepherd's Purse and Rose-a-Ruby, and many others. And so you should not be surprised that the wild flowers of my country also bear poetical names that sound as if they were treasures, though we have always thought of them as anything else but treasure."

"You can imagine my astonishment when I heard these men telling the government officials that they were trying to naturalize our weeds in America and of a new industry they expected to build up if they were successful. They were not criminals at all, it seemed, but just business men bent on a scoop of some sort in the industrial world; and so I went boldly to them and told them who I was and everything I knew about them and asked for explanations. And when I had proved I was no joker but the prince I said I was—our minister in Washington helped me there—I soon learned all I asked to know. And these gentlemen are now my good friends. It is from them that you shall hear their side of the story."

"Plants, plants!" cried Mike wildly. "Is that all that was 'buried' on the island? And I thought it was a treasure of jewels worth maybe a million dollars!" he complained.

Mr. Benson looked mirthfully at Mike. "The little soy bean, a foreign plant introduced here by our plant experts, has been worth a billion dollars to American farmers," he told the boy. "And I could give you a long list of other foreign plants which have been worth millions of dollars a year since they were naturalized by our government and put to working for us. Don't turn up your nose at such buried treasure, my son."

"Little gems of the field," remarked Mr. Finley, "are worth far and away more in the long run than gems from the richest mines of India. The peasants in the old countries gave their wild flowers names from poetry alone, but seemingly the plants are going to live up to their names in this modern age, when experts on experimental farms are learning more and more concerning the use of plants which were formerly thought to be nothing but weeds."

"That is true," said Mrs. Treutlen, whose bright eye had been fixed on the speaker. "When I was a little girl, tomatoes were called 'love apples,' and people thought they were quite uneatable—perhaps poisonous."

"There is much more to be discovered along the same lines," said Mr. Benson, with a bow to his hostess. "A quarter of a million plants have been listed, throughout the world, and mankind uses only a few hundred of them so far. Thousands more are waiting to have their uses discovered and to be lifted out of the class of weeds and parasites and made of great worth to our always needy world. The naturalization of old-world plants into the new world of America goes on all the time. At Arlington, Virginia, the government experts labor unceasingly at the task, transplanting shrubs, vegetables and fruits into new climate and soil. And there are other stations all over the country doing the same work."

"It sounds like very important work indeed," said the old lady, while the younger people sat and stared at these men, who were apparently not robbers at all, but serious-minded experimental naturalists.

This close attention, even though there were still the traces of suspicion in it, evidently pleased the visitors.

"To discover value in a new plant, and make it grow on our soil, is a treasure indeed," continued Mr. Benson. "Food, cloth, and drugs come so largely from plants that

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 720]



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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 719]

business men are ever on the outlook for new developments."

"Are you business men?" asked Mike. A pause followed the question.

"We are agricultural engineers," said Mr. Finley, at last. "This is a new profession, comparatively speaking; and we are not rich enough to lease very much ground for experiments. But Mr. Arbuthnot has lived for years in Greece and Albania and the neighboring countries; and we have received from him not only information about many Mediterranean plants but also seeds and roots with which to experiment. We believed that many of the plants would grow in these sea islands of Georgia. We camped on Adam's Isle, but found the ground so rocky that we came over to this larger island and set out several different kinds of plants."

"In secret," said Mrs. Treutlen, severely. "If you had asked for permission, I should certainly have been glad to help you in any way."

"Few people are so generous, so open-minded," replied Mr. Finley. "Most land-owners are unwilling to help in this kind of work—they seem to think that their fields will be overrun with strange, foreign weeds that will choke out our staple crops if they get a chance. We ask your pardon, madam, for having so grossly underestimated your scientific interest and your hospitality."

THIS apology, delivered in tones of perfect sincerity, seemed to go a long way toward removing Mrs. Treutlen's resentment. But Mike and Barbara Ann were still unconvinced.

"Do you have to scare people by prowling round at night with pistols in your hands?" asked the girl.

"Never again!" said Mr. Benson, in heartfelt tones. "We wore the pistols to protect ourselves against wildcats, snakes, and any other dangers that might lurk about. I admit that we felt as nervous and touchy as if we had been criminals. Why, we even feared that we should be discovered when some colored people had a turtle hunt and picnic on Adam's Isle one evening. We seem to have played the part of criminals to perfection, and you had every reason to distrust us. That cipher, for instance, which we concocted must have added a particularly ominous note to the mystery, and when the young folks solved it I'm not surprised that it astounded them. Though it sounds more like the foolishness of boys than the act of grown men, I confess that I made the entries in cipher for fun. I should have used the solemn Latin names for the plants, but the popular names were easier to write, and—as most of them sounded like treasure—we told each other that they were an omen of the fortunes they would make for us."

"You looked fearfully guilty when you asked me for the notebook," said Barbara Ann.

"I felt so foolish," admitted Mr. Benson, "that I must have given you the impression of a convicted rascal."

"You did."

"Well," said practical Mike, "now you've had all this fun and excitement, what good is it going to be to you? Will the plants grow here, and have they any cash value?"

"Not all of them, by any means. But we know we have found real treasures in the Great Sapphire, the Golden Cups and the Little Rubies—all of which come from the country of our friend, Prince Timon."

He bowed to Timon.

"I shall see that our people get some advantage from them," said the prince. "I shall spend the next few years preparing myself to develop this unexpected resource of my country, which may in time make my people's fortune. Meanwhile, Mr. Arbuthnot is going back to Europe to talk with my father and start experimenting with the new product."

"That convinces me!" said Barbara Ann, enthusiastically.

"Of what?"

"No matter," said the girl, with her eyes on Timon's face, now lighted with a new interest.

"I feel rather foolish myself," interrupted Mrs. Treutlen. "But, gentlemen, you did look as if you were burying silver spoons and diamond jewelry when you came stealing through the woods at night with bags on your shoulders and spades in your hands. I watched you from my window, many a time."

"Nobody regrets having disturbed you more than I do," said Mr. Finley.

"I still think," said Mr. Treutlen, "that I ought to hand you over to the police. But,"

and he smiled, "if you will show me your plants and give me some real reason for your confidence in them, I will overlook your trespassing and help you to continue your experiments."

The morning was spent, accordingly, in a tour of the different places where the plants had been set out. The big blue "sapphire" under the notched tree and the glowing red "little rubies" down by the fort created the most interest and enthusiasm among the party. Later, when they had Timon all to themselves on the beach, Mike and the girls made him tell them more of his adventures and plans, and they were surprised by his new attitude. His visit to the government farm at Arlington had filled him with more interest in agriculture than he had ever felt in anything else.

The experts, summarizing their studies of foreign plants, had told him the romantic history of the Arlington estate. To the young prince it sounded like a fairy tale; but, because he knew that the prosperity of America is founded just as much on agriculture as on manufacturing, he determined that his debt-burdened country should study the same things, and its farmers learn to be prosperous like the farmers of America.

"Come to see my country ten years from now," he told the others, "and you will see our people wearing shoes and driving automobiles."

"Mike and I will come," Jane said teasingly, "but you mustn't expect Barbara Ann. She'd have to curtsy to you over there, and you know she's too democratic for that."

"If he carries out these plans of his and makes his country prosperous, I'll be delighted to curtsy to him," Barbara Ann spoke up. "I've always said that I'd bow to anyone who could make a dream come true. But what I can't understand, Timon," she added, "is how all this enthusiasm for your country's prosperity was generated in you so suddenly? You had none of it a week ago."

"A week ago I didn't see that anything could be done," he hastened to explain. "Everything seemed hopeless. But now that I see what I can do I am just as eager to do it as you could want me to be. You say the rank is but the guinea's stamp, and that such a stamp on a counterfeit coin is an imposition on the people of a country. A worthless prince deserves to lose his throne. But if I make a success of this new undertaking and lift my people out of debt and the fear of famine, I will show that I'm not counterfeit, won't I? I'll show some gold, eh?"

BARBARA ANN smiled to herself. She saw that she had had some influence on him after all and could take a little credit for any future success.

"You should say 'eh, what?'" Mike corrected him automatically, for the prince's education in slang had been entirely in Mike's hands from the first. Then the American boy began to chant gloomily, "Vegetable jewels—vegetable jewels! I can't get over it! It's too much of a come-down after what I thought we were going to find buried around here. I thought we'd find the Great Mogul of Russia at the very least."

He repeated the same plaint at the supper table that night after the visitors were gone and only Barbara Ann and the Treutlens and Timon were left to eat the last of the chicken and cake which Mrs. Treutlen had prepared for an unknown number of guests.

"Speaking of the jewels of Russia," said Mr. Treutlen, "I saw in the papers recently that the present government of that country is embarrassed by the possession of a hoard of precious stones so gorgeous that no one is rich enough to buy them, and so they haven't any way to get needed food. And the amount of food a stone will buy is its only commercial value, after all. Just how much 'cats' it represents, economists tell us, is all a diamond or a ruby is really worth. If gems became so abundant that nobody would trade grain for them, the Great Mogul and the Koh-i-noor would be playthings for children. The value of a precious stone can be swept away, but the value of any plant that will yield food or medicine or cloth will endure forever because it's real. When you stop to think about it, Mike, you'll realize that a vegetable jewel beats a mineral jewel all round the block."

Next day Jane made a braided wreath of grasses and starred it with a blossom from the Great Sapphire and several Little Rubies and set it on Timon's head. "Your crown jewels!" she laughingly told him.

And such indeed the future proved them to be.

THE END.

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SHIP OF DREAMS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 693]

now, we're going to run her quiet-like into Tapak. Arm yourselves the best you can,—your knives at least,—and when you go ashore don't talk. Likewise, don't drink, or you will talk too much. Remember, it's a poor thing to let anything like that lose your salvage money, maybe."

The Arran slipped into the cove where Tapak's small, horrible river emptied herself, just as dusk—intensified by the rain—gathered over beach and jungle. It was already too dark to gain any impression of the place, but in the offing, dimly visible, could be seen the shape of a schooner at anchor.

"There's our friends," said the captain. "And they'll be unsuspecting, of course, for the Tarca's at the bottom of the sea. It'll no be any use trying to go ashore tonight and might only stir up wonderment. But I'm thinking I'll slip over and pay a friendly call on the schooner—just one white man to another, you ken."

"Don't go alone," Garth said.

"I'll be taking Mr. Gleason, when he's no busy getting us snugged down and anchored. No, Garth, I'm letting you in for no more risks. Heaven alone knows what may be before us down here."

Garth fairly flamed. "Don't tell me you mean to leave me aboard with Okki while everything goes on," he cried. "Why, the whole crew's simply longing for a scrap. I'd expire if I didn't see what happens next."

"Don't be in too much haste," said the captain. "If you're a gude bairn, I'll maybe let you ashore; it depends. But whatever you do, don't any of you let the lass ashore—she'd have the fat in the fire at once with her gabbing. She's too downright, and there can be naething downright about the next step of your proceedings."

The Arran was anchored with creditable dispatch and quietness, and presently the light was lowered and splashed away into the darkness with the captain and Mr. Gleason on board. Garth and Barclay leaned on the rail, listening enviously. The Arran was very still; the anchor watch had been set, and the other men had either turned in or were smoking quietly on the fo'c'sle head, talking in low voices of the adventure in hand. Vega suddenly appeared and joined the two, Okki following like her shadow. The rain had stopped for the time being, and a few pallid stars had seized the opportunity to look out from the shouldering clouds.

"If we're here," Vega said, "why don't we go ashore and do something? Or is my father on that boat?" She nodded toward the schooner's riding-light.

"Nobody knows, yet," Garth told her. "The captain's gone over there now, to reconnoiter. We can't do anything sudden or violent—we've got to find out where everybody is, and where the ivory is; don't you see?"

"And then pounce," Vega put it. "Yes, I suppose so. I told Gassam those bad men in the schooner had Massa, and he's sharpening his knife now."

"Suffering cats!" Barclay cried. "Why did you? We'll have him swimming over there and knifing the old man or something, first thing we know. You let be, Miss Galloway—and can the confidences to that big smoke. If you must confide, do it to a regular fellow that's got some discrimination in the bean."

"I do love the way he talks," Vega said to Garth, as if Barclay were incapable of hearing her. "Does he always? But I told Gassam on purpose. I wanted to make him annoyed. He's so much more useful when he's really excited and annoyed about something."

"Can you beat it!" Barclay murmured. "The captain and Gleason came back after some time."

"We had our trouble for our pains," the captain said as he climbed and joined the group at the taffrail. "There was only one man aboard, on anchor watch. We politely asked each other what ship we are; he's the Ponjo of nowhere in particular, and we're the Susquehanna of Boston, looking for a cargo. (That's true.) The skipper's ashore, he says. He also volunteered that Tapak's a fierce hole."

It was. When full day presented it to the gaze of the Arran's company, they decided that Gomba was a metropolis in comparison. The jungle came boldly to within a stone's throw of the sea; a narrow strip of bleached sand and ragged palms separated them. The small, dreadful river, black and fever-

haunted, crept like a poisonous snake out of the jungle and fouled the sea with its outpouring.

"Is there another of these little old spigoty limbs of the law here, like friend Marqueso?" Barclay inquired. "What're our tactics going to be?"

"You watch the Old Man," Garth advised. "He'll have something all fixed."

Native praus were by this time surrounding the ship, and most of the Arran's personnel went ashore through the surf. At the last moment the captain weakened and told Garth to look lively and come too. Vega and her blacks stayed aboard, and so did Mr. Dunkirk and an anchor watch. Vega looked after the retreating boats with hunger and defiance.

"I mistrust the bold lass," the captain said. "She'll be ashore after us yet, somehow."

TAPAK consisted of the trader's "factory," and little else. It lay on the river, and to it walked Garth, Gleason, Barclay, and the captain. The trader's bungalow stood on high ground that rose a little from the very edge of a mangrove swamp. It was low tide, and the mangroves bared their leoprot, twisted, gray roots, covered with slime and evil-smelling mud. Above, rose the dark wall of tangled leaves—tree behind tree, far off into the silences. So fantastic were the shapes of the withered roots—some descending from high in the trees to grasp the mud below—that they seemed to be a company of grotesque ghosts. For there is a dreadful semblance of death about a mangrove swamp, and a silence. Garth gazed into it as far as he could see, fascinated by a sort of horror; all the moreso when some floating logs detached themselves from the shore and proved to be real crocodiles. Mudfish hopped briskly in the ooze, and the small splash of them was the only sound.

Garth's companions paid no attention to the horrid mysteries of the mangrove swamp. They ascended the steps of the bungalow, and the captain knocked at the door. The knock reverberated with a hollow note of foreboding. There was no answer.

"Have they all taken to their heels?" Gleason said.

"The schooner was riding comfortably as we came in," the captain recollected, "as if they were in no haste to get away with her."

"They've skipped out, I guess," Barclay said.

"Not so loud," the captain warned. "For all we know, they're close by."

But though they sat for half an hour on the low, dark veranda, no one stirred within or without the bungalow. Barclay had been scouting around among the little trails that threaded the jungle near the house, and returned to say in a low voice:

"Say, there's a mud house out there with a double-thick locked door, and I bet my pay it's full of our tusks."

The others followed where he led, cautiously moving among the oil-palms and the screw-pines and the matted creepers, and reached the dark clearing where the mud house stood looking very solid and uncommunicative. There was no opening through which its contents could be seen, but the captain agreed with Barclay's guess that it might well enough hold the ivory.

"The Arran may have frightened them off," the captain hazarded, "and they've taken to the bush. But what they've done with puir Galloway I've no idea."

"Don't you think he might be a prisoner on board the schooner?" Garth said as they went back to the bungalow.

"He might, of course," the captain said, "though they'll not want him there permanently. It's my idea that as soon as they get their money from this trader—and crooked he'll be, you ken—they'll slip away to wholesomer parts, and by the time the next steamer comes along Mr. Trader will merely have a fine lot of tusks he's collected and is offering."


"And what about Galloway?"

"Gudeness knows, puir body! I'd hate to think they'd finish him off so he'd no talk. At that rate they'd better have muzzled that lass of his too."

At this moment there was a stir in the bush, and Gassam and Vega appeared quietly on the veranda steps.

"I simply couldn't stand it out there," she explained in answer to the captain's frown.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 722]



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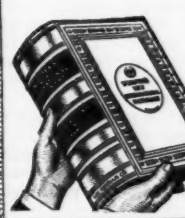
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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 721]

"Okki funk'd going over the side at the last minute, so I let her be. Have you found Father and the ivory?"

"Whist!" said the captain. "Hold your dangerous talk. There's not a soul here, but be careful. We must shape our plans somehow. We think we know where the ivory is, but whether or no we can get it is another question."

Vega was staring about. She pushed open the netting door of the bungalow and walked in. This place was as quiet and as empty as when the others had entered it.

"He must be quite a pig," she commented, "whoever lives here. What a mess!" Then she pointed suddenly, and Gassam, at her heels, sprang forward and snatched aside a curtain. "Here he is, all the time," she said. "Come out of there and tell us what you've done with my father!"

The captain groaned aloud. "He's heard all! What a mess, indeed!"

A man sprawled behind the curtain, trying to feign sleep; now he sat up and rubbed his eyes with bony yellow knuckles. It was hard to say what his nationality was or had been.

So there stood the lot of them, the captain knowing the man must know their purpose, the man equally certain the others knew he knew. Yet both sides were trying to behave as though they suspected nothing. It was Vega who broke the tense silence with a rash repetition of her question.

"What have you done with my father—and his ivory?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," the man said. "But whoever you are, this is no place for you, girl, and you'd better get out. The West Coast isn't healthy."

"What rot!" said Vega. "I'm an old Coaster—older than you are, I expect, because I've spent all my life here, and you look as if you'd come out about five years ago and let cork fever get you."

The man looked furious and was about to speak, when the captain cut in hastily.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "the young lady's right. We are looking for some ivory that's gone astray. We thought you might be able to help us locate it."

"I have my own ivory," the man said shortly, "waiting for a ship. I'm quite willing to let you have a look at it—and you'll be satisfied, I think, that your tusks aren't there."

He led the way down the steps and toward the mud strong house, and Garth noticed that his right hand was firmly in his hip pocket. But then—so were the captain's and Gleason's. Garth's own hand crept toward where he could feel his own revolver. The captain whispered to him:

"We've got the worst sort of start we could have. He's on, right enough. There's going to be a mix-up. Do you think you could slip away with the girl, back to the ship, and round up all our men on the way?"

Garth was very loath to leave in this moment of all others. But he was inclined to agree with the captain that this was no place for Vega. He whispered, in turn, to her.

"The captain has ordered us back to the ship, to send the men to him."

For once she seemed to realize the gravity of the situation and silently fell behind with him till a bend in the trail hid the others.

"Where's Gassam?" Vega whispered.

"I don't know," Garth said.

Just then a shot splintered the silence of the jungle.

CHAPTER NINE

GARTH'S first impulse was to run back toward the bungalow; then he realized that it would be much more useful to send all the Arran's men upon the scene than to bring his solitary aid and run the risk of being prevented from doing anything further. So he kept on toward the shore as fast as he could, with Vega at his heels. The crew of the Arran had been trying discreetly to find out what good points Tapak possessed, —if any,—and, discovering none, they were assembled on the beach in the shade of a palm clump, waiting, it seemed, for just such a message as Garth brought them. For they jumped up before he reached them, and he was astonished to see that some of them had old rifles in their hands.

"Dey bane tucked away in a liddle house up along dere," the bos'n explained. "We yooost help ourself. I 'spect dose schooner fellas got plenty deir own, hey?"

"I expect so," Garth said. "Get along, all of you, as fast as you can leg it. They've

fired on the Old Man, I think. Take this trail and bear toward the river. And, for heaven's sake, lie low and take them by surprise, for they won't be expecting you. I'm going to come, too, as soon as I see Miss Galloway off to the ship."

"You better keep out o' dis," the bos'n said as all the men ran forward, slipping and plunging in the hot shifting sand, and then disappearing among the dark brush and undergrowth of the jungle edge.

Garth hurried Vega into one of the small native boats pulled up on the beach and pointed out the ship to the blacks who stood near by. "Don't be crazy," he said to Vega. "Your father wouldn't thank us if you went and got shot up in this scrap. Please be sensible and wait for him on the ship, for we're going to get him; you'll see."

Vega probably would not have been convinced, but the black boys put an end to the argument by launching the boat into the surf and placing Vega beyond earshot. Garth turned and ploughed through the sand to the trail. He had not gone far along it before he met Gassam bounding toward him in a state of great excitement.

"Me talk black boy one time ober side," he said at once. "He talk em so; he sabe white man way up for billage. Berra well. Me tink dem white man be Massa Boss—no sabe, but tink."

Garth listened with attention. "You think Massa Boss Galloway is in a black man village?"

"Do, yes, Ship men, dey make big gun nize—bang-bang! Berra well. We go quick, catch Massa. Umnh?"

Garth did not stop long enough to look at all sides of Gassam's proposition or his own decision. He knew he could be very little help in the méele that he feared was by this time taking place at the bungalow. If he could really locate Galloway, it would be a most wonderful way to forward the cause. As for getting to the village in question, he imagined an easy hike along an open trade road through the bush.

"We go catch," he said to Gassam, who slipped ahead of him up another trail like a shadow. Garth was put to it to follow at his guide's pace, but he managed to keep the black figure in sight through the moving pattern of sun and shade. Soon there was no sun. The forest seemed to have swallowed all light and sound. An immense green gloom descended like twilight. Out of it Garth began dimly to perceive huge gray trunks, creepers that descended from unimaginable heights, gigantic ferns, tangled climbing-grass. A clock bird suddenly shouted that it was six o'clock, and Garth jumped, for he was not yet acquainted with this African citizen who cries "Wu-tu-tu!" with amazing precision every two hours throughout the night. Then a plantain-eater screeched, and Gassam stopped dead and stepped back to Garth.

"Dem bird be berra bad ju-ju," he whispered. "We look, we mebbe no find. If dat ibory palaver done, mebbe betta go back."

Garth gathered that the man was afraid of bad luck on account of the bird's scream, which appeared to be hoodoo, and that he wanted to go back. But Garth was not at all sure that the "ivory palaver" at the bungalow would be finished—and he wanted to find Galloway. He had never stopped to inquire whether Gassam was sure of the location of this village where the agent might or might not be.

"Come on," he urged. "We catch Massa Boss. You sabe village sure?"

"Me sabe," Gassam said. "Black boy tell me. Berra well. Dem be good."

Just then the plantain-eater loosed another horrid shriek, and Gassam clutched the string of fetish charms that hung across his broad chest. If he had been wavering in the enterprise, this seemed to decide him. He took to his heels in the direction of Tapak, calling to Garth to follow. Garth hesitated. He knew it would be folly to try to find the village alone; Gassam had given him no idea of how far ahead it might be. He found himself suddenly unutterably weary and sat down for a brief rest on a great fallen log.

The jungle silence dropped like a weight, and then was filled with a sound more terrible and more melancholy than silence: the rain. It came in a heavy, unlifting torrent. Garth was instantly soaked, and as instantly chilly. With the rain the dimness of the forest deepened. Garth started up, filled with true terror. There was something horribly elemental in the place. He felt himself at the mercy of primitive forces such as he had never dreamed of.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 724]

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ADVENTURES AMONG BOOKS

By *Nellie Burget Miller*

Chairman, Department of Fine Arts, General Federation of Women's Clubs

I WONDER how many Companion readers know what it is to be really hungry for good books. Those people who live within reach of city bookstores and public libraries have only to choose from the books on the shelves. But if you are growing up without such opportunities, this message is written particularly for you.

Most books are dedicated to some one whom the author wishes very much to honor. This story of my adventures among books is dedicated to those young people whose natural longing for good reading is not fully satisfied.

I want you to go back with me to a farm home of the Middle West. It was not like the farms of that region today, with their modern houses and roomy red barns. There were no tractors in the field, no trucks in the barnyard, no telephone connecting us with friendly neighbors, no radio bringing melody from the ether. The buildings were gray and weather-beaten, and everything indicated our struggle with taxes. This was in the pioneer days, before the land had proved its richness. Into that home I came, as a child, with an insatiable hunger for books and pictures.

Modern people do not realize how much it has meant to American life that every pioneer home had a Bible. Ours was a "family Bible," with ruled and decorated pages for the registry of births and deaths. One of my earliest memories is of tracing the mysterious letters that spelled my own name. The family Bible had large print, and before I was five I was reading from it, spelling out the long words to my busy mother. Before long my Sunday-school teacher discovered that I could repeat most of Revelations, of the Book of John, and many of the Psalms. I had it "by heart," as we used to say. There is no better way to have a book. I could not starve spiritually while there was a Bible in the house.

I also had a scrapbook. Few people have scrapbooks any more; they have gone the way of the hoop skirt, the tricycle and wax flowers. Some of us would be better for the patience and discrimination required to make scrapbooks. Mine was only a discarded ledger, with wrinkled and warped newspaper clippings. Somewhere along my way it has been lost. I would give a substantial reward for its return.

Few Books for Children

There were no children's books in this home. There were precious few of them anywhere. One of Louisa Alcott's stories drifted into my life when I was about nine. It was spring; an old apple tree showered petals on the grass; the title of the book was "Under the Lilacs." I could not believe it possible that there were such books in the world.

Then one of our neighbors bought a "Chatterbox." That was my first introduction to a fairy tale. The glamour of it comes over me still, across the years.

One day a neighbor gave me The Youth's Companion. I sat down and never looked up until I had finished it. For six months, while we remained in the neighborhood, I walked a mile and a half to this home every time The Companion appeared.

The Editor asks me to tell you what happened to this girl of the far away and long ago, after I left the farm and found out that there are places where books stand on shelves, waiting to be read. It is a very personal sort of story, but he thinks you will like it better so.

Daring the Dean's Displeasure

I was eleven years old when we left the farm. I had never seen an attractively illustrated juvenile book. I had never even seen "Mother Goose." My enormous book appetite was still unsatisfied.

There was no public library in the small town to which we moved, and no bookstore. In the church school there were perhaps fifty volumes of the type known as Sunday-school books. You have probably never seen one, for they too have followed the hoop skirt and wax flowers into obscurity. You

will find the flavor of those books, worked out with much better technique, in such modern books as "Pollyanna" and "Laddie." The old books were as like as peas in a pod. They told of the struggles of children who were always misunderstood, but who finally saved the entire family from ruin and

became the leaders of the community. We do not have Sunday-school books today because we have come to realize that any wholesome book, which instills courage, is an ethical book and needs no label.

The shelves of the Sunday-school library did not satisfy me long. There was a small college in the town. Its library was closed all summer, when the students scattered for vacation. This was for the use of college students, and I was only entering high school. I approached the Dean, emboldened by my need. An equally needy friend and I astonished the Dean by asking for the use of the library in summer. I remember how warily we approached, deciding who should speak first. The good Dean took us over and let us choose as many books as we could carry away. Before the end of the summer, he gave us the library key so that we might borrow and browse as much as we pleased.

For two precious summers we had this privilege, and I read all of Dickens, the best of Scott and Thackeray and Shakespeare and Milton, and all the other poetry—which wasn't a great deal. Later I won my bachelor's degree from that little college, but nothing it ever did for me can compare with that generous freedom of the library, just when I needed books so much. Some other school might do as much for a book-hungry boy or girl. It is worth asking for, if you have no other resources. I never had a public library card until after I was twenty.

How I Got "Ben Hur"

The room in which I am writing is lined with books. Most of them I have earned in one way or another. Among these are the first two I am going to tell you about. One came to me from an old premium list. There were a few books on it, and among them "Ben Hur." I gloated over the description: "Dark blue cloth, gold title, and good clear type." I never wanted anything more than that copy of "Ben Hur." It was offered for three subscriptions to the magazine. Good will was plentiful, but dollars were scarce. I was timid, easily turned away. But I got that book, just as we get most things in life for which we are willing to pay life's price.

I bought my next book outright with hoarded savings—a copy of Byron's poems in leather, only a little shopworn. I hesitated between it, "Lalla Rookh" and "Evangeline," and finally decided upon Byron because there was so much more reading in it.

Anyone Can Earn Books

It is easier to earn books now. Last year the young people in the little town of Toppenish, in the Indian reservation of Washington, earned 336 books during Book Week. Every boy and girl from the third grade through high school went to work and got the enthusiasm started, and it did not end with the week's whirlwind campaign. They are still earning books in Toppenish. In Cedarburg, Wisconsin, young people earned 89 books. If your town is not awake to such opportunities, I will tell you where you can get the material and put on just as successful a campaign as those in Toppenish and Cedarburg.

Public libraries do much. But every person and every family must own some books. We must have friends to whom we can turn at any time. Most of us will agree that books should come before motion pictures and ice-cream sodas, because their place in the home is permanent. They will give you joy and satisfaction, not for once only, but now and next year and ever afterward, if you choose them wisely. They will double and triple your earning power, as a recent writer in The Companion has shown—and they will give you an inner strength that will overcome every handicap and obstacle you will ever meet.



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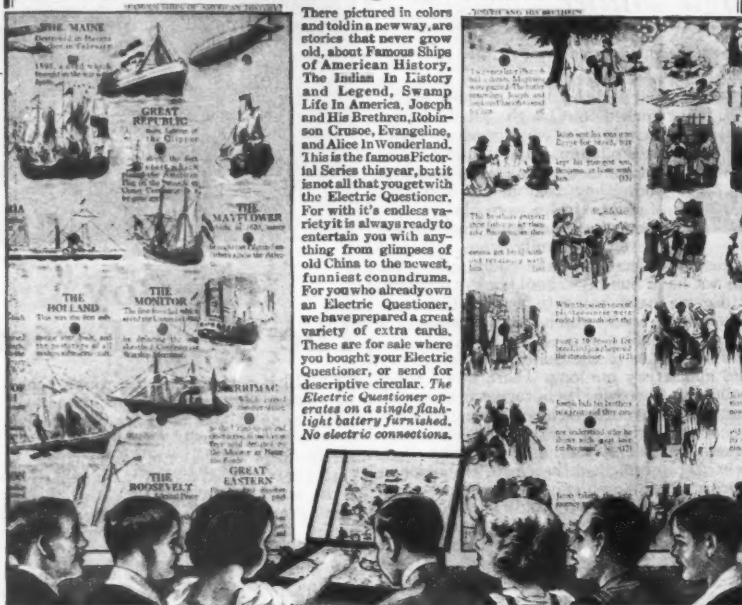


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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 722]

"This is the sort of thing that gives you fever," he said to himself. "What a fool I am!"

He stumbled into what he hoped was the track Gassam had taken, beating against the rain and the gathering dark. But it was hard to be sure. It was such a faint trail through that immensity. There were others. Garth paused at the junction of two—or was the other a trail at all? He kept on and came to a small black channel spanned by a fallen tree trunk. He knew they had not crossed that. He turned back and tried to retrace his steps, and couldn't; the jungle seemed to close in behind him as he passed—malicious tentacles of creepers. So he crossed the waterway, for the trail seemed to continue beyond it. He dared not trust his feet; hence he crawled over it. From below came strange wheezing coughs and a curious, disagreeable, musky smell. It was as well that he did not know they meant crocodiles.

"Wu-tu-tu" the plain-eater were silent; there was nothing but the steady drowning rush of the rain. Garth struggled on through what might be a trail—it did not seem to be solid jungle, at any rate. He suddenly remembered the quinine tablets the captain had made him put in his pocket. He got them out and ate one, as he felt a small shiver ooze down his spine.

"This won't do!" he said aloud, and then wished he hadn't. He said the rest to himself. "This won't do. Plenty of people do die of fever on the West Coast—people do get lost in jungles. But that's in books. I mustn't."

It all seemed like an unimaginable nightmare, yet the reality of it was horrible. In the tense darkness his foot slipped, and he shot downward four or five feet into slimy water among tree roots and trailing grass. He floundered frantically, unable to reach the firm ground from which he had slid. Now he started back in horror from he knew not what, to find it only the wet roots of a tree; now he plunged on, in thick water waist-deep. When he thought at all, he thought of crocodiles. His flashlight made things worse, somehow. It did not throw a beam far enough to help him, and, though he heard nothing, he was afraid it might show him the gazing eyes of beasts. He did not know whether he was crossing the swamp, or following its nearer edge, or walking round and round in the middle of it.

He had no idea of how long the horror of it had gone on, when he found the water lessening about him, and, clutching at dry roots above his head, he dragged himself out on comparatively dry ground. He sprawled for a while where he had crept out, too weary even to be frightened. Then the mad impulse to get out—to get away—to get on—lashed him to his feet again.

But the wet and the cold and the miles of cruel exertion had done for his leg. He knew that in a few minutes more it was simply going to stop working. It was quite a useful leg nowadays for any ordinary purposes, but not for struggling, climbing, wading, thrashing through an impossible African jungle all night in the rain and chill. It did its best and then went back on him completely, all at once, as he had known it would. He lay for some time in the shelter of the great roots of a huge brooding baobab tree, and the rain and his thoughts pounded him mercilessly.

"Fool!" his thoughts said. "Didn't you know this was not a country to be trifled with? Did you think you could trust that big black man and depend on him? Did you think you were Stanley, or Livingstone, or what? When you die, the captain'll think it's his fault, and never get over it; and you won't be able to tell them all that it was your own fault."

Then the rain stopped,—just like the turning off of a faucet,—and the silence that followed was so terribly still that Garth wished for the rain again. He sat up and squeezed the water out of his sodden shirt and tried to rub life back into his leg without much success. It would take more than a little rubbing to relieve the utter exhaustion of half-paralyzed muscles.

"When it's light," thought Garth, "everything will be better. It'll have to be—else I won't believe I'm here. I'm not here."

He could scarcely believe he was—for the black stillness reduced him to a small human consciousness beating there in the darkness. He felt disembodied and strange, as if it were only his mind that were present, and his body—because he could not see it—were removed from the danger and dread that beset it. The silence dripped darkly—and then out of it grew suddenly a new sound.

THE trader had conducted the captain, Gleason, and Barclay to the little mud strong-house, and they followed warily, each wondering what the next move was to be. The trader wheeled and faced them.

"Where'd the girl go?" he asked suddenly. "and that boy with the limp?"

"They're behind," said the captain. But the trader quickly sensed the errand they had gone on. He fired his revolver once—the shot that Garth had heard as he and Vega went toward the shore,—and faces, black and white, appeared among the leaves and ferns.

"There's no use in putting up any bluff," said the trader. "We all know where we stand, I guess. But you're not going to get off as easy as you seem to think."

The ring of faces closed in a little—the schooner gang, obviously, with a sprinkling of natives. Just then there was a whoop of "We bane yoost in time for the fun, hey?" and the Arran's men, far from "lying low" as Garth had advised, came leaping in like a parcel of red Indians, led by the big Norwegian bos'n. The captain was immensely cheered by their unexpected rifles, which they were leveling at the faces in the bush.

"Hey! Wait a minute!" yelled the trader, whose plans were evidently suffering a swift change. "Don't shoot, boys—none of you! What's the sense of getting ourselves all killed up, and nobody getting any ivory? I ask you. Let's talk about this."

The rifles had apparently done their bit in impressing the trader. The bos'n continued to squint along the barrel of his.

"Why don't you come in on this and divvy up, too? There's no call for you to be so conscientious over your cargo. Your ship's wrecked—there's your responsibility ended. Just take your slice on the quiet, and when everything's blown over just turn up in South America or somewhere with this windjammer you got, and let bygones be bygones."

The captain looked thoughtful. "There's something in that," he said, and Barclay stared at him with bulging eyes.

"I call off my crowd if you call off yours," said the trader, and the respective weapons were lowered. "Come up to the house and make a palaver about this," he went on.

The whole rabble followed and disposed themselves about the veranda. The two factions cocked a wary eye at each other. Barclay whispered to the captain:

"Say, do you mean it, honest—to go in on this deal?"

"Use your wit, lad," murmured the captain. "I mean it no more than he does. There's treachery he's planning."

The trader was eloquent; Mr. Ratney evidently disapproved splitting the loot into proportions that would diminish his share; the captain was silent and attentive.

"Cap'n," said the trader, "it's no use concealing from you that you've mused up our plans badly. We all know all about it. That's why I'm making you this square proposition. It's all I can do; see? How big a slice will keep you quiet, anyhow?"

"It's got to be an unco big one," said the captain.

"You got to stay within reason, y' know," Ratney said. "Within reason. There's 'nough fer everybody if we all stay within reason."

"Keep still, Ratney," snapped the trader. "Let me do this."

Another war-whoop smote the jungle, and the Arran's men capered suddenly upon the scene, cocking their weapons.

"We got the others fixed; now what'll we do with these here guys?" one demanded.

"Oh, wasn't it as slick as a picnic, though!" another cried.

"We bane yoost so yentle mit 'em!" the bos'n grinned.

Gleason, his own revolver leveled, was soberly demanding the guns of Ratney and the trader.

"What have you done?" the captain demanded. "What's up, boys?"

"Oh, we just sent 'em into that young arsenal down there to see was there any more ammunition fer the rifles—they needed some, bad. They was so full o' drinks they was stupid; they all walked in, and there they are!" The narrator guffawed, and another went on:

"We jest natchelly shet 'em up in there, an' locked 'em up. They're buzzin' like a mess o' bluebottles!"

"So now we bane ready for dese oddsers," the bos'n concluded.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE 730]

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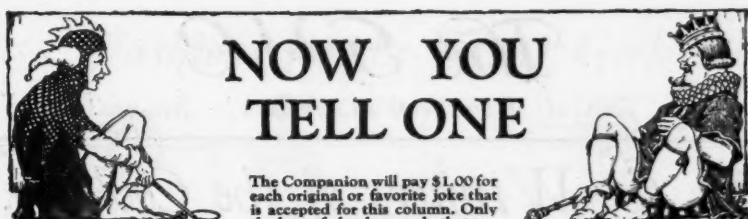
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NOW YOU TELL ONE

The Companion will pay \$1.00 for each original or favorite joke that is accepted for this column. Only the best of the thousands that are sent us can be used and paid for. Due to the great number of jokes submitted, we cannot undertake to return those that are not accepted.

SPELLING REFORM

A FEW years ago I was visiting a rural school, and just before closing time the teacher called out the small children to spell. They stood in a long row, and the word was "could." Each child as he spelled the word put it in a sentence.
But it was Margaret, the little German girl in the class, who capped the climax when she gave as her sentence: "The cow chewed his could." —Mrs. Hugh Allen

THE TRAINED MUSICAL EAR

THIS is the tale of a distinguished English composer who set out with a friend to pay a call in the West End of London. Both men knew the block upon which the object of their search lived, but could not remember the number of the house.
"What'll we do?" asked the musician's friend.

The composer made no reply, but walked up to the first house, brushed his shoe against the footscraper and listened intently. He shook his head and passed on to the next house. From doorstep to doorstep he proceeded, with his companion at his heels. At last he stopped before a house in the middle of the block.

"This is it," he announced. "I don't know the number, but the footscraper is in B flat." —V. F. Pelley

INDULGENT TO GRANDMA

VIRGINIA, age six, was very precise as to the correct pronunciation of words and had a serious habit of contradicting people. Her grandmother was visiting her, and her parents had cautioned the little miss not to correct the grandmother. Now the old lady always pronounced "heard" as if it were spelled "heered," and as soon as Virginia detected this she determined to correct her grandmother's pronunciation.

She met with no success; her grandmother declared that "heard" as Virginia pronounced it meant a lot of cattle, and insisted on her own way of speaking the word.

So Virginia said she would appeal to the dictionary. She walked over to the bookcase and found there a small red notebook. She opened it, turned over the blank pages rapidly, and said at last:
"Here it is! 'Heard'—Young people should say 'heard,' but old folks say what they want to!" —Dorothy Whitman

BARNYARD SHRAPNEL

A LITTLE Scotch lassie was walking along the streets of the town of Lumsden, Saskatchewan, with her mother. Both had been only a few weeks in Canada. On a side street off the main thoroughfare the wee lassie observed a hen sitting near a small stable. She approached the hen quietly, and when close to it she uttered the word "shoo." Immediately the hen rose, and as she spread her wings slightly a brood of young chicks appeared all around her. This was a surprise to the little girl. She hurried over to her mother and pointed out the hen to her, saying, "Look, mither, yon hen's burst." —Ada Hynds

PERFECTLY RELIABLE

THE tramp knocked at the farmhouse door, and when the owner presented himself the tramp began to recite his tale of woe and ended by asking for a job.
"Yes, you can have a job," said the farmer. "You could gather eggs for me if you are certain you won't steal any."

The tramp choked with gratitude and emotion.
"Sir," he said, with eyes brimful of unshed tears, "you could trust me with any mortal thing on earth. For twenty years I was manager of a bathhouse, and I never took a single bath!" —Madeline Nutting

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A CENTIPEDE PIG

A BRIDE went into a provision shop and said to the proprietor: "I bought three or four hams here a month ago, and they were fine. Have you any more of them?"
"Yes, madam," said the owner, "there are ten of those hams hanging up there now."
"Well, if you are sure they're off the same pig, I'll take three of them," said the young woman. —J. S. Halford, Jr.

GETTING THERE FIRST

THE quarrel between the two children waxed hot and furious. Janet hit Frances with a stick, and then their father interfered.
"Janet," he said, "did you hit Frances with that stick?"
Janet defiantly confessed her guilt.
"Why did you do it?" demanded the father.

"Because," Janet retorted, and righteous indignation flashed in her eyes, "afterwards she hit me!" —Selma Engelbertson

TESTED?

AFTER the cows had been tested on this farm, the inspector put a ring in each cow's ear. Philip, age four, accompanied his father to the big city, where he saw a number of girls wearing earrings.
Philip: "I guess those girls have been tested."
Daddy: "How's that, son?"

Philip: "Because they have rings in their ears just like our cows."
—Katherine E. Aungst

A YOUNG GENIUS

JONES: "Yes, sir, that boy of mine is a wonderful banjo player. Why, he can play with his toes."
Brown: "How old is he?"
Jones: "Fifteen."
Brown: "I've got a boy at home who can play with his toes and is only one year old." —Waldo Brooks

THIS OUGHT TO BE A LARGE ESTATE

MR. SMITH, as a matter of economy, decided to write his own will. When he declared it ready to be signed and witnessed his wife said: "Are you sure you have everything in it? Did you put in that money you want Cousin Jim to have?"

"Well, no," replied her husband, "there was that, and there were one or two other things I should have put in, but the document is quite lengthy as it is, and I don't want to use another sheet." —F. H. L. Pickles

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN

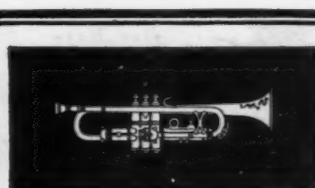
THE Sunday-school superintendent asked for announcements. No one responded, so little Mona Belle arose and said: "My grandma will be at our house for dinner." —Mrs. Guy L. Call

ENOUGH PROOF FOR HIM

SCHOOLMISTRESS: "Willie, give me three proofs that the world is round."
Willie: "The geography book says so, you say so, and Dad says so." —Claribel Clayton

THE LAZY THINGS

JOHNNY, when asked to give an account of an oyster's activities: "There isn't much to tell, because oysters are very lazy."
Teacher: "In what way?"
Johnny: "They're always found in beds." —Helen Anderson



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Here Are the Winners of the Cooking Contest

More than twelve hundred recipes were received—now you try the eight that won the prizes!

FROM over 1200 recipes submitted in the G. Y. C. Cooking Contest our Judges, Miss Ula M. Dow of Simmons College and Miss Pearl Andrews of Miss Farmer's School of Cookery, chose those sent by the following Members as the prize-winning ones:

Senior Division: J. Elinor Dible, Parkwood, Pa., first prize; Anna Blaettler, Gilroy, Calif., second prize; Ruth Wilson, Grannis, Ark., third prize; Marjorie Cyr, Jeanerette, La., fourth prize.

Junior Division: Kathryn Louise Harrod, San Fernando, Calif., first prize; Rachel Milani, Ashley Falls, Mass., second prize; Nancy P. Cooper, Eastport, Me., third prize; Emily M. Schrader, Massillon, Ohio, fourth prize.

In addition, our Judges awarded honorable mention to 150 Members, whose recipes, with those of the winners, will be published in our own G. Y. C. Cookbook, to be compiled as one of the biggest G. Y. C. enterprises of the year. Everybody whose recipe is published in it will receive a gift copy. Its cost to all G. Y. C. Members will be nominal only.

Senior Division prize winners



This is the recipe for which J. Elinor Dible (18), Parkwood, Pa., wins first prize, an 1847 "Pieces of Eight" Silver Set, in a chest of Antique Spanish design, in the Senior Division:

GARDEN STEW

1/2 cup chopped carrots 1/2 cup rice
2 cups diced potatoes 1 red sweet pepper
1 cup corn, cut from cob 1 1/2 tablespoons salt
2 cups chopped cabbage 1 1/2 tablespoons flour
1 large onion mixed with same amount of water for thickening

Mix carrots, corn, cabbage, potatoes, onion, salt, and red pepper, with enough water to cover. Bring to boiling point. Wash and add rice. Boil twenty to twenty-five minutes. When cooked add thickening. This will serve eight people.

Anna Blaettler (17), Gilroy, Calif., wins a Universal Waffle Set, second prize in the Senior Division, for her recipe for Spinach Ring, an excellent one for using "left-overs."

SPINACH RING

3 pounds spinach 3 eggs
2 1/2 tablespoons butter 1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons flour 1/2 teaspoon pepper
1/2 cup milk 1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
1/2 small onion

Wash spinach well. Chop and cook with-out water unless it is old, in which case put in very little water. Let it steam until well done, or about forty-five minutes. When cooked, spinach should measure about one and three-fourths cups. Put butter in sauce-pan and beat. Blend flour with it, pour in milk, and cook until thick. Beat egg yolks. Add cream sauce to them and stir. Mix in hot spinach with salt, pepper, nutmeg, and finely chopped onion. Mix well and set aside to cool. When cool add stiffly beaten egg whites, put in well-buttered baking-dish, and bake until brown on top in hot oven 375° F. This recipe serves six people.



This recipe, sent in by Ruth Wilson (20), Grannis, Ark., wins third prize, an Anchor Brand Set of Kitchen Knives, in the Senior Division:



The 1847 "Pieces of Eight" Silver Set, first prize in the Senior Division, arranged for dinner

POTATO AND EGG COMBINATION

3 cups cold creamed pota- 3 tablespoons butter
toes 2 eggs
1 medium-sized onion 1/4 teaspoon salt

Cut onion in small pieces and mix with potatoes. Put butter in frying-pan and when hot pour in potatoes. Break eggs, add salt, and stir until yolks and whites are well mixed. Pour over potatoes and stir until light brown. Serve hot. This serves four people.

Marjorie Cyr (17), Jeanerette, La., wins fourth prize in the Senior Division, a set of Pyrex Baking Cups, for this recipe:

CHICKEN SPAGHETTI

1 chicken 2 pods garlic
1 tablespoon fat Salt, red and black pepper
1 tablespoon flour 1 can mushrooms
3 onions 1 pound spaghetti
2 cans tomatoes 1/2 pound grated Italian
4 cups water cheese
1 tablespoon parsley

Cut up fowl, cover with boiling water, and cook until nearly tender. Put fat in frying-pan. When melted add flour. Stir until brown. Add finely cut onion and stir until medium brown. Add tomato, garlic cut fine, salt and pepper to taste, and water. Cook about forty minutes. Put through puree strainer. Return to frying-pan. Add mush-rooms and let simmer. When fowl is tender add to tomato gravy and let simmer until ready to serve. Break spaghetti in inch pieces and put into boiling salt and water. Let boil rapidly twenty minutes. Pour into colander and rinse with cup of cold water. Drain well. Put spaghetti on large platter and pour tomato gravy and chicken over it. Sprinkle with grated cheese and parsley. Serve immediately. This will serve eight people.



Junior Division prize winners

Kathryn Louise Harrod (11), San Fernando, Calif., receives an Alaska Ice Cream Freezer with Elec-tric-motor Attachment, first prize in the Junior

Division. Here is her recipe:

TAMALE LOAF

1 can corn (1 pound 4 oz. 2 to 3 tablespoons finely
can) dried onions
1 can tomatoes (1 pound 3/4 tablespoon chili powder
4 oz. can) 2 cups yellow cornmeal
1/2 cup salad oil 1 cup milk
2 1/2 teaspoons salt 3 eggs

Combine the first six ingredients. Stir well and cook ten minutes. Stir milk into cornmeal and add well-beaten eggs. Cook ten minutes and add second mixture to first. Mix thoroughly and pour into well-greased baking-pan. Dot with raisins or stuffed olives if desired. Bake in moderate oven forty-five minutes. Serve hot with white or tomato sauce. Ten people can be served easily from this recipe.

This recipe for an old Italian dish, sent in by Rachel Milani (14), Ashley Falls, Mass., wins second prize in the Junior Division, a Gilbert Bell Hop Clock:

RESOTTE À LA MILANESE

1 quart chicken or
beef broth
1 cup rice
3 tablespoons butter
1 large cup grated
Parmigiano cheese
1 small onion
Salt and pepper to
season

Heat broth to boiling point in saucepan. Fry butter and onion until golden brown. Add rice and cook over quick fire three minutes in another saucepan. Keep stirring. Add boiling broth until all is absorbed by rice. Cook fifteen minutes. Take from fire and add rest of butter and the grated cheese. Cover dish and let stand at end of stove for three minutes. Add salt and pepper and serve hot as side dish. This serves six people.



The third prize in the Junior Division, a Blue Line Kitchen Set, goes to Nancy P. Cooper (13), Eastport, Me., for this recipe from far-away Morocco:

MOROCCO DESSERT

6 squares sweet cooking 6 eggs
chocolate

Put chocolate in saucepan to melt. While melting, separate eggs. Beat yolks and add to melted chocolate, beating constantly. Fold in beaten egg whites. Pack in ice over night and serve with whipped cream. This will serve eight people.

This salad recipe, sent in by Emily M. Schrader (13), Massillon, Ohio, wins fourth prize in the Junior Division, a Recipe Index Cabinet:

TWENTY-FOUR-HOUR SALAD

1 can white cherries 3 bananas
1 can pineapple Yolks 4 eggs
1/2 pound marshmallows Juice 1 lemon
1/2 pound almonds 1/4 pint cream

Chop cherries, pineapple, marshmallows, and almonds. Cook eggs, lemon juice, and cream until thick. Cool and add one-fourth pint whipped cream. Add chopped fruits. Let stand twenty-four hours. When ready to serve add chopped bananas. This serves twelve people.

And two honorable mentions

Unfortunately space permits printing only two of the many excellent recipes awarded honorable mention by the judges. In a future issue it will perhaps be possible to give a complete list of members who received

this honor, but for the present this must suffice.

G. Y. C. CAKE

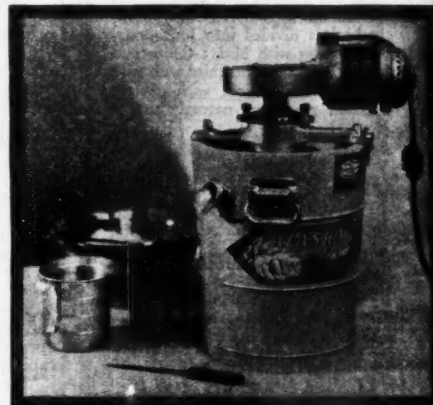
1/2 cup butter 3 teaspoons baking
1 cup sugar powder
2 cups flour Whites 3 eggs
1/4 teaspoon salt 1 teaspoon vanilla
3/4 cup milk Gold cake coloring

Cream butter thoroughly. Add sugar a little at a time, beating well. Add milk alter-nately with dry ingredients, which have been sifted together. Mix well. Add cake coloring as desired. Add vanilla and beat well. Add egg whites, well beaten but not dry. Bake in greased square loaf-cake tin in moderate oven about forty-five minutes. When cool ice with blue and gold icing, using gold icing to form letters of G. Y. C. pin. This recipe serves eighteen people.—AUDREY MATTON (14), Gaylord, Kan.

NUT GRAHAM BREAD

2 cups graham flour 1 level teaspoon soda
1 cup white flour 1/2 cup molasses
1/2 cup sugar 1 1/4 cups sweet milk
1 level teaspoon salt 1/4 cup nut meats

Sift white flour, sugar, salt, and soda to-gether. Add unsifted graham flour. Mix dry ingredients with one-fourth cup nut meats cut in small pieces. Add molasses and milk. Beat and bake in buttered pan. This serves about six people for one meal.—MYRA HANTHORNE (16), Custer, Wash.



This electrically operated Alaska ice-cream freezer is the first prize in the Junior Division

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HAZEL GREY

8 Arlington Street Boston, Mass.

Return to Hazel Grey

The G. Y. C., 8 Arlington St., Boston

Dear Hazel: I should like to know (you may check one or both):

...How to become first a Corresponding Member, then an Active Member and finally a Contributing Member of the G. Y. C. by my-self and how to win the pin and all the advan-tages of a Member of the G. Y. C.

OR

...How to form a Branch Club of the G. Y. C. with several of my best friends and to win the pin and all the advantages of Cor-responding, Active and Contributing Members for us all.

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I am..... years old.

Address.....

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1½ cups flour ½ teasp. salt
3 teasp. Rumford 2 tabsp. shortening
Baking Powder About ¼ cup milk
Scraped maple sugar

Sift together flour, baking powder, salt; work in shortening. When well mixed, add enough milk to make soft dough. Roll out ¼ inch thick, on floured board. Spread thickly with scraped maple sugar, roll up like a jelly roll; cut into slices with very sharp knife. Lay these on greased baking pan and bake 12 to 15 minutes in moderate oven — 350-375 degrees F.

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Fashions for the Young Girl



On the left, the two-piece dress of satin. Below, the Joan of Arc neck-lace

On the right, the fall dress of rayo twill

Fashions from Gilchrist's, Boston

ONE of the new fall dresses of rayo twill is shown on the right. Box plaits stitched down about two inches with several rows of horizontal stitching go completely across the front of the skirt. The neck can be worn either high or low. The belt is stitched, and each cuff and the collar are trimmed with a dainty appliqué of felt. It comes in blue, green, wine and tan, in sizes 14, 16, 18, and 20, \$16.50.

A Joan of Arc neck-lace, so new and popular, is shown in the insert. It comes in old gold, green gold, and white gold (all plated), set with dark-green, light-green, pink, or light-blue stones, \$1.00.

The two-piece dress on the left, with the skirt side-plaited and the blouse horizon-

tally tucked, is crêpe back satin. The neck can be worn either high or low, as preferred. The vestee is made of the reverse side of the satin. It comes in leaf green, Newport blue, navy, leaf brown, and black, in sizes 14, 16, 18, and 20, \$16.50.

TO ORDER: I shall be glad to shop for either or both of the dresses as well as the neck-lace if you will send your money order or check.

Hazel Gray

8 Arlington Street

Boston, Mass.

A Lamp and Shade for the Workbox Bedroom

G. Y. C. Workbox Enterprise No. 52

AFTER looking in vain through all the shops for just the right lamp for the Workbox bedroom, the search suddenly ended one day when the girls were visiting a very nice old lady in the country. She was showing them some very interesting old things when she uncovered an old kerosene lamp with the most graceful base of clear glass. As a kerosene lamp it had long outlived its usefulness, but the girls at once saw the possibility of wiring it to convert it into an electric lamp and of filling the base with colored water to make one of the water lamps so fashionable at the present time.



The new lamp

The dear old lady was perfectly willing to part with it when they explained what they wanted it for; she much preferred her new electric lamp. So it was taken home, and the work of remaking it started. The equipment for wiring it was all bought at the five- and ten-cent store at a total cost of 85 cents. Lavender was decided upon as being the most appropriate color for the water; so some was colored by dipping purple crêpe paper into it. Everybody held her breath when a test was made to see if the lamp would light or would blow out a fuse; but everything went perfectly, and it was a moment of victory for Sally, who did the wiring.

The next thing was to have a shade for it; so the necessary materials for making one of parchment were bought. The frame was wire, six inches tall and ten inches in diameter at the bottom. All the spokes were cut off, leaving just a ring at the top and one at the bottom to serve as the frame. Paper was pinned around this frame, and a pattern

from which the parchment could be cut was made. The parchment was sewed to the top and bottom rings and then joined at the ends with small wire shanks. The print from an old Godey style book which was used on the parchment waste-paper basket made for the bedroom looked so well that two others were bought to paste on the front of the shade. When a line was drawn around them with black oil color and a lined design had been made around the top and bottom too, the whole shade was given a coat of orange shellac. Last of all the top and bottom edges were bound with

¾-inch black velvet ribbon. The new lamp now stands in the middle of the little bedroom table which was refinished just a short time ago.

A Reminder!

REPORTS for the December Treasure Chest Awards are due December 1. One chest will go to the individual Active Member and the other to the Active Branch Club reporting in a neat detailed report the most money earned and saved since the first of June. No reports will be returned; so be sure to keep a copy. Those winning the chests will have fulfilled a requirement for contributing membership. Send your reports now!



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WHY I AM A FARMER

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 689]

the diet, and there was evidence at once of the tissue-building qualities furnished by the milk.

The dairyman does not have an "easy" life. I milked cows regularly for more than a quarter of a century and speak from experience. Dairying builds up soil fertility. It brings in a monthly check that saves many a farmer from bankruptcy. Our family remembers the keen disappointments and heartaches and the great vacancy that Father's death left in our household. It seemed that college and other promises for the future were all shattered, because there was still a mortgage on the farm and times were pretty hard in the early nineties. But a good mother, aided by dairy cows, put the boys and girls through school, paid the debts, balanced the bank account, and gave the family a new lease on life.

Will It Pay?

We are now hearing much about farm depression. Some people measure agriculture by the past five years. This is a cruelly unfair yardstick. "Do not," said President Garfield, "try to make soundings during a storm." Rural profits must be estimated over a long period of years. In 1920, the value of all farm investments totaled seventy-eight billion dollars, a sum so vast that a billion-dollar steel trust or the fortune of Henry Ford or John D. Rockefeller sinks into comparative insignificance.

Agriculture is a big business, and it is more than a big business—it is the nation's most important occupation, and the one upon which all other occupations and industries, in a manner, rest.

Not only is the farmer part of a great business group, but his assurance of success is greater than in many other callings in life. During unfavorable years the percentage of money lost in farming is less than the percentage lost in commercial failures. The American youth will ask: "Farming has paid in the past; will it pay in the future?" The answer is "Yes." As a farmer, you will receive dividends in cash, in health, in happiness, and above all in opportunity to grow and serve.

Dividends in Cash

The farmer is the one individual who can create new wealth. The manufacturer creates wealth only by destroying coal and by changing the form of his iron, lumber, or other materials. The wise farmer, by crop rotation and conservation of fertility, can improve the value of his land and at the same time bring in a constant cash return.

One of the first opportunities to make money on the farm at the present time is in the increased value of your plant. Farm lands may have been too high just after the Great War, but in many sections they are now selling below their value. It is a safe prediction that, ten years from now, any farm bought at the present price can be sold at a profit, provided equipment and soil fertility are maintained.

The second cash opportunity comes, of course, in products marketed. There never was so great an opportunity for quality products as now. The public is willing to pay well for dairy products that are clean, pure, and above the average in quality. Selected fruit brings high prices. Fresh-laid eggs, home-dressed poultry, and choice vegetables can be turned into cash in almost any community. Side lines, as mentioned earlier, will in many cases offer an attractive field for endeavor.

Through the years, farming pays. Look around in any farm community, and you will find scores of men who started with nothing and today own attractive homes. The city business man with a substantial income often pays it all out, and more too, for rent and other inflated expenses in the effort to "keep up with the neighbors." An overwhelming majority of the city laboring group live and die in rented tenements and leave no property to their children. Go to the court house and compare the average estate of the farmer with the estates of those in other walks of life. There are no millionaires among the farmers, but there are literally millions who are not only independent but well-to-do. I could name thousands of people who began with nothing, yet have acquired fine farmhouses, educated their families, and enjoyed a heaping measure of the best things in life.

Other Dividends

It is interesting to note that man has taken the wild cow, which could only nourish her own calf, and has developed her until there now are cows that produce tons of milk annually and almost their own weight in butter. He has taken the wild pheasant, which produced only about a dozen eggs a year, and has developed a hen laying from one hundred to two hundred eggs a year. He has taken the lean wild hog and produced an animal that is the most important in the meat supply of the world. And so we might go on; but this may kindle your imagination and direct you to the farm as a great laboratory of profitable opportunities—especially the opportunity to make some money.

Fresh air, good food, and outdoor exercise of the muscles make for health. It requires no high-priced city gym director to keep the farmer physically fit. Like gardeners and ministers, farmers are long-lived. Fresh food, the very best of its kind, and the opportunity to have it first during the season, the abundance of sunshine and air, the active life out in the open—these are things which people of wealth spend vast sums to enjoy. They are part of the daily life of the farmer.

Ease in Getting a Start

An individual with good health, brains, and morals can start farming with as small capital as he can start almost any other calling. New agencies assist him in this. Under the recently organized Federal Farm Loan System, farms can be purchased on long-time amortizing mortgages that give you opportunity to pay for a farm while you are improving it and at the same time to enjoy life. Most farmers have started by working on a farm, later renting a farm, and then making a cash payment and beginning the struggle toward successful home ownership.

All life is a struggle, of course. There is no royal road to success, or success would be so cheap that no one would value it or make any profit out of it. The farmer on his own land is unbossed. Never having worked, perhaps, for a president or board of directors that can at any time sell out the business and throw him into the street, he sometimes does not appreciate this great advantage of his way of living.

But if the young farmer likes business operations on a large scale, a line of farm activity is opening out that will be highly remunerative to him. Cooperative-marketing agencies, with storage and processing facilities, will require as keen minds and as well-trained executives as any other field of human activity. A young man who knows farming and the laws of business and finance and is schooled in real cooperative enterprises has unlimited opportunities to rise to the top in the broadening cooperative marketing field. Larger salaries are steadily appearing in this new phase of agricultural activity.

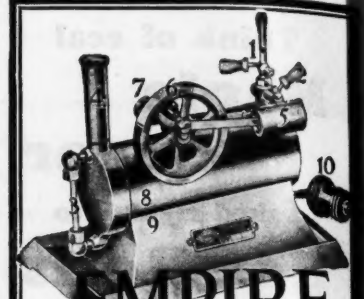
Growth and Service

The best proof that farm life develops the individual will be found by walking into the directors' room of any great institution. A majority of the men present will be found to have been born on the farm. Three quarters of the principal executives in this nation were farm boys, or their parents were born on farms. The reason is simple. The farm boy has had an opportunity to do things; he has made his own playthings, perhaps; he has broken the calves to lead and has taken care of the other live stock; he has constantly developed his own initiative and has learned to take care of himself. These are invaluable qualities in business.

Country living is growing better all the time. The Grange, the Farm Bureau, the Farmers' Union, and other farm organizations are developing forums for the growth and progress of country life. Farm isolation is past and gone.

In a single article I cannot do more than sketch lightly the charm, the interest, and the profits of farming as I have found them in my own life. I believe that many Companion readers are farm boys and girls. To them I can say out of my own experience that, if they choose agriculture as a profession, they will have an opportunity to live a full, rich life. It will be one of usefulness, of happiness, of contentment. It will bring you as fair a measure of the good things of life as can any other calling or profession.

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Stamps to Stick

Our stamp page, which appears each month, contains a summary for expert collectors of the important philatelic events of the month, and a brief word of information specially intended for beginners.



Brazil commemorates the founding of her courts of justice in 1827; Russia marks the holding of a great aeronautical congress with a new stamp; Baron Charles Nicholas Fabvier, the French officer who assisted Greece in her war for independence, is honored in a new series from Greece

IMPRESSIONS

The Philatelic Meaning of the Term

THE philatelic terms "early impressions" and "worn plates" are sometimes puzzling to the new devotee of stamp collecting. It is important to appreciate the distinction, because there are numerous instances of "early impression" stamps having a far greater philatelic value than "worn plate" copies of what appear to be precisely the same series. It is true that both are of the identical series in so far as design, color, and denomination are concerned. Yet one may have been printed actually some years earlier than the other, and so the two have come to constitute separate varieties in the understanding of experienced followers of the hobby.

When the plate from which the stamps are first run off is new, the adhesives so produced are, as may be conjectured, "early impressions." Design and inscription are distinctly shown. As time goes on, and the plate is kept in constant use, the minute portions which create the finer lines become dulled, and so at last "worn plate" adhesives are a result.

Nowadays a modern postal administration is likely to discard a plate before it becomes badly worn, and place a new plate in use. But in earlier times, when there was less science in the manufacturing of stamps, and when the making of the plates was more expensive than now, it was often customary to get the greatest possible utility from each plate. Thus "early impression" and "worn plate" distinctions are to be found scattered through the American standard stamp catalogue.

STAMP NEWS

The Output of the Current Year

DURING the first three quarters of 1927 approximately 1000 new varieties of stamps were issued. It will be far into 1928 before the philatelic world will know what has been the present year's output. With literally hundreds of new adhesives promised in various lands before the end of December, it will not be surprising if the 1927 total exceeds that of 1926. In the latter year there were virtually 1700 varieties—which is more than appeared in 1924 but fewer than the totals for 1925, 1923, 1922, 1921 or 1920. In 1920 more than 3000 different major and minor varieties were distributed, a record for any one year.

The stamps thus far issued in 1927 include more than 150 commemoratives and some 50 air-mail adhesives, with others to come before the year closes; but these figures do not anywhere nearly approach the records. The highest number of commemoratives for any twelve-month period is 489, in 1925. In the same year 100 "flying machine" stamps appeared—more than in any other year before or since. The same year established a record for postage dues—289.

New Issues

NEW issues appear in such profusion that it is not possible for The Companion to list them all. What the stamp editor undertakes to do on this page is to tell about the more interesting ones—the stamps which have fascinating backgrounds or which arise out of unusual circumstances. Included within these classifications are the following that are either of recent distribution or are to appear in due time:

Brazil: A hundred years ago—in August of 1827—Brazil set up her courts of justice. The date, "11 de Agosto 1827-1927," is inscribed on two commemoratives—100 reis, blue, showing an emblematic figure of the Law with scroll in hand, and 200 reis, red, with a map of Brazil. The scales of justice appear on each.

China: Domestic postage, both for registered and for special-delivery mail, has been advanced. This has necessitated the issuing of 9-cent and 14-cent values. Pending the printing of definitives of these denominations, stocks of the current 10-cent value have been overprinted for use as a 9-cent, and similarly stocks of the 15-cent have been converted into 14-cent stamps.

Dutch Indies: A curious situation has developed here. Collectors will recall that some years ago safes that would float were installed, for protecting insured mail, on steamships leaving Holland for various Dutch colonies. For prepaying mail so insured and transported, Holland issued special stamps which are

known as the "floating safe" series. The use of these was discontinued in 1923. Now, unannounced, come further "floating safe" adhesives inscribed "Curacao" and "Suriname," but they are surcharged with new values, such as 3 cents on 15 cents, 10 cents on 60 cents, 12½ cents on 75 cents, etc. Thus it happens that seven years ago stocks of these special stamps were printed with the intention of having them used on stamps from Curacao and Surinam to Holland. But, though prepared, they were never issued, and when the use of Holland's "floating safe" stamps was discontinued thousands of copies of Curacao and Surinam stamps which were of no value were on hand. The recent overprinting was done as a measure of economy, and the stamps are now in ordinary postal use in the two colonies.



Poland celebrates the repatriation of a long-dead poet; Beethoven on a new value in the current German issue

Germany: The domestic letter rate has been increased to 8 pfennigs; and so a new stamp has appeared in that denomination—dark green, with a portrait of Beethoven, the composer. As the present 5-pfennig, with Schiller's likeness, is of that color, it is being reissued in light green, to avert confusion.

Greece: A century ago Baron Charles Nicholas Fabvier, a French officer, participated in the war of Greek independence, holding the position of commander of the Greek infantry when it smashed through the Turkish forces to the besieged garrison of the Acropolis. Stamps have now appeared—1 drachma, red, 3 drachmas, blue, and 6 drachmas, green—with a head of Fabvier and a view of the Acropolis as the common design. They bear the dates 1826 and 1926, as it had been intended to issue these commemoratives last year.

Guatemala: This republic is going to erect a beautiful post-office building. A presidential decree has authorized the printing of 60,000,000 1-centavo stamps,—with the proposed structure as the design,—the use of which shall be obligatory on all inland mail. Thus does a country finance a public enterprise!

Nicaragua: During the recent war quantities of current stamps were confiscated by the anti-government forces. Simultaneously it was discovered that cancellation marks were being removed from used stamps. So the government postal officials ordered all remaining stocks surcharged, with a soluble ink, with the inscription "Resello 1927," and it was decreed that only these overprinted ones should be good for postage. A printer made an error with some of the values and used ordinary ink, so that a second overprinting was necessary, this time with the soluble solution. In this way more than twenty varieties were created, surcharges being in black or red or violet.

Palestine: The high values of the new pictorials are now reaching American collectors. The Citadel of Jerusalem (Mt. Zion) is pictured on the 5-millieme, orange, and the 7-millieme, red. Lake Tiberias (Sea of Galilee) is the view on the 50-millieme, purple, the 90-millieme, bistre, the 100-millieme, cobalt, and the 200-millieme, mauve. On the lower denominations are Rachel's tomb and the Dome of the Rock.

Poland: The ashes of Julius Slowacki, Polish "Satan of Poetry," who died in exile in Paris in 1849, were in June brought back from France and buried in the Warvel Hill, where many of Poland's national heroes, including some whose bodies were recently repatriated, have been given their final resting place. Commemorating the honor thus paid Slowacki, a 20-grozy reddish-mauve stamp has appeared which bears his portrait, his name, and the date "28-VI-1927."

Russia: Recently an aeronautical congress was held in the soviet country. To mark this event appeared a red and pale green stamp, 15 kopeks, with a design comprising an airplane and a map showing the western hemisphere and part of the Americas.

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 724]

"Good boys!" said the captain. "Gentlemen, perhaps your best course would be to hand over our slice of the ivory right now. I said an unco large slice—all the ivory, in other words, called for by the bills of lading rendered the Tarca by Mr. Douglas Gallo-way. I'll be speaking with you about him a wee bit later."

Darkness had come, and the trader took down an acetylene lantern and lighted it. A great cloud of mosquitoes dimmed it at once. Its light showed a thin smile on the bony face of the trader. As he led the way down the steps, the lamp shone on a tottering figure coming along the trail. It was old Okki, mumbling and groaning. She clasped the captain's knees and muttered a lengthy string of her very scant trade English. Barclay could not catch it, but he saw the captain's face grow grave and graver, however, and stepped close with inquiry in his eyes.

"Here's more trouble," the captain said in a low voice. "Garth did not go back to the ship. The lass did, but presently Gassam was out after her and, as far as I can make out, had her away without by-your-leave. After a bit, Okki could stand no more but braved the boats to come ashore and tell me."

"Whew!" whistled Barclay softly. "Where could they have got to, on their own? That girl certainly seems to think she's head push of this expedition. She's probably got him into mischief."

"She's a headstrong lass, right enough. Nah, Okki, you no feel bad. We look, we catch missy one time."

The trader had reached the door of the mud house and unlocked it. He flung it wide and turned the beams of the acetylene lamp within. The square, rough interior revealed was absolutely empty save for one or two small broken tusks.

"What kind of dirty work is this?" the trader shouted. "You've double-crossed me, eh?"

"You know where the stuff is, better than I do," the captain said, though he was taken clean aback.

"You're too smart," the trader sneered. "First you clean out the tusks—including all mine; then you run my men into a lock-up and—well, I guess there's nothing for me to do but say, 'Good-by; bon voyage!'"

"You know we haven't got the ivory," the captain said. "And until you inform us of where it is you'll just look into the eye of a gun, you two."

"Then we might as well sit on the veranda and be comfortable," said the trader.

The party turned and walked slowly back to the bungalow. Plenty of guns watched Ratney and the trader as they sat slouched in their chairs, and the bos'n seemed to take great delight in cocking and uncocking his venerable rifle with an audible click.

"You're sure he knows where it's gone, sir?" Gleason asked privately.

"Positive," said the captain. "Our only way is to force his hand somehow."

"And where's Pemberley?" Barclay demanded. "I keep thinking of him."

"Puir chap—gudeness knows," the captain said.

"He couldn't get so awfully far," Barclay mused, "with that game leg of his. You know, Captain, he never kicks about it, but I think it bothers him more than he lets on. I thought at first he was a sort of soft guy—but he's a good sport, you know."

"He's a fine lad," said the captain. "But he's unco young. I'm fearing he'll have done something foolish. I can no understand Gassam coming after Vega."

"I've a mind to go and look for 'em," Barclay said.

"Do no such thing!" the captain begged. "It would be like looking for a penny in the sea. If Gassam's with 'em, then it's all right."

"That big black jumping-jack?"

"Gassam's a good boy in the bush. He'll get them back."

But as the night went wearily on, and the traders sat silent in their corner, and the rain thundered ceaselessly on the roof of the bungalow, the captain grew more grave and Barclay fidgeted constantly.

"I hope they're not out in this part of it," the captain murmured. "It would spell fever, surely."

Barclay jumped up. "At any rate, let me go out and see if I can't get a line on where the ivory's cached. We're not getting any farther sticking around here like wet hens."

"Bide your time," the captain advised. "You could no find it—in the dark and wet,

with no clue. And I've no mind to be losing you, too. We've got our friends here at a terrible disadvantage; when day comes we'll just force them to take us to it. I don't see what else they can do."

Barclay took another turn up and down the veranda.

"Gosh, I hate to think of him out in the jungle on a night like this," he muttered; "if that's where he is. What in time could they have gone off for? Hunting up the tusks on their own hook, do you think?"

"Mr. Barclay," said the bos'n, "I wish you sit down! I bane nervous; if I yoomp, dis popgun maybe go off."

So Barclay sat down, and Mr. Gleason lit his pipe, and the rain came down through the darkness and filled an eternity of waiting with its oblivious rush and roar.

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER PEM-BERLEY came into the wardroom of destroyer 078 and sat down at the green-baize-covered table. He had rejoined his ship, and the flotilla was busy at its war-game in the summer maneuver grounds. Jim's heart wasn't in the problems that the ships were engaged in working out. He glanced through the porthole at the big airplane carrier that lay not far away and saw the plane take off neatly and slant upward into the clean sky. He somehow hated to see it there, and yet he knew that it was his duty to be interested in its progress and attentive to the part it played in the maneuvers. Elspeth had looked frightfully lonely, as he left her there at Sinclair's house, and somehow a little older since that Tarca business. He drew a sheet of paper toward him and uncapped his fountain pen.

"My dearest Pem," he wrote, "Goodness alone knows when or where this will reach you, if ever, but I am writing it on the chance of its picking you up somewhere. I've never been so long without talking to you—even on paper,—and I have to do it, if only to satisfy myself."

"As you may guess, the news of the Tarca gave us a bad time; Mother didn't say much, but it was horrible for her. As luck would have it, I was away at maneuvers, but managed to beg a fortnight's leave. Your cable saved all our lives—but what you're doing now that you're 'safe at Gomba' of course we long to know. I suppose you may have to wait an eternity for a ship home. It was a bit more of an adventure than we'd bargained for, wasn't it, old man?"

"It must be a strange life out there; it's a part of the world I have never touched, and I find it awfully hard to believe that you're out there. I know you're in the seventh heaven, exploring at last your precious ports below the Line and eating mangoes at last."

"Here we are, practicing different clever ways of licking one another. Sometimes it doesn't amuse me as much as it ought to. I'm beginning to fear that I'm as much of a dreamer as my notably star-gazing son. When I catch myself feeling that sunlight on square-rig canvas hull-down over the horizon, or firelight on the blue rugs and bright brass of the Silver Shoal living-room, is infinitely more important and beautiful than a torpedo tube, I worry lest the Navy is no place for me."

"This is an awful lot of me-talk from your Fogger—if you ever think of him still by that term of your youth. There's such a lot of wondering to be done in this world. I expect you're doing some out there, too. Wish I were with you, dear boy. Best of all—if we were all together—"

Jim's pen halted, as he mused over the small circumstances that start existence to being so different from what it might have been. Once started, the angle begun, one's life branched off into a new channel beyond recall.

"After you got off," he wrote on, "I remembered there were a couple of verses that I always kept in that copy of 'The Sails of Argo.' If you read them, which you probably did, you must believe that I still mean what I did when I wrote them. I don't think I'll be disappointed."

The pen paused again. Jim took his chin in his hand, then roused himself and added: "But I know you're right as rain, and having the time of your life."

The hum of the circling planes filled everything, drowning all thought, chasing every image from the brain. The pulsing roar flooded the sky, the sea. It filled the whole of existence, inescapable; like the rush and roar of a great rain—a tremendous, relentless, tropic rain, pouring down on a silent jungle at night.

[TO BE CONTINUED NEXT MONTH]

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CAN YOUR DOG TALK?

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 685]

very much improved, but you should find something that the dog heartily dislikes and associate it in his mind with the emphatic word "No!" A dog is able to get the feeling of approval or disapproval from his master's own inflection; and when he says a word he mimics the feeling that goes with it. I find that, if I yell "No!" at Sambo, he gives a loud bark in reply. But if I say the word more softly, he will say it correctly. If I give it a sad inflection, he will make an effort to imitate me.

Overexcitement, as I have said, prevents Sambo from saying a word. He will whine and whimper, at times, in such a human fashion that he sounds like a deserted child crying. One day, when we left him at home, Sambo wanted so much to go out with us that he made the neighbors think it was really Bob forsaken and crying, so closely did Sambo imitate Bob's voice. The janitor came at last and took Sambo into the cellar.

When we came home, he was overjoyed. "Did you want to go?" we asked him, sympathetically; and from that time it was not difficult to teach him to say a version of "I want to go." He runs the first three words together in his throat, making them sound like "ah-wanna," but he can pronounce the word "go" quite distinctly.

He had added the word "out" to his vocabulary before that. I had often asked him, "Do you want to go out?" One day he came to me and said "Out!" running to the window to be let out. On this word he lets the sound come as if he were yawning; say it yourself, in whining tones, like a dog, and you will discover that it is very like the way your dog whines already.

Sambo has many tricks, although we are now much more interested in increasing his vocabulary than in teaching him ordinary tricks. He will run and close the door when so directed. He likes especially to close a glass door, for he can look through it to see if his act is appreciated. If not, he may not bother to close the door tight, or he may give it a terrific slam so that everyone will hear him.

The long hair at the sides of his mouth made him look far from neat after eating or drinking. We found it pleasant to teach him to wipe his own mouth. Curving his left front paw under him, and placing his left cheek down on the grass or rug, he pulls himself forward with his right front paw, at the same time pushing himself with his hind legs. This wipes one side of his mouth, and he then wipes the other in the same way.

I have never seen a dog that expresses joy and affection so actively or in such a human way as Sambo. When he is glad he is like a great bounding rubber ball, full of energy. When he is sad, he certainly looks gloomy. It is next to impossible to turn his gladness to gloom with any punishment intended to quiet him. He prances like a pony, hops like a frog, rolls over and over, and jumbles his words together like an excited child. The only punishment that brings gloom to him for any length of time is to say, "You can't go!" Then he will creep with drooping head and tail out into the kitchen and sit leaning sadly against the wall, moaning now and then, "Out—wanna go out!" Is it any wonder that no one wants to refuse him?

During the summer, however, we were unable to take him to the lake. "Dogs not allowed," was the new order. To keep him from loneliness, we placed him with two little children in a happy home. He was homesick for a while; his new friends tried to persuade him to sleep in a basement room, but he cried from loneliness and fear until midnight. Then he heard his new master's voice at the door and sprang with joy to meet him.

"Give him the run-of the house," was the order.

With leaps and bounds Sambo scurried up the stairs, hesitated at the master's own door, and then sought the children. He dropped contentedly on the rug between their twin beds, and there he slept, hardly stir-

ring until the boys got up in the morning. Then he beat them downstairs and out to play.

"He may forget some of his conversation and tricks," said his new master. "We may forget some of them ourselves and fail to keep him brushed up in them." So I sent a paper with the following particulars:

SAMBO CRULLER Eats

one good meal a day, preferably after sundown. This should be about a third of a loaf of bread dipped in gravy, with bits of meat or gristle, bacon or egg, and such vegetables as squash, beans, spinach, string beans, carrots, onions, tomatoes, etc. Notice: No potato or turnip. No sweets (to avoid sickness.)

Plays

with his own toys: wooden truck, rubber bone, ball, and sticks. Will go find a toy when told and run in circles with it. Plays hide-and-seek with youngsters. "Go home!" means a game to him. He barks, runs away in one direction, and comes back another way to peck.

Talks

in imitation of a human voice the following words—human language:

"Hello!" Very distinct
"Out!" Very distinct
"I want to go!" sounds like "Ah-wanna go!"
"No!" Very distinct
"I want a drink of water!" sounds like "Wanna wa-wa!"

To these five words or phrases we shall try to add others as time passes—but only those which he especially needs to use. We shall do so, not by giving him a tidbit every time, but by fulfilling the wish he is trying to explain in human language. When he says "Out!" for instance, he will be let out, and not given a piece of food. He never says this if he wants a piece of cruller, and he does not say "No!" except to protest against the cigarette or something equally disagreeable to him. When he wishes food his impulse is to greet me with "Hello!" He uses this word as an appeal for food or for other things for which he has not yet learned a way to ask.

I am sure that it is very easy to over-estimate the intelligence of a dog, especially when you love him! His world, after all, is a very limited one. Master, food, play, and warmth or security are his main interests. The whole sphere of humanity's other interests has no importance to him. Do not expect him to think or talk intelligently about anything outside a dog's world! You may teach him to parrot certain phrases which he cannot comprehend, but you will not make him happier or wiser by so doing.

And this, after all, is the true object of training dogs, just as much as training children. It makes me grieve to see noble dogs performing useless "tricks" in the circus or in vaudeville. What I hope to accomplish with Sambo is to show him how to translate his natural, doggy whinings into intelligible human speech, so that we will surely know what he wants. I am doing this for his own benefit, and not to interest or startle visitors. Still less do I wish to commercialize Sambo. That is why I do not want to exhibit him, even to the kindest people, or to see his picture in the newspapers or movies. He is still young,—only two years old this month,—and most of his education is ahead of him. I hope to report events from time to time in *The Youth's Companion*.

If some of *The Companion's* great circle of readers will train their dogs along the same general lines, I hope they will write to the editor and report progress, so that I may compare notes with them and learn from their experience. Some breeds of dogs are less teachable than others; my Sambo has not only a great aptitude for learning but a very large mouth, tongue and teeth, and a very wide and open throat. If he becomes the father of puppies some day, it is possible that they will inherit his unusual ability and improve on what he is able to do. This is all for the future. It takes weeks, months, even years, to train a dog, even when you are not teaching something so new, so difficult, and so amazing as human speech.

But how strange and wonderful it will be if good dogs, meeting their human friends, will answer the usual greeting, "Hello!" and will ask for their dinners, and answer questions clearly with "Yes!" and with "No!"



Sambo when a puppy

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THE CHILDREN'S PAGE

A DOLL'S DAY

By Beatrice Bradshaw Brown

Illustrated by Barbara Haven Brown



Every day with greatest care
My Mother brushes out my hair,
Smooths the wrinkles from my socks
And buttons up my skirts and frocks.
My Mother does these things for me
Because I'm very young, you see.
But soon she says that I must know
Where the hooks and buttons go,
And how to comb my hair alone
And dress myself when I am grown.



We put aside our toys and play
And have our lessons every day.
My Mother says, if we'll just
try,—
Topsy, Peterkin and I,—
We soon shall learn to read and spell
And do our numbers very well.

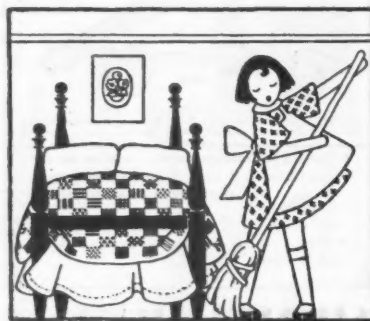


I am as proud as I can be
When Mother makes my frocks for me,
For they are prettier by far
Than dresses in store windows are.
She sews them daintily by hand,
And very straight and tall I stand



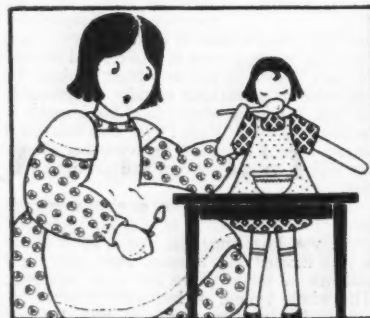
The cold wind sings outside the
door,
And Mother gathers us before
A cozy fire, after tea—
Topsy, Peterkin, and me.

Mother tells us of other lands,
Of hidden treasure, robber bands,
Of ships afloat on distant seas,
And fairies living in the trees!



As soon as ever I've been fed,
I smooth my sheets and make my
bed.
I dust the things about my room
And sweep the corners with my
broom.
I put my night clothes all away,
And then I'm ready for the day.

She writes upon a board with chalk,
And tells us not to laugh nor talk.



Every doll should learn to bake
Biscuits, bread, and lightest cake,
And cook a meal the very best
To please the most exacting guest.
And so my Mother teaches me
What the right proportions be.

While mother says, "Turn slowly,
please,"
And pins the hem up round my knees.



My Mother takes me on her knees
Before the white piano keys.
She teaches me a song to play
And bids me practice every day;
And, just to show what he can do,
The pussy-cat sings with us, too!



And then when evening comes at
last,
And the short, busy day is past,
When shades are drawn and candles
lit,
We at our supper table sit.
We have our soup within a bowl
And jam to eat with crusty roll.



Up the steep dusty attic stair
We climb to hunt and play
Amid the trunks and boxes where
Strange things are laid away.

Here is the Land of Long Ago,
Where we may dress and look
Like dolls in some old fashion show
Or picture storybook.

And here we linger long to see
Our figures quaintly pass—
Topsy, Peterkin, and me—
Before the looking-glass.

In this far land we would remain,
But lesson time draws near again.



My Mother plays with me each day.
She says it is the only way
To bring me up aright.
She tells me what to do and say,

How to work, and how to play,
And how to be polite.
Then if I don't do what I ought to
It's not because I've not been taught
to.

For every child should learn to be
Quite well-behaved in company.



We built a castle wide and tall,
With towers and a mighty wall,
And caves beneath it in the rocks;
We made them all with building
blocks!

An earthquake came and swept away
Our mighty castle, every bit.
(We said an earthquake just in play:
The pussy-cat walked over it!)

We'd build another if puss would
Just promise to be very good.



My blankets are so soft and white;
My Mother pulls them up each night
And tucks them round me carefully
To make me comfy as can be.

So when the cold winds bring the
snow
And in the tree-tops howl and blow
I shall be warm down to my toes,
Except the tip end of my nose.

Then Mother whispers, "Go to
sleep,"
And from my room I see her creep.
And very soon, to me it seems,
I've reached the land of pleasant
dreams!



CREAMER, THE DREAMER

CREAMER wanted to be a forceful resourceful locomotive engineer, but his family said, "You're far too little yet!" These words stuck in his mind all day, and when he went to bed he dreamed about them. He dreamed that he was so frightfully-deadly tiny that a matchbox looked as big as a trunk, and a spool looked as big as a barrel!

There were a lot of queer little men around, and they asked him what he meant by joining their club without an invitation. So he lightly-politely tried to escape by

climbing up the window curtain. But his hand slipped, and he fell, crash-smash, down into a big glass bottle on the table. And the bottle, inside, was as slippery as ice!

The little men stopped their teasing and formed a human pyramid, as you see in the picture. They dropped him the end of a piece of darning wool. "Hurrah!" said Creamer. "Now they will pull me out of this dismal-abyssal old bottle!"

Just then, as quick as a flash, he woke up. This was his funniest dream last month. Now you tell your funniest dream.

NUTS TO CRACK

A CORNER FOR BUSY MINDS

1. LETTER CHANGING.
 POOR 5. **** 9. FAIR 13. ****
 **** 6. **** 10. **** 14. GOOD
 **** 7. **** 11. ****
 **** 8. **** 12. ****

Here is an illustration that POOR can be changed to GOOD, and that it becomes FAIR on the way. By changing one letter at a time and forming a new word at each change POOR becomes FAIR on the fifth step, and GOOD on the fourteenth. No one word may be used twice.

2. MISSING WORDS.
 **** the venerable **** lay,
 And **** his kinsmen not to stay.
 This little verse about "the father of English learning" can be completed by putting three words in the vacant spaces, each word composed of the same four letters.

3. WORD-DIAMOND.
 1. A letter. 2. A small piece of a machine. 3. A famous painter. 4. A group of travelers. 5. One who transports goods. 6. A thick, viscous substance. 7. A letter.

4. COLONEL PUZZLER.
 A brother officer, knowing Colonel Puzzler's fondness for puzzles, remarked that he had two hundred dollars, consisting of one-dollar bills, ten times as many twos, and the rest in fives. He asked Colonel Puzzler how many bills he had, and the colonel promptly told him. How many was it?

5. ACROSTIC.
 When the words given below are correctly guessed, the first letters of the words will spell the name of a college, as will also the last letters.
 1. To pack up and leave suddenly. 2. A branching lark. 3. Lines from the center. 4. A number between ten and fifteen. 5. A crazy man. 6. To conquer. 7. Not harmed. 8. A Canadian city. 9. Paradise.

6. CHARADE.
 A long, thin second makes my first
 When of the proper height.
 And then my first's convenient
 For my whole to use at night.
 They always sit upon it
 Till the eastern sky is bright.

7. COLONEL PUZZLER.
 The enemy was discovered camped in seven shacks, and Colonel Puzzler's scouts found that one of the shacks was full of ammunition. The colonel's party had three machine guns, so it was arranged to set up the guns in such a way that no one could go from any shack to any other without crossing the line of fire of one of the guns. This was to keep them from making a dash after more ammunition.
 Where were the guns placed?

ANSWERS TO LAST MONTH'S PUZZLES

1. Grab, Gray, Tray, Trap, Trip, Drip, Drop.
 2. Aspire; Ape, sir; As ripe; Fear is; I spare; Praise.
 3. Baron, Agora, Robin, Orion, Nanny.
 4. Post-Age. Postage.
 5. Loss, Lose, Lone, Lane, Land, Laid, Lain, Gain.
 6. The message was: Send our next ratio around, ere attacks are about to renew. It is read by changing the spacing between the letters.
 7. Inn-Sure-Aunts. Insurance.
 8. The cut should be made as in the diagram. The dotted cross shows the position before the cut, then the piece is turned half around, bringing the cross to the center.

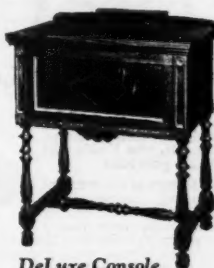


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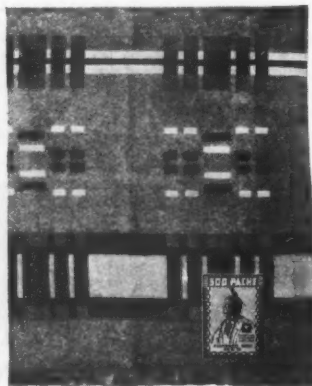
This attractive raincoat is not only good to look at but is of excellent quality. Well tailored, it is a handsome coat, coming in richly beautiful colors, with a silvery sheen that glints on the folds. Outside of solid red, blue, or green. Lining of patterned design, with diamonds in same color as the outside, on a white ground. Edges piped with the same material. A fine, serviceable coat, which we offer for girls in sizes 14, 16, 18 and 20, and for women in sizes 38, 40 and 42. In ordering mention size and color desired.



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The Bill Fold will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and 25 cents extra. Or, the Bill Fold will be sold for \$1.25, postpaid.

This bill fold is made of genuine pin-seal leather and has two 14K gold filled corners. The fold will hold thirty bills without buckling or wrinkling, and will lie flat when opened. Bills may be inserted or extracted quickly and their denominations readily seen. The bill fold also has a pocket for holding personal cards, and two pockets with transparent facing, designed for pass, photograph, or identification card.



"Soo Pache" Indian Blanket

The Indian Blanket will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and \$1.65 extra. Or, the Blanket will be sold for \$3.75, postpaid.

Here's a new blanket, designed to duplicate a genuine Indian blanket in both pattern and color. Of splendid weight cotton, closely woven and having a deep nap. Size 54 x 76 inches. Ends are bound with satin. Just the thing for use on couch or day bed, and makes a fine robe for use in the automobile. Dandy for the Boy Scout. A great value, and one that we are fortunate in being able to offer our subscribers.

You Can Earn These Premiums and Also Share in the Division of \$2,000.00 in Cash!

YOU can earn one or more of the beautiful and useful premiums listed on this page by a little easy and pleasant work for The Companion among your friends and neighbors.

Besides the premiums offered for each individual new subscription every Companion subscriber who, before January 1, 1928 sends us at least FIVE new yearly subscriptions for The Companion will also share in the Equal Division of Two Thousand Dollars in Cash. One share will be awarded for each

five subscriptions you send in—for example: Five subscriptions brings you one share, ten subscriptions will entitle you to two shares, and so on. Here is a contest in which everyone wins. Just send five or more subscriptions and you are assured of your proportionate share of the Big Cash Division.

See the October Companion, Page 643, for Details



"Tell-Tale" Alarm Clock

The Tell-Tale Clock will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and \$1.35 extra. Or, the Clock will be sold for \$3.50, postpaid.

This efficient time-keeper is a beauty. The case is of bronze finish, with rounded corners. The 3 3/4-inch dial is black, with large figures that are luminous in the dark. Hands also luminous. The dial is protected with a deep-beveled unbreakable glass, adding greatly to the appearance of the clock. Loud but musical alarm bell.



School Bag

The School Bag will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and 15 cents extra. Or, the School Bag will be sold for \$1.15, postpaid.

Just the bag in which to carry books and lunch. Made of strong, plain gray duck of heavy weight. Reinforced top to which handle is fastened. Fastening straps of leather. Nicked buckles. Is very roomy. A pencil pocket with snap fastener and large extension pocket are outside.

The New "Fly-Lock" Pocket Knife

The Fly-Lock Knife will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and 25 cents extra. Or, the Knife will be sold for \$1.50, postpaid.

The distinctive feature of this unusual knife is its opening mechanism. A pressure of the finger upon the locking latch, and the blade flies open. Easily closed. A very pretty zylonite handle in rich grays makes the knife desirable on sight. The two blades are of high grade steel, and ground to keen cutting edges. An article that will appeal strongly to any man or boy.



Pure Linen Huck Towels

Three Huck Towels will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and 30 cents extra. Or, the three Towels will be sold for \$1.40, postpaid.

Three towels of pure linen huck are included in this premium. Exceptionally good quality, these towels will be found unusually soft, absorbent, durable, and free from lint. An ideal gift to be added to a hope chest or to the housewife's linen supply. Size of towels 16 x 30 inches.



Many Other Attractive Premium Offers Will Be Found on Pages 643-650 of the October Number of The Youth's Companion

Pure Silk Scarf

The Scarf will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and \$1.50 extra. Or, the Scarf will be sold for \$3.50, postpaid.

Truly there is no woman or girl whose heart will not thrill to the beauty of this pure silk scarf. Every thread is of strong, tested silk, beautiful in lustre and soft to the touch. Generous in size, the scarf measures 19 x 62 inches, making it ample protection for dainty frocks against the heaviest of outer wraps. Choose from the predominating colors of rose, blue, orchid or gray, enlivened with handblocked pattern in contrasting colors. A very desirable article, and especially recommended for a gift.



Lady's Fine Silk Umbrella

The Silk Umbrella will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription and \$3.00 extra, or for 7 subscriptions. Or, the Umbrella will be sold for \$6.00, postpaid. Specify color wanted.

Here's a real, rain-shedding umbrella of heavy silk, in the most favored of the new designs. Sixteen ribs, with synthetic amber tips, spread the umbrella almost flat. The handle and tip are of imitation amber, decorated with color. Offered in red, blue, or green silk, with broad satin stripe of the same. A fine value.



Pure Linen Handkerchief Set

Six Linen Handkerchiefs will be given to any Companion subscriber for one new yearly subscription. Or, the Six Handkerchiefs will be sold for \$1.00, postpaid.

Seldom are we able to offer so much genuine value in a premium without extra money. These fine, sheer handkerchiefs are of pure thread linen, 1600 count. Narrow hemstitched edges. Pure white. A really fine handkerchief of which we offer a set of six. Ideal for use in Christmas giving. An attractive box to contain them will be included with the handkerchiefs for only five cents extra.

Camp Axe with Sheath

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Twenty-two knights of the gridiron fighting it out. Giving and taking—in a game that requires plenty of both.

It takes *training* to be able to "give-and-take". All kinds of training. But most important is the training done at the *training table*. For the right food can toughen an athlete—the wrong food can soften him. That is why coaches who train the crack football teams are so strict regarding food.

Rich, heavy desserts, for example, are not allowed on the training table menu—they are too hard to digest. But when it comes to Jell-O—that's different!

Jell-O is part of the training diet—and for good reasons! It is light, and *easy to digest*. But the big reason why Jell-O gets a place at the

training table is because it supplies an important body-building element that promotes growth and strength. That's what helps an athlete!

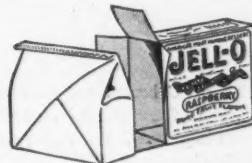
And that's what will help you!

When you taste Jell-O you'll find out how delicious a dessert *can* be. Try it! Write your mother's name on the coupon below. We will send her the new Jell-O recipe booklet—and you can eat at a "Training Table", too!



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French frocks? mere trifles to a four-year-old

—who doesn't have to think
about washing problems

IT was a brief affair to be called a frock, but then you see it came from Paris. We saw it one day when we were out asking women here and there about laundry soap.

"Won't you come in?" said a pretty young woman when we explained our visit to her. And there in her living-room we saw the frock. Its sturdy four-year-old wearer was sitting on the floor—*quite* careless of handkerchief-linen elegance—cutting out paper dolls.

"Clothes are nothing to Jane," smiled our pleasant hostess, "... even the French dresses her aunt sends her from Paris. And I just don't ask her to keep them clean ... not when she's happier on the floor and

the dresses are so easy to launder with P and G."

"You do use P and G?" we asked—quite pleased, of course.

"I began using it when I was married," said Jane's mother. "I really didn't know much about housekeeping then and the first time I ordered soap, I told my grocer that I wished somebody would make a nice *white* laundry soap. You see I remembered visiting my grandmother as a child, and noticing the awful color of the home-made soap she used. My grocer said, 'I'll send you the best laundry soap there is.' He sent me P and G, and except for trying other soaps now and then, I've used it ever since.

"P and G is so fine and white," she went on, "and gives the clothes such a clean, fresh smell. My laundress likes it too, be-

cause she can get Jane's underwear white without a lot of rubbing. And when I wash the dresses myself, as I do now and then, I'm delighted to be able to get suds in lukewarm, or even cold water."

P and G is a good soap, as millions of women have discovered. It gives fine, quick, rich suds in any kind of water—hard or soft, hot or cold. It gets clothes clean without hard rubbing, and keeps their colors bright. Do you wonder that it is the largest-selling soap in the world? Don't you think that it should be helping you with your washing and cleaning too?

FREE—*Rescuing Precious Hours*. "How to take out 15 common stains—get clothes clean in lukewarm water—lighten washday labor." Problems like these, together with newest laundry *methods*, are discussed in a free booklet—*Rescuing Precious Hours*. Send a postcard to Dept. NY-11, Procter & Gamble, Cincinnati, O.

P and G became popular because it is such a fine soap. It is now the largest-selling soap in the world, so you can buy it at a price lower, ounce for ounce, than that of other soaps.



The largest-selling soap in the world